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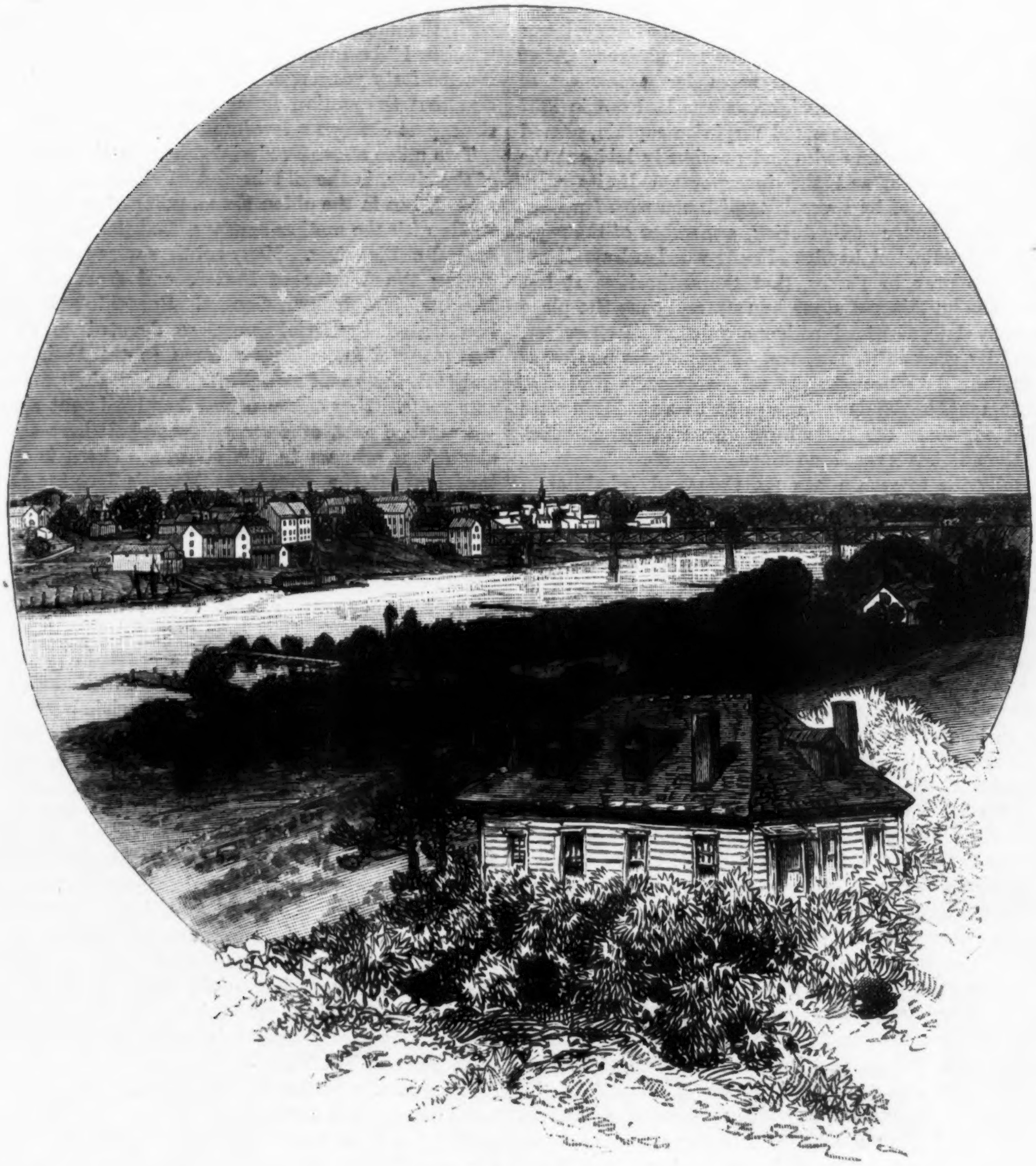
FREDERICKSBURG,

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD, AND THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HIS MOTHER.



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THE HOME OF WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD, AND THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HIS MOTHER.

THE dedication, at Washington, of the monument which the Republic has for so many years been rearing as a memorial to the "Father of his Country," brings still more prominently the neglected tomb of his mother at Fredericksburg, the city where George Washington passed his boyish years, dreaming his dreams of a future, which in reality was to exceed by far his boldest imagination.

One of the oldest towns in Virginia, Fredericksburg possesses a renown from an historical standpoint, not only from its association with Washington's boyhood, but also in recent times for having been the theatre of one of the fiercest struggles of a terrible civil war. On the other hand, as far as current life is concerned, it is a trifle less frequently heard from than Oshkosh or Duluth.

When the celebrated Captain John Smith and party sailed up the Rappahannock River, and discovered the locality, in the early part of the seventeenth century, it was occupied by a snug settlement of the red natives. After the dusky denizens had made room for a new set of occupants, the site of the wigwams was laid out in 1737 for a town by another venerated Virginian captain, named William Byrd, the same who had previously laid out the plan of Richmond, and the incorporated limits were taken possession of by several Englishmen with families, and named in honor of Frederick, a member of the royal family of Britain. A hamlet of rude wooden huts, it fell so easily a prey to flames, that the authorities at last ordered the building of stone houses, and thus the place at an early date assumed rather a substantial character, and rapidly grew in importance. Many of its houses as now existing date back to the relatively early period of its settlement, in the days just prior to and during the Revolution, when the little burg shone more conspicuously than it has ever done since.

Actually the township has six thousand inhabitants, who regale themselves with life in its streets immediately debouching on the banks of the Rappahannock, across which hang two foot-bridges, and one for the iron tracks of a railway. As a place of residence Fredericksburg is generally declared to be charming, for there is just business enough to make matters easy and comfortable, a species of mediocrity between riches and pauperty; no smoke nor noise of factories, streets clean, air pure, climate mild the year round, severe cold being exceptional in Winter.

With these rather rare advantages, it has a reputation throughout the State of Virginia for health and refinement; for fair women and sterling men. There are half a dozen churches, public and private schools, town-hall, handsome dwellings, old and new, stores better stocked than usual in towns of its size, newspapers, gas, waterworks, a few sample electric lights, etc.; and yet it is far away from being modern; a strong tincture of the past clinging to it even as the scent of roses will cling to a broken rose-vase. In springtime, especially, the spot is lovely—flowers everywhere; great masses of lilac, honeysuckle, jasmine; everybody out of doors, as if picnicking privately, with public and business a thousand leagues off. Also, the country round about is beautiful; the views are picturesque and especially pleasing to the eye when hill and plain are clothed in Summer's verdure. The views are extensive, and are best enjoyed from Marye's Heights, whence the river can be seen as a silvery thread winding down the valley for miles, two ranges of hills, running parallel on either side of the stream, standing out in fine relief.

Characteristically, the thoroughfares bear yet some very royal names, given in the colonial era; such as King George, Princess Anne, Hanover, etc. The railway connecting Washington and Richmond passes through the town, and one of the most striking sights meeting the gaze of the traveler, as he makes his entry in the great southland, is the motley swarm of negro hack-drivers, porters, draymen, and loafers, at the Fredericksburg station. It may not be an attractive spectacle for the wayfarer, but the stoppage of the cars is a perpetual source of banter and fun for the roaring, screaming Africans, who are seen to be playing parts in a very genuine kind of minstrelsy. The hacks look so "dissipated," the dark crowd so very untidy and ragged, that one leaves with the fancy that the town merits the qualification "finished" bestowed on it by Dickens, when he visited it some forty years ago. However, it is only fair to mention that the station forms the worst section, and that the aspect changes a few hundred yards out of its sight.

Two miles above Fredericksburg, on the opposite side of the river, is the old hamlet of Falmouth, now nearly ruined, but in the olden time a point of such flourishing traffic with the mother-country, that it sufficed to evolve several millionaires. Many soldiers were quartered there during the Winter of 1862–3, and from the Stafford Heights, just below, General Burnside's heavy guns bombarded Fredericksburg, so devoted to its cause, that many of the citizens refused to quit their premises, and took the grand racket of shot and shell under their own roofs. Few traces of the bombardment are visible—a patched roof, or a stray cannon-ball here and there, alone bear witness to the shower. There is no other testimony of the charge at Marye's Heights than the National Cemetery, now perched on their top, over which float the Stars and Stripes on festive days. Here, against this formidably batteried hill, Burnside dashed the flower of his army, only to be mowed down at every rush, Meagher's men, most of all, brunting the vain attempt.

As each succeeding generation must delight to learn the minutest details in the career of the founder of the Republic, so the interest that Fredericksburg offers in regard to the early life and homestead of Washington and his parents promises to be of an enduring character. The town is rich in souvenirs, traditions and landmarks pertaining to the national hero. First comes the site, across the river, opposite the lower part of the town, on which stood the mansion owned by his father. At the rickety steamboat-wharf, there is always in attendance a small boat under charge of an old sailor, very grizzly, and with sailor-like rings in his ears, who earns a livelihood by ferrying across strangers desirous of standing on the site, and which is reached after climbing the hill about three hundred yards from the river-bank. The view is very pretty from this eminence, and attests the good taste of Mr. Washington.

Immediately on the stone foundations of the Washington homestead is now a neat, white frame house, occupied by a farmer and his family cultivating the surrounding farm—the same that Mrs. Washington used to put her own hands to. He is quite proud of the memory of the original tenant, whose pictures adorn the interior of the cottage; but the edifice shows no relics other than the solid stone foundations rising above ground, and which are wonderfully well preserved. When excavations were made over the ruins, in order to trace out the foundations for building the present superstructure, nothing was found save a few old bottles and bits of iron.

"Little George" had scarcely attained his fifth year when his father left Pope's Creek, in Westmoreland County, and brought him and his mother up to this homestead on his Stafford plantation. The original structure here, in which the little boy was reared, lifted its low, modest, and red-painted front, with long slanting roof over a "piazza" or veranda, and tall chimney, several hundred feet above the level of the turbid river. The red coloring of the weather-beaten mansion had much faded at the beginning of this century, when numbers of people, in search of relics of the hero, just then deceased, repaired to the locality. When George was there, the mansion, trees, yard, garden, and orchard, were kept in first-rate order and no little style, considering the newness of the country.

In the neighborhood was a small "old field school," kept by one of his father's tenants named Hobby, who acted in the double capacity of sexton and pedagogue, and he it was who taught the boy his A B C's. This literary sexton lived to see his young pupil in all his glory, and in his cups, particularly on the 22d of February, he used to boast that "'Twas me who, between my knees, laid the foundation of George Washington's greatness!"

While living in this Stafford homestead, the future hero was carefully "indoctrinated" by his father in the ways of morality, and history says that as the devoted couple were one day strolling about the orchard, the advantages of truth were solemnly impressed on the little boy's memory. "Oh, George, rather than see you a common liar, my son, gladly would I assist to nail you up in your little coffin!" "Pa," said George, very seriously, "do I ever tell lies?" "No, George, I thank God, you do not, my son; but whenever, by accident, you do anything wrong, you must never tell a falsehood to conceal it, but come bravely up like a little man and tell me of it."

A year after this conversation, George, being about six years old, was presented with a hatchet, the edge of which he tried, boylike, on everything that came in his way, and among other things, on a beautiful young English cherry-tree, which, by-the-way, he barked so terribly, that the tree never got the better of it—if we may rely on history, which we think we can in this instance. The day after this occurrence, his father asked about the house if anybody knew, etc., but nobody could say. Presently in marched George with his hatchet. "George," said his father, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" This tough question staggered George for a moment—it was the turning-point of his life—but quickly recovering himself, he bravely cried out: "I can't tell a lie, Pa; I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, my dearest boy!" exclaimed his father. "Glad I am that you killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousandfold!"

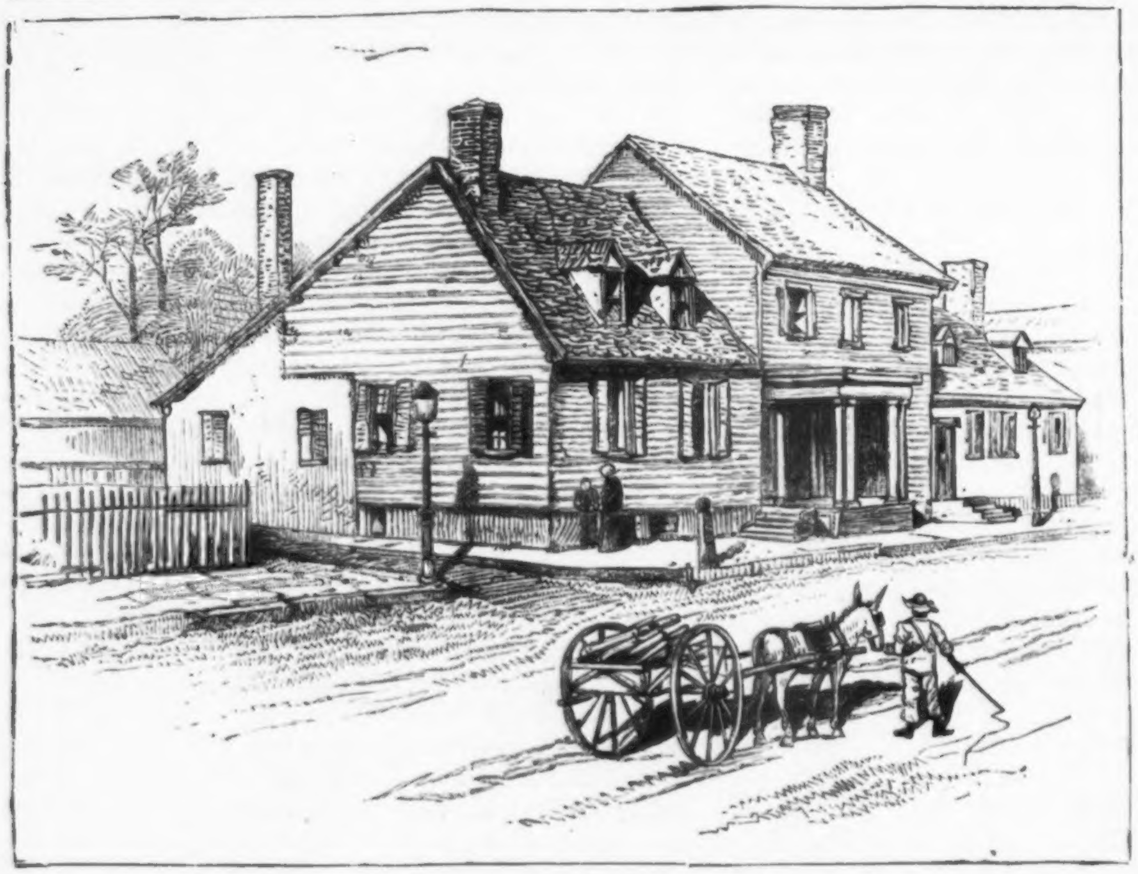
In the garden around this mansion was the cabbage-bed, too, which the thoughtful and ingenious parent sowed with cabbage-seed so as to spell the name of George, who, upon seeing the budding plants and wondering thereat, asked of the mystery an explanation, which was duly given, from a high religious standpoint. Here, in this Stafford homestead, when George was only ten years of age, his beneficent father expired from gout in the stomach.

At old man Hobby's schoolhouse (near by, but the exact site of which has not been marked), occurred the playing-at-soldiers between the boy and his mates, divided into two armies—French and American. As a rule, William Bustle commanded the French, George Washington the Americans, and so mimic battles were fought out, and, of course, George and his army always won the day—for there is a local tradition as well as historical writing on this head. At playtime no kind of weather could keep the two armies indoors, not even thunder and lightning. One of George's favorite pastimes was racing in the yard with the small boys of the day, and he was very active, so he always beat his competitor, just as he got ahead of Lord Cornwallis in after years. Another sport indulged in was throwing stones across the river at the ferry, a distance of 300 yards, and he alone among all the small boys accomplished the feat.

From here, too, he went to Williams's school, in Westmoreland, and returning from this home again, he started out as Lord Fairfax's surveyor in the backwoods of Virginia—though previously he went with his brother Lawrence to Bermuda, where he caught the smallpox, which slightly marked his face through life. As the Stafford farm was not over profitable, the legacy from his brother Lawrence of immense landed estates, including Mount Vernon, on the Potomac—named in honor of Admiral Vernon—gave George a great advance materially, for he had already acquired fame before his brother's death. After his father's death he was sent off, and his mother moved over to Fredericksburg, only a step.

It was from her Fredericksburg house that the boy, now grown to manhood, went to Williamsburg, the colony's capital, to tender his services to Governor Dinwiddie, for the purpose of bearing a letter to the French commandant on the Ohio, forbidding him to erect forts along the King of England's Ohio frontier. "Now Christ save my saoul, but ye're a braw lad," said the old Scotchman; "and gin ye play your cards weel, my boy, ye shall hae nae cause to rue your bargain." He did play them "weel," and right the old governor was as to the subsequent proceedings.

When Mrs. Washington moved out to Fredericksburg it was quite a straggling village, and the frame house which she had put up for her residence was regarded as a stylish edifice. This modest little building stands to-day on one of the principal streets, pretty much as when she dwelt in it, reverently preserved, spared by the ravage of war, and certainly the most attractive object in the burg. Fortunately, it has suffered from no "restoration"; only occasionally has it been invested with a fresh coat of white paint. An addition has been made on one side by connecting it with a dwelling erected in immediate contact with it. In height two stories, the top one really being an attic, it has a low, slanting roof toward the garden in the rear, and a chimney against the wall on the street. The weather-boarding is of narrow strips, fastened with imported nails. Through a porch on the sidewalk entrance is made into a narrow passage running to the rear door, and adjoining on this floor are two rooms; the front one, giving on the street (it is a corner house), was that occupied by Mrs. Washington, in which she did her sewing, spinning and knitting, and kept the accounts of her dairy, for she made a regular business of selling milk, butter, and eggs. A small, winding staircase leads to the upper rooms, which were reserved for guests and friends, who, at bedtime climbed

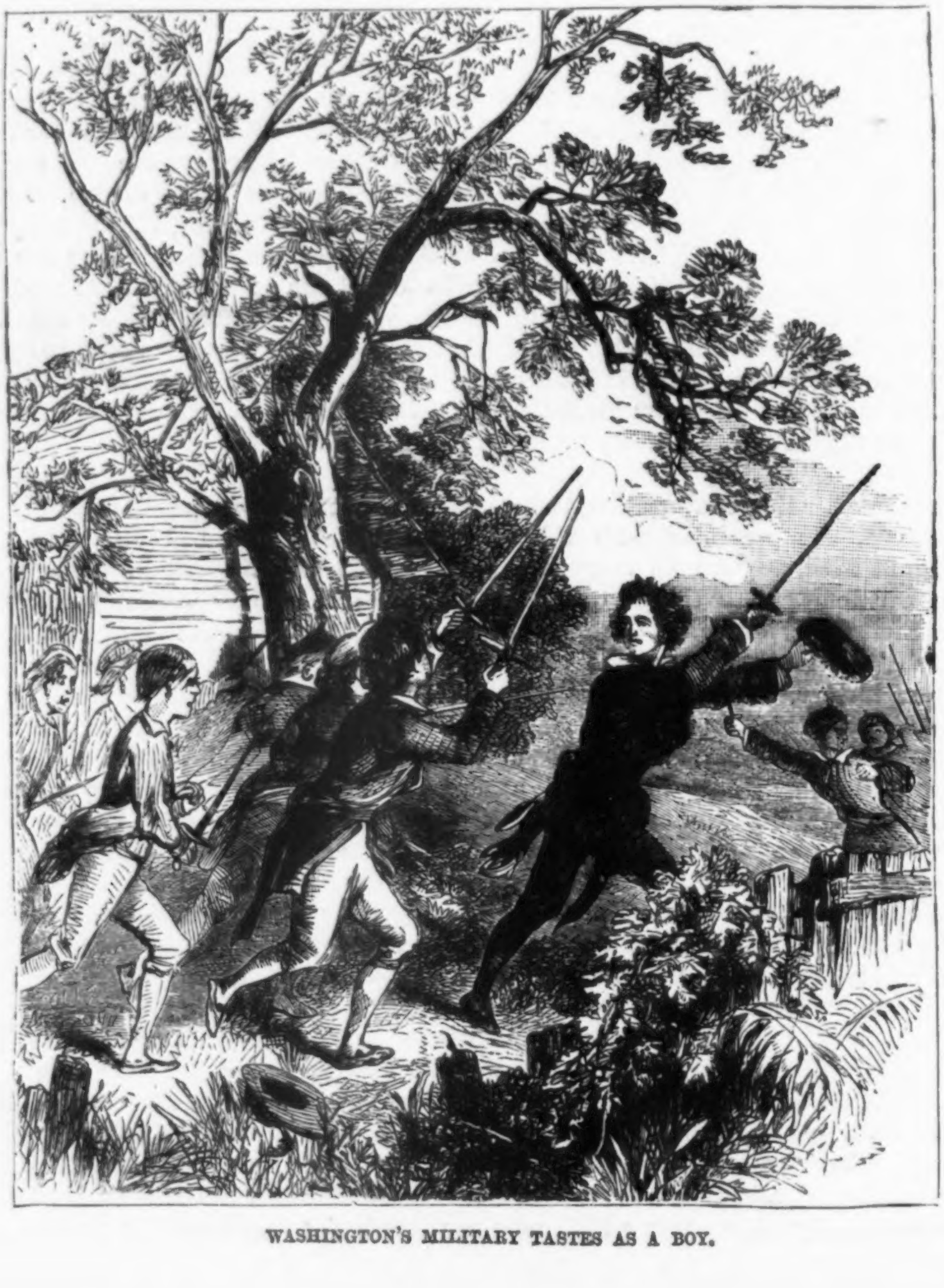


THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON LIVED.

up these steps with a tallow-candle in their hands, in the style of the period.

The old lady insisted upon vacating her own room for "George," as she called him, and had the exclusive right to call him, whenever he came to "pay his respects" and stay awhile at his old home. Frequently on such occasions the dwelling was the scene of dancing parties, given in his honor, when the choice belles of the vicinity for miles around hastened to attend, and prized eagerly the honor of dancing with the lady's and Fortune's favorite son. Mrs. Washington was noted for her industry and peaceful disposition, though at times, her temper getting the best of her, she let herself be heard, and gave to those who needed it a piece of her mind. She was methodic, and believed in home discipline, if not in military discipline, which, as required by the Revolutionary War, she looked upon to be wholly a sad kind of business — in fact, she wanted "George" to quit it! In her day there was a very large garden surrounding the house; since, it has been greatly curtailed by the erection of blocks roundabout. In this garden it was her custom to work every day, save Sunday, attending closely to her vegetables, flowers, poultry, etc., etc., and thus engaged she was frequently found by illustrious callers, including "George," dropping in upon her. A few yards off from the dwelling stands the kitchen in the garden —the kitchen in which the lady of the house passed a good many of her moments instructing "Dinah."

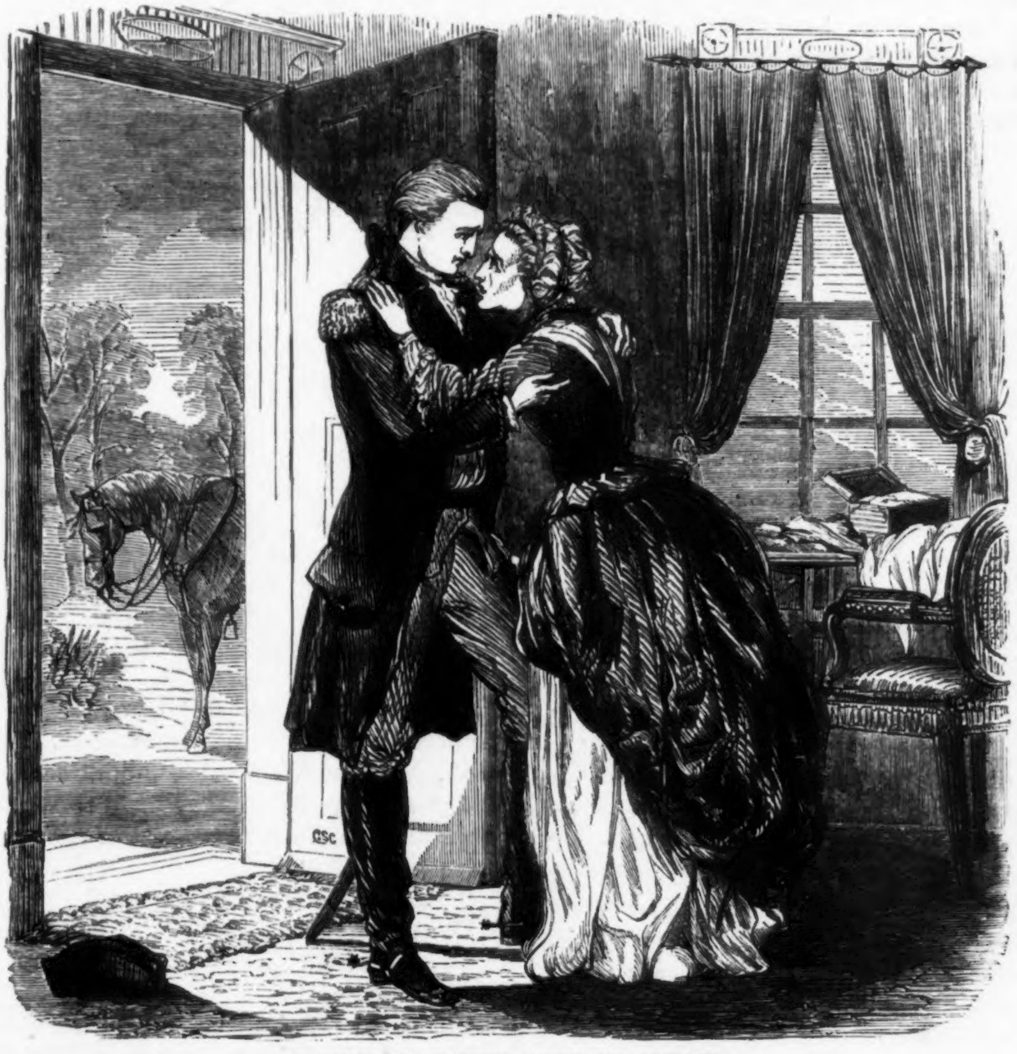
Up to the outbreak of the late war, 22d's of February were great days in Fredericksburg, enthusiastically celebrated. The volunteer military companies made



WASHINGTON'S MILITARY TASTES AS A BOY.

it the leading feature to march up and formally present arms before the little house that had been occupied by the mother of "the father of his country." Since the war such reverential custom has been unobserved—perhaps only suspended, for assuredly her memory is deserving of all honors.

A formidable monument, to mark the spot on which the hero was born, in Westmoreland County, has been ordered by Congress. Such commemoration is all well enough, though it is a pity that the wretched taste of this dwindled era in art will be called upon to say what that token shall be. For, as this is not, and in the nature of things cannot be, an artistic age, it is easily apparent that current art is pretty much a big sham—such an abomination of pretense, such a roguish reprint of the works of by-gone eras, mechanically botched, that it were better the entire mass should perish. It is really a pity that Congress is pretty sure to get a poor return for its money, a subject of regret that the hero's birthplace was not marked in an era of purer taste. Certainly the proposed monument will not equal the one that stands over his mother's grave, which, erected nearly a half-century ago, is the most tasteful to be seen anywhere on American soil. This little monument, situated in the plain five hundred yards from the edge of the town, is simplicity itself, and precisely for this reason is it the most appropriate one that could have been erected to "Mary, the Mother of Washington." There are no gewgaws, not a particle of sham, about its solid marble blocks, that were expressly quarried at Carrara and shipped to Fredericksburg for dressing on the spot, where they were afterward cemented together. A plain, modest structure, about twenty feet high, with only a few little carved columns around the top; there is no statue, and no shaft. As luck would have it, the money gave out before they could put the shaft on top. Any kind of shaft would have spoiled the whole effect, and so it lies alongside on the turf, conveying the most felicitous suggestions in regard to the workings of the better fates watching over the memories of the mothers of great men. Mrs. Washington herself chose this spot for her burial; it was then very retired, and there was quite a grove of weeping-willows around, only one of which now remains. The plain is broad and long, and the monument is a pleasing and conspicuous object as seen in the distance. Walking out to it is a favorite pastime among the burgers, especially on Sundays, and during these festive holidays thoughtless *gamins*, with shotguns in their hands, formerly made a target of it, and hence the marble is somewhat marred, though otherwise in a very good condition. Congress has been talking of restoring it; but, as it needs no restoration, or duplication, or disfiguring addition, Congress would do better to leave it untouched, for the monument was put up by direction of Fredericksburgers, although its cost was defrayed by a merchant from the State of New York. It will be time enough for Congress to act when the beauties of the present structure shall have faded entirely through the crumbling work of time.



WASHINGTON PARTING FROM HIS MOTHER.

The dwelling on the edge of the town nearest to the monument is known as "Kenmore House," which was the residence of Washington's only sister, Elizabeth, familiarly called "Betty Washington." Kenmore was erected expressly to please her by her husband, a Mr. Robert Lewis, who was the first mayor of Fredericksburg. Betty is reported to have been very gay and lively, and to have been fond of stylish living, and so Mr. Lewis built a fine house to gratify her tastes. It is a large structure, dingy now on the exterior, but its interior was originally very gaudy, embellished with frescoes by artists sent over directly from England; the walls and floors of finely wrought material, and altogether a well fitted-up house.

Here, fashionable company assembled to honor the only sister of such a great man. As usual, an immense garden, filled with trees and flowers, was an appendage, for there was no lack of territory then in the sparsely occupied village. The house fell into decay in the early part of this century, having passed out of the family, and being neglected by each succeeding tenant, its finery soon wore off. At the outbreak of the war it was occupied by a descendant of the original Lewis family, but it was soon wrecked by military treatment. A couple of

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years ago, it was purchased by a Baltimorean as a residence for his family, and he conceived the idea of restoring its embellishments just as they were in Mrs. Betty's time. Kenmore, of course, is another attraction in the eye of the visiting stranger.

Indeed, that stranger hears and sees so much throughout the burg, carrying him directly and authentically back to Washington, that he at once seizes on the fact of the place being a mine of Washingtoniana, in some respects richer than that of Mount Vernon, and quite eclipsing the Westmoreland vein, now only a name. For instance, he is rarely allowed to depart without looking on what some think to be the most precious relic of all, namely, the Bible on which the great man was sworn when he became a member of the Masonic Lodge of that district, as also some of the paraphernalia used by him in assisting at Masonic ceremonies. These are borne today in grand processions. Thirty years ago, several coal-black old ladies of the neighborhood used to put in lively claims as having been nurses to the hero; whether they were nurses in ordinary or in honorary was never clearly settled, for their language, though emphatic, was at the same time vague. To all queries their reply was simple: "Yes; I'se nussed Giniral Washin'ton!"—only this and nothing more quoth the ravens.

"Gunnery Green" is a point on the edge of the corporate limits, near the railway, famous as having been the site of a gun-factory, which turned out arms for the patriots during the Revolution. It was of so much importance, that Washington detailed a squad of soldiers to guard it against marauders. Mounds of earth still outline the old establishment; but even the stones have been removed, and the locality is now a favorite resort for picnics and military parades. Further up the river, on the opposite side, are the ruins of the "Furnace," covered with wild vines and shrubbery, but quite distinct and lifted above the soil, and from this spot some valuable Revolutionary cannon were yielded, according to the local traditions. It is certain that, even under the colonial *régime*, the town and its vicinity were noted for their ironworks, planted by Governor Spottiswood, who was a benefactor of the colony, and did his utmost toward its industrial development and independence. He went into the iron business when he retired from the gubernatorial chair, and exerted himself so skillfully, that his iron wares successfully competed with like goods brought across the sea. He built a splendid country-seat within a few miles of the burg, and resided in it until his death, frequenting for service the little church in St. George's Parish, of which the first rector was an uncle of Patrick Henry, and the latter, as a boy, was also a regular attendant to hear the preaching. In after years, the orator was wont to say that these sermons first fired his imagination, and inclined him to embrace the art of eloquence—that art which he was to carry to such a matchless height at Williamsburg and at Richmond.

CHINESE GORMANDS.

The Chinese love good eating. The number of fat, oily priests one sees in monasteries convinces the visitor that their diet is regulated by anything but Pythagorean principles. Their very deities are sadly inclined to corpulency, while their pet image of the Buddha in a merry mood is one undulating mass of obesity, as he lounges on his pedestal. There is no object upon which a Chinaman's eyes rest with so much pleasure as upon some well-fed, beefy-faced, barrel-bodied Falstaff. When a man who is inclined to *embonpoint* meets an old acquaintance he is greeted with the compliment: "Why, how your blessedness is increasing!" The idea being that fatness is the outward and visible sign of inward happiness and contentment; while leanness is always associated with worry, care and sorrow.

According to the Chinese phrenologists, the intestines are the seat of the mind and affections, and it is a very common joke on meeting a stout Chinamen of Pickwickian proportions for a foreigner to remark to his companion: "What a fine intellect that man has got!" In a land where adipose tissue is a mark of beauty, it is almost superfluous to say that eating is the all-important business. If you want to say "How do you do?" to a Chinaman, the only way is to ask him if he has eaten his rice yet. Follow behind a company of Chinese walking along the street, and listen to their conversation, and you will find that, if it is not about money, it will be about food and drink. I have never been two minutes in conversation with a fellow-traveler in a river-boat without being asked what article of diet constitutes a foreigner's chow-chow.

HOW MR. NICHOLSON MISLAID THE BABY.

Chapter I.

Mrs. Nicholson was standing in a dubious attitude, with the study-door half open, and her eyes turning from the quiet figure in the armchair by the table, to another open door in the passage behind her, through which she could see a flood of sunshine, and in the sunshine a cradle.

"I don't feel quite easy," she said; "I am so afraid she should cry and no one hear her. I wish I had not let nurse go out; but all you have to do," coming into the room, and speaking impressively, "*all* you have to do is to ring the bell violently—*violently*, remember—for cook. For heaven's sake, John," leaning on the table and stretching out a pretty hand to attract her husband's attention, "look up, or speak, or answer me, or you will drive me mad!"

"What is it all about, Agatha?"

The calm, placid, intelligent face opposite was lifted gently, and the thin finger was slipped on to the page to mark a pause.

"It is baby, John," said Mrs. Nicholson, in a faltering voice, and with idle, angry tears rolling down her cheeks. "Here have I, for the last ten minutes, been *begging* and *imploring* of you to remember baby; not to *nurse* her, I wouldn't trust you, but only to ring the bell if she cries."

"Does that stop her? It seems simple enough. I think even I can do that."

But Mrs. Nicholson shook her head, still weeping.

"You may laugh at me or sneer, if you like. If it were my own baby I would say nothing, I would bear it all; but Emmy's!"

With a patient sigh the gentleman at the writing-table pushed the book away, and lost his place. He looked at her in a bewildered way.

"What is it, Agatha? a baby! Oh, Emmy's baby, of course."

"And not a half, a hundredth part, a thousandth part, as valuable, in your eyes," broke in Agatha with impetuosity, "as the smallest, the most unknown, the most undiscovered star! You need not tell me; I know it."

"Of course," frowning gently, "every one knows that a star, however small—stars are not famous according to their *size*, my dear—is of infinitely more value than one hair of a baby's head. I mean," hastily, "speaking from the entirely scientific point of view. But as you were saying—you *were* saying, were you not,' a little doubtfully, "something about that unfortunate babe of Emmy's?"

Mrs. Nicholson had dried her eyes, and was confronting him in all the cool splendor of her pretty Summer dress, and with all the calm determination of a woman who has made up her mind.

"Yes, I was," she said; "only once for all, John, if you call it a *babe*, I will leave your house at once, and never, *never* come back; and if you call it *unfortunate*, I shall take that hateful MS. with me and burn it at the kitchen fire. If it were *yours*," with impassioned irony, "it might indeed be described as unfortunate; but Charles is the best of fathers, and he has always been the best of husbands."

"Yes, yes, of course, my dear. I said nothing against Charles; I did not know we were talking about him. We can finish him up to-night," cheerfully. "If that is all, you had better go out now, whilst it is fine," turning his eyes to the dazzling sunlight for an instant, and then back to his blotted page. "You can tell me about Charles, you know, when you come in. The best of husbands! I don't know much about them, I fear, but I know a little about the best of wives."

He rose, and laid his hand on the long, slender, soft gray glove that was leaning with determination on his neat MS. The gray glove closed round his hand gently and clung to him, almost as if it were loath to leave the thin worn fingers; but he patted it gently and laid it aside. Mrs. Nicholson gave a faint sigh, but when she spoke again, she spoke with less decision and more pleading.

"It is not Charles, indeed it is not; it is the baby. Nurse has gone out, and I have put her cradle in the morning-room, by the window. John," suddenly, "are you listening? What did I say last?"

"The morning-room, Agatha."

"Well," with a sigh of relief, "I see you are taking it in, and forgetting those horrible stars; and how you can compare a star to a baby," parenthetically, "is past me."

"I am sure I never did," he said, gently.

"Well, don't interrupt me, John, or I shall never get out. What was I saying? Oh, baby is in the morning-room, and if she cries—makes *one* sound—you are to ring your bell—*this* bell, John—for cook; do you understand?"

"Yes, I believe so. I am to ring the bell—*this* bell—for cook."

"Oh, I *hope* you will," after a pause. "Fancy," her eyes filling with tears again, "if she cried, and no one heard her! Oh, John, you will not deceive me? You will try—and—ring?"

"My dear," speaking with some dignity, "surely I am not utterly destitute of common humanity or common sense. I have work here," pointing to the MS. and the books of reference heaped around him; "but I suppose, after all, I am human."

"Oh, I *hope* so, I *think* so," cried Agatha, clasping her hands; "only you might not hear her, that was all I meant."

"Then I think," he said, with a gentle, sarcastic smile, "that you may dismiss your fears; they are groundless."

"Very well," said Agatha, moving in a hesitating way to the door. "I am satisfied, I am trying to be satisfied; don't forget."

"No," cheerfully, "I will take a leaf from Charles's book, the best of husbands."

"Oh"—the gray glove had closed on the handle of the door, but released it again—"the Paynters are coming to-night, so you must not go out star-gazing."

"All right," obediently; "good-by."

"Good-by." The bright face, that had almost disappeared round the door, came back again, and leant against the worn velveteen of the astronomer's coat; for a minute the lips were pressed to it, then lifted. "Kiss me, John; you are a dear old fellow after all, and I am a fiend."

The sunshine seemed to leave the room with the sweet bright presence, and hover over the pretty cradle, amongst the sounds and scents of the midsummer day. In the library there was only one shaft of light that came through the high windows, and fell across the velveteen coat, and the tidy manuscripts, and the open books, and left the handsome, clever, refined face in shadow.

Chapter II.

It might have been two hours afterward—painful after events created a confusion in Mr. Nicholson's mind, and the two hours might have been two days—when he became aware of a laugh in the passage by the door. His hand had grown tired with writing, but the pen traveled steadily on; his eyes had grown a little tired, and it was a relief to raise them for a minute to the locked door, behind which he heard the laugh.

He rose, with a half-smile on his grave face, and paused, struck by a sudden presentiment. Something came back to him, as he stood in the dull light of the dull room. Was it a dream, or a memory, or was it—*the baby?*

He pushed his papers hurriedly away, and walked over to the door, and unlocked it, throwing it wide open. There was nothing in the passage but the yellow sunlight now upon the walls and on the old prints, and Mrs. Nicholson, standing in her pretty gray dress, with her slim hands stretched out, and the laugh that had disturbed him still upon her lips.

In the room beyond there was more sunlight and the cradle.

"John," cried Mrs. Nicholson, laughing again as if she could not help it, "what have you done with her? Give her to me. You are earning your title to the best of husbands!" He looked up in quick perplexity.

"What is it, Agatha? What do you want? I have nothing to give you."

"Oh, don't, John!" she cried, impatiently; "don't tease! *I want baby.*"

"Well"—the same perplexed look creeping over his face, and softening its sternness—"take her," stretching out his hand to the cradle in the sunlight.

Agatha's eyes were turned on him for a minute with a look of contempt before which he positively quailed. Then she swept over to the cradle, and tossed out the little pillow, and the sheets with their lace edges, and the pale-blue satin coverlet on to the floor in a soft heap, and stood looking down upon the empty cradle as if she would conjure up the pink face and the flaxen head into their accustomed place.

Mr. Nicholson had followed her on tiptoe, and was stirring the softly shining heap on the floor with his patent-leather shoes, as if he half imagined that she had tossed the baby out amongst them.

"Well?" said Agatha, sharply.

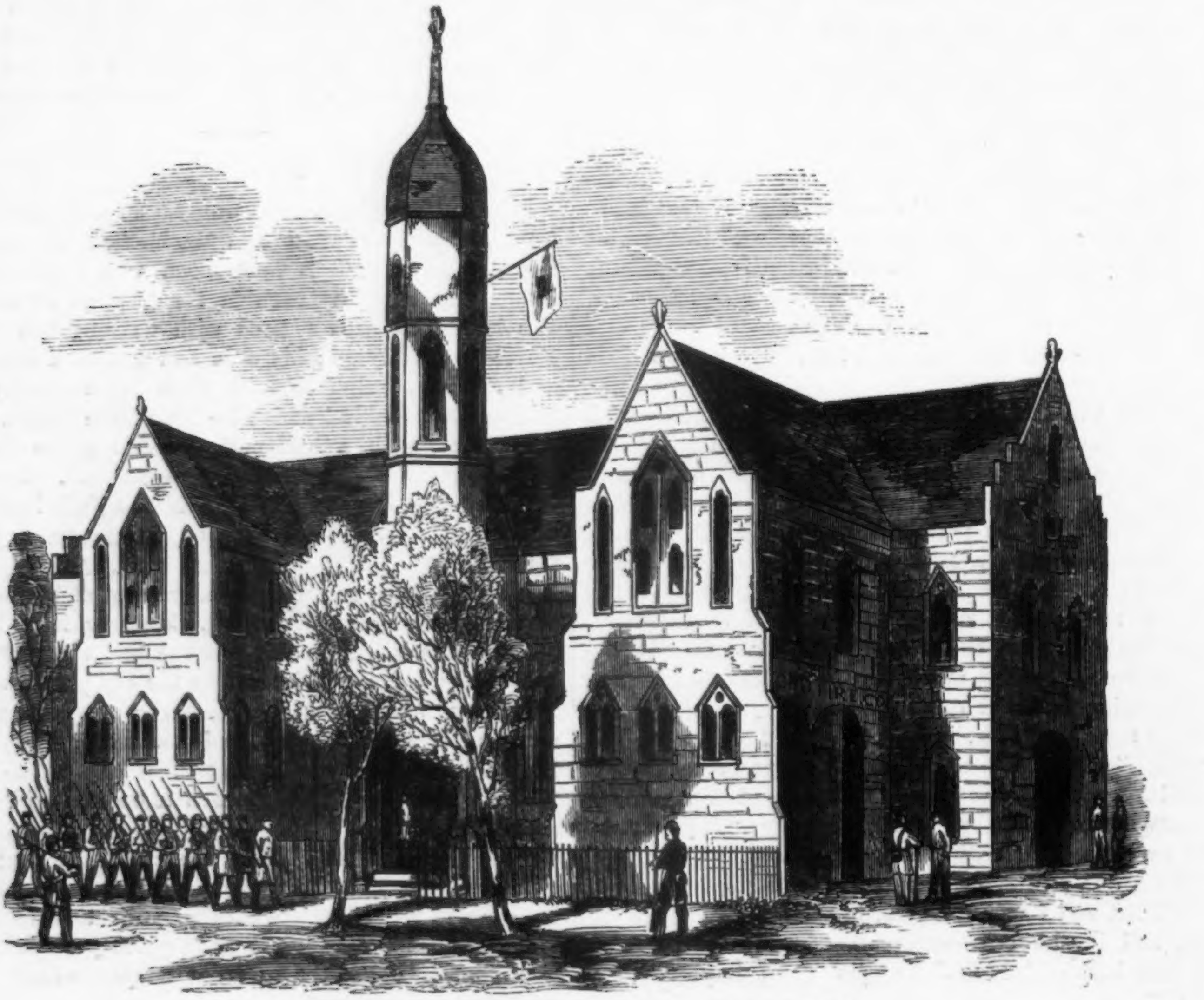
"Well?" he echoed, feebly.

XUM

"Do you mean to say," she said, putting aside her angry vehemence, and speaking tearfully, with her gray eyes turned up to his—"Oh, John, do you mean to say that you have *lost* her?"

"I never touched her!" he cried, hastily; "I never—' *heard* her, he would have added, but again that faint memory—that dream—stirred him. "Upon my honor, Agatha," he said, abruptly, leaning down into the cradle, and poking at the mattress with his thin fingers, "upon my honor, I can't remember."

"*You can't remember!*" said Agatha, with slow scorn. "Why, John! she roared. Cook heard her in the kitchen. She came rushing up, and found the cradle empty and baby gone. She thought you had taken her into the study; she told me so; but, oh, John, it was somebody else, and they have stolen her!"



COURT-HOUSE, FREDERICKSBURG, DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

"My dear," he said, shaking himself together, and speaking more lightly, "who would steal her?—a baby roaring, as you say!" He shuddered. "Why, surely no one in his senses would do such a thing!"

"Emmy's baby!" cried Agatha, tearfully; "and that is how you speak of her! Oh, John, dear John, think again. Didn't you hear her? Perhaps you have forgotten—perhaps you have put her somewhere, and she has gone to sleep. Sit down, John, and think—perhaps you have put her somewhere and forgotten."

Mr. Nicholson sat down on the window-sill, and covered his face with his hands. He tried to think, but whenever he concentrated his mind on the baby he was was dimly conscious of that fading fancy that he could not grasp—that dream of a cry. It had disturbed him, he remembered—that loud, painful, jarring cry—but it had died away. Surely it had died into peace without his interference.

"Agatha," he said, lifting up his face, sharpened with the effect of thought, "I *do* remember *something*—somebody crying; it must have been the babe."

"Yes," said Agatha, eagerly; "go on. You heard her! That is right. Cook says you must have heard, she roared so. Well—and then? You——"

"I—I can't remember, Agatha. I may have gone on writing; that seems the most likely, I think; but I may have gone to the door. No," shaking his head; "I can't get beyond the cry. I *do* remember that now distinctly."

"Perhaps," said Agatha, hopefully, through her tears, "you have put her somewhere in the library. What have you been doing or using this afternoon?"

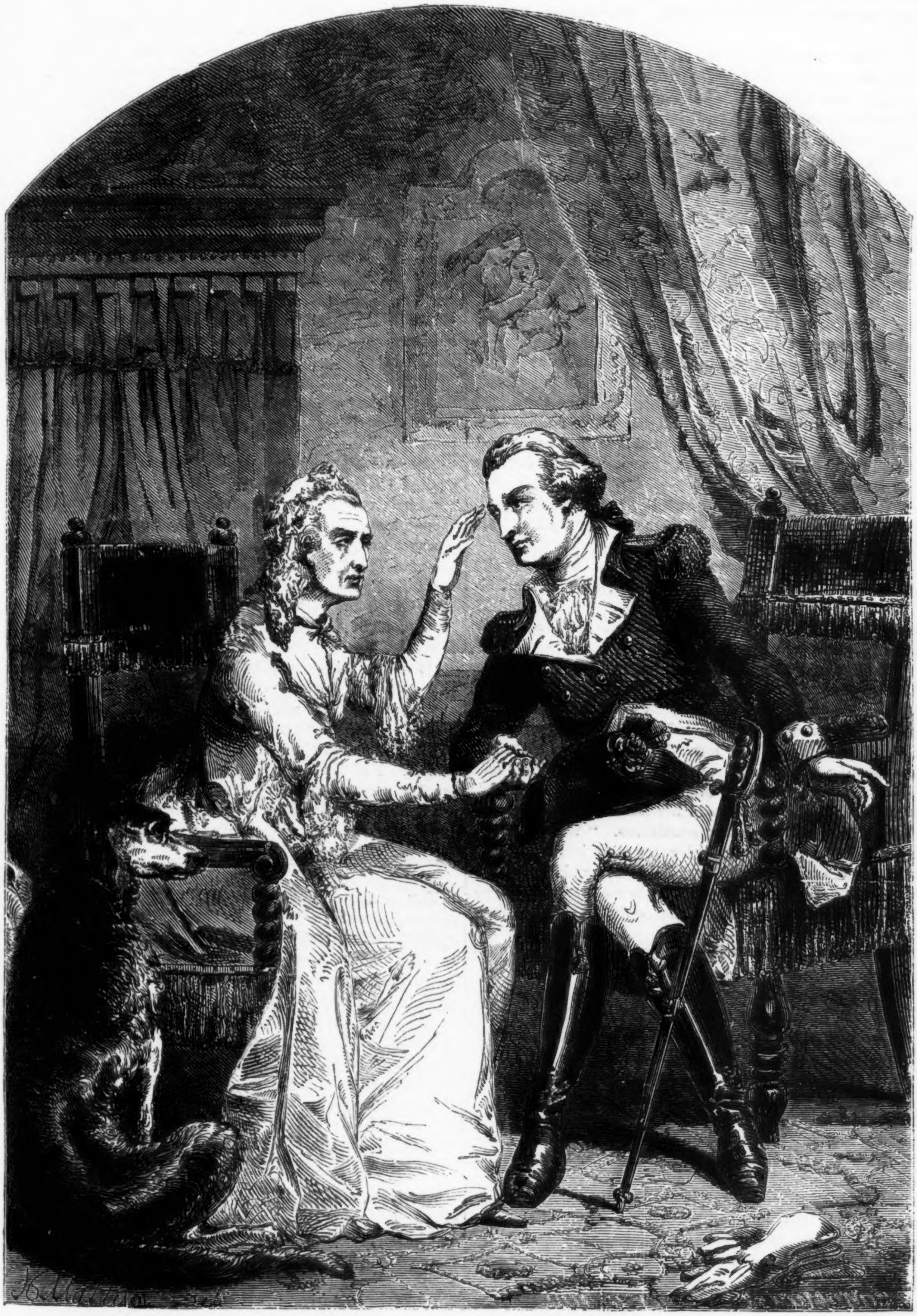
Mr. Nicholson followed humbly as she swept in before him, and flung open the great curtains, so that the light rushed in on to his table strewed with plans and MS.

Even then he spread out his hands, almost unconsciously, to defend his precious papers from her light, scornful touch; but she stood in the centre of the room, looking into every corner with her quick, soft eyes.

"What have you used, John—this chair? You have not been to the cupboard? No," peeping into a dark recess, musty with papers. "What else?"

"Nothing else, Agatha, here, except," with a quick smile, "the waste-paper basket, and that is empty. You can see for yourself."

"Ah," said Agatha, "here is cook," as a heavy breathing became audible in the passage. "Cook," her voice trembling at the sight of the sympathetic face, "your



WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER IN HER LAST YEARS.—SEE PAGE 130.

master has not seen the baby—at least he thinks not. He was very busy, but he heard her cry, and he may have taken her up and forgotten. We are looking for her."

"Which you won't never find her, then," said cook, in a broken voice. "In my last place but one, where I was general cleaner in Mrs. 'All's family, there was a child disappeared, as it might be this, and it was never found —gypsies or not, it was never come across again."

"Oh, don't, cook!" cried Agatha, plaintively. "And Emmy coming this evening! Your master thinks he may have put her somewhere and forgotten. He remembers hearing her."

"Which he might," said cook, "not being deaf. Which I don't mean no disrespect, sir, but she was roaring awful; and I says to Mary, says I, 'Master'll never know 'ow to quiet that child, so I'll run up and bring her down a bit;' and I stops to change my apron, and I ups, as it might be here, and the cradle, as it might be there, and no sound, and the cradle as empty as it is this minute."

Cook turned dramatically, and pointed one stout arm to the little cradle in the sunlight. Mrs. Nicholson's tearful eye followed the hand, and her husband stood uneasily in the centre of the group, with an anxious frown upon his face.

"Which," added cook, scornfully, "I think a baby—and such a one, bless her!—is of more vally than all this rubbish."

She waved her hand over the table, on which lay the neat MS. and the rows of mended pens; and Mr. Nicholson moved instinctively a step backward, as if she had an evil eye and his writings would shrivel up at her scornful gesture.

"Cook," said Mrs. Nicholson, with dignity, marred a little by the quiver in her voice, "you don't understand. Your master is very clever, and his writings are of great value. Of course," with a pleading look upward, "baby is our first thought just now. There are no wild beasts here, so she cannot be eaten. But she has gone, and before Emmy comes this evening she must be found."

"Of course she must," said her husband, plucking up courage from her exceeding gentleness. "We will begin systematically, and go through every room in the house."

So the search began, that ended, an hour later, in the great hall, with three perplexed faces meeting each other at the foot of the stairs, in a silence that Mrs. Nicholson broke.

"It's no use, John; I cannot bear it any longer. She is lost!"

With a despairing gesture she flung out her empty hands, but her husband caught and held them.

"Don't give up, Agatha; it will all come right. If I search the world through, I will find her."

"Or the body," said cook.

Mrs. Nicholson shuddered.

The minute's silence was broken by the sound of merry laughter and the trampling of feet. For a minute Agatha raised her head, listening intently, and then she dropped it with a sigh.

"It is only the rectory boys, John," she said; "they have been in the hayfield all day, and I asked them to tea. I can't speak to them; I am too anxious."

"She would have moved away, but the noise and laughter were in the hall already, and the boys were stumbling up toward her in the darkness, over the rugs and skins. Something white was being shoved from one to the other, and was pushed into Agatha's arms at last, and held there by a pair of rough sunburnt hands.

"What is it? Oh, Jack, what is it?" she cried, bending down and kissing, to their owner's great surprise, the boy's rough hands.

"Don't, I say," said Jack, drawing them away with a curious shamefaced look. "It's only the baby, Mrs. Nicholson. She was crying in the cradle, so I just got into the room, and bagged her. She's been playing in the hay; she nearly got jabbed with a rake, but Jim got it instead. She's a jolly little thing. Did you miss her?"

"Yes; I thought she was lost," said Agatha, gently.

"Lost!" with a roar of laughter. "Well, that is good! May we wash our hands for tea? I'm not so dirty, I've been holding her; but Jim's simply mud all over. Here, have you got her? it's so dark I can't see."

The turbulent tide swept away into the dim distance of stairs and passages, leaving a little group in the twilight of the hall; a tall, dark figure, against which a golden head was leaning, and two arms with a white bundle folded in them.

"Kiss her, John," came a soft voice out of the darkness; "I know you would rather not, she's only a baby, not a star; but just as a punishment, because you were so stupid."

The tall figure stooped, and laid a dark mustache against the little bundle.

"She's very soft," said another voice; "I don't think I ever knew so much about a baby before."

There was, after a moment's silence, a movement on the man's part, as though he were drawing himself up to his full height, with a view to reasserting his dignity. He cleared his throat.

"After all, Agatha," he said, stiffly, "I did not lose the baby."

"I never said you did," said Agatha; "I only asked you, and you *couldn't remember.*"

"Another time," with an evident effort, "I suppose I shall be condemned unheard."

"Another time!" scornfully. "You may set your mind at rest. Neither I nor Emmy is in the least likely to trust you again, at least not with anything of value."

"Then how about the baby?" with a laugh.

"That," said Agatha, firmly, "includes the baby."

THE centre of human happiness, says Dr. Ward Richardson, is not in the brain, but in the vital nervous system, in the great ganglia of the sympathetic, lying not in the cerebro-spinal cavities, but in the cavities of the body itself, near the stomach and in the heart. The man who is miserable is a hypochondriac; his affection is seated under the lower ribs. No man ever felt miserable in his head. Every man who has felt misery knows that it springs from the body, and speaks of it as an exhaustion, a sinking there; he is bent down because of the central failure, and his own shoulders, too heavy to be borne, feel as if oppressed with an added weight or burden, under which he bends as though all the cares of the world were upon him to bear him down.

A TUNNEL measuring about 5,000 feet long, and constructed at least nine centuries before the Christian era, has just been discovered by the Governor of the Island of Samos. Herodotus mentions this tunnel, which served for providing the old seaport with drinking-water. It is completely preserved, and contains water-tubes of about twenty-five centimetres in diameter, each one provided with a lateral aperture for cleansing purposes. The tunnel is not quite straight.

XUM

THE LENT JEWELS.

A JEWISH TALE.

In schools of wisdom all the day was spent;
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts, which dwelt upon the wife
And two fair children who consoled his life.
She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And with these words preventing, did begin:
"Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet am I most so now; for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point which you shall now decide.
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave, rich precious gems they were;
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day,
To take those jewels, which he left, away.
What think you? Shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring?—so henceforth to lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned to see
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee."

"What question can be here? Your own true heart
Must needs advise you of the only part;
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent.
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long."

"Good is the word," she answered; "may we now
And evermore that it is good allow!"
And rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed,
Two children pale, and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him, and resumed anew.

AN UNLUCKY SHOT;

OR,

AN INCIDENT IN A PLANTER'S LIFE.

There are few positions which at times call into play so varied an assortment of the latent powers or qualities of individuals as that of an Indian planter, circumstanced as he frequently is.

Often placed in some solitary, out-of-the-way garden alone, and with no society but that of his "coolies," and perhaps, also, many miles from his next-door neighbor, or civilization, his surroundings and adventures are not always of the most enviable kind.

A life of monotony and incessant attention to his garden duties is frequently his lot, varied only by a periodical visit to the station upon legal matters, or a ride to a neighboring friend's garden, which are perhaps his only looked-for recreations; these being sometimes pleasantly relieved by the visits of an occasional passing traveler, who calls in as he rides past for a feed for himself and his horse, both of which he is certain of in a country where no hotels exist, and "hospitality" means what its name conveys—or, rather, should convey.

Determination, decision, and calm, practical action, are attributes the most frequently called into demand from the planter, situated as he may be, miles away from any law, support, or redress; the whole factory under his sole, unaided control, and his coolies, numbered by hundreds, dependent upon him only for their many and every want, as it is to his omnipotent and benign majesty they learn to look for food, pay, advice, medicine and law.

He is in verity a kind of demigod, universal provider, dispenser of justice, and often even executioner. His whole strength and position is dependent upon his prestige and moral persuasive force, and once either of these fail to accomplish an end in view, no other power can do so.

One sultry day, such as is frequently experienced in the tea-districts of India, a report was brought to me that a large boa-constrictor—a snake often found in these parts—had taken up his station upon the roof of one of the manufacturing houses, and as his proximity was considered dangerous to the comfort and safety of certain children, and others then engaged working in the same house, I was requested to bring my gun and end his days.

On proceeding over to the factory, I perceived from the upturned eyes and gaping mouths of some three or four hundred men, women and children, that my information was for once correct, particularly as I could plainly discern the huge snake raising and dipping his head as he struck at or receded from the attacks of several birds of the starling (Minas) species peculiar to the country, and whose young he had been about to swallow or destroy.

Calling a little native boy, I ordered him to go to the bungalow (house) and bring my breech-loading fowling-piece and a brace of No. 6 cartridges, which I always kept ready for emergencies such as the present.

On his return with the gun and ammunition, I loaded, and prepared to slay the reptile, now become a general topic of wonder and alarm to the coolies gathered below.

Having directed all people then working upon the various "chungs," or lofts to retire to a safe distance, clear of my intended line of fire, I raised both hammers of the piece and prepared to shoot.

Fortunately, as it afterward proved, on finding that the sun was shining in my upturned eyes, I decided to go down into the drain, which was about two feet in depth, and surrounded the various houses, and this movement upon my part was the means of somewhat ameliorating the effects of the catastrophe which immediately afterward occurred so unexpectedly to every one present.

Observing that the "boa" had retired under the thatch with which the house was covered, I decided to give up my intention of firing, and having given orders for the workers to return to their duties, I prepared to draw both cartridges, first most carefully dropping, or endeavoring to drop, the barrels, in order to prevent risk of accident by the hammer striking their pins while in their "striking" line.

Instantaneously and most unexpectedly, to my intense horror, I heard an explosion, and saw at once, by the large, irregular, powder-stained hole in the flimsy bamboo partition, that my charge must have passed through it "point-blank," like a bullet.

I also realized that immediately inside this lattice wall there were at that very moment from two to three hundred workingwomen with their children and infants, who were waiting for their "leaf" to be weighed, and I was sure that some of them must have been severely hit, if not killed outright. I instantly jumped inside the house and asked if any one was hurt.

Every one was too astonished and dumbfounded to seemingly realize what had happened, but the only answer I could get was "Nai, sahib" ("No, sir").

Feeling convinced that this could not be correct, I proceeded to personally ascertain the extent of damages I had caused, and soon realized, from the number of persons I could at a glance see were covered with blood, that some few had been hard hit.

However, upon going round amongst the women and children, I was relieved by seeing that none of them were

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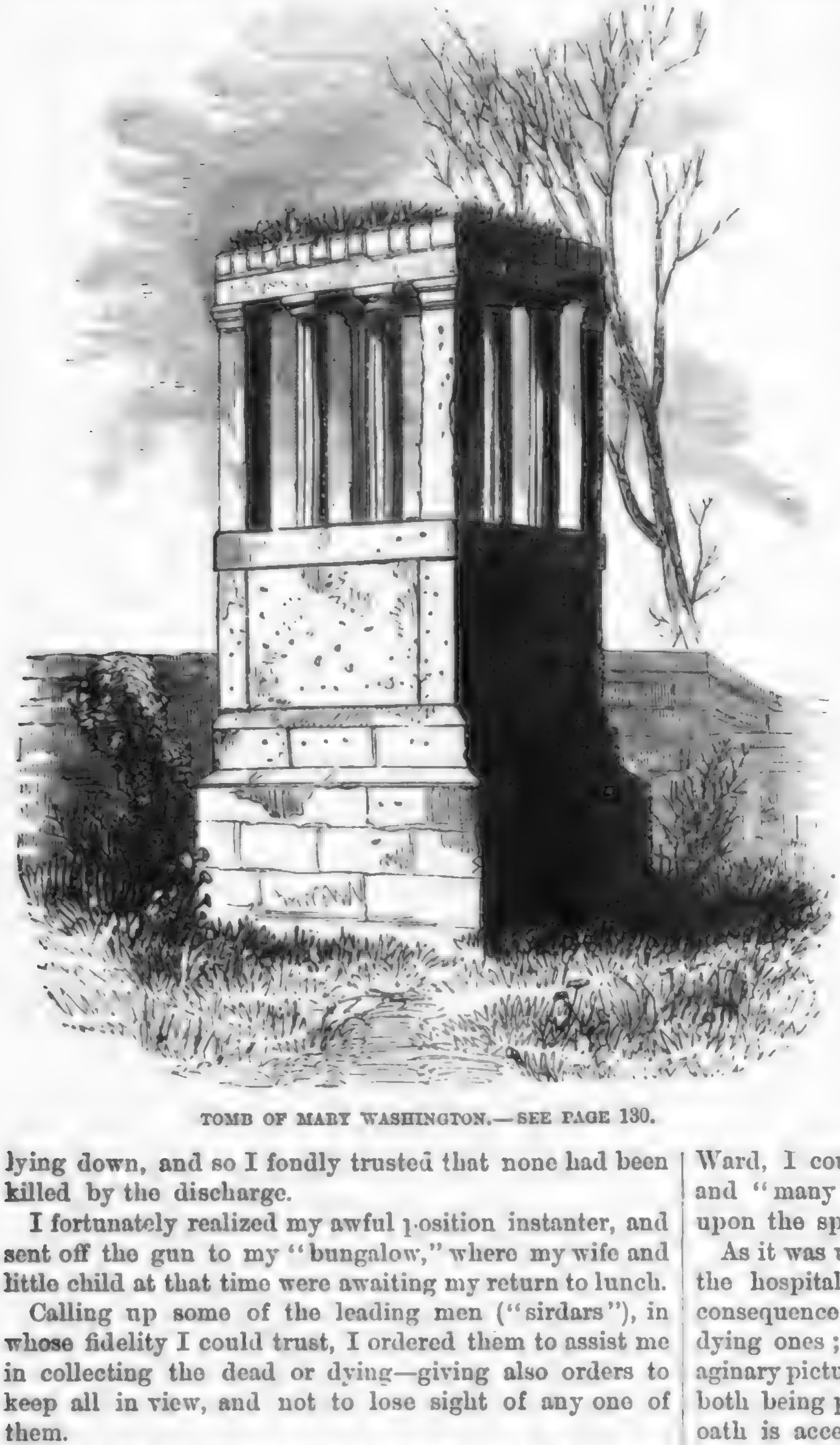


TOMB OF MARY WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 130.

lying down, and so I fondly trusted that none had been killed by the discharge.

I fortunately realized my awful position instanter, and sent off the gun to my "bungalow," where my wife and little child at that time were awaiting my return to lunch.

Calling up some of the leading men ("sirdars"), in whose fidelity I could trust, I ordered them to assist me in collecting the dead or dying—giving also orders to keep all in view, and not to lose sight of any one of them.

This I did for certain cogent reasons, one of which was to prevent any imaginary deaths being afterward laid at my door.

I at once sent away all I found had been wounded, under charge of other trusted men, with directions to take them down to the European surgeon's quarters at the hospital.

My assistant, a young Englishman, had been for some days sick at his own house, but immediately sending for him, I requested that he would mount his horse and gallop to the police post ("Thannah") to report the accident, and direct the native police officer in charge to come up at once.

I then took charge of the wounded, and upon counting them, found I had "spotted" no less than five women, and one of my native clerks, whose duties had, unfortunately, brought him "under fire" for once.

I realized the whole scene at a glance, and saw that my only chance lay in the hope that I could get my wounded women quietly away before the extent of the accident was known by the men—amongst whom were fathers, husbands, brothers, and other relations—who, I knew, only needed a suspicion that I had so cruelly treated their womankind in order to rise *en masse*, and perhaps take my life before explanations could be given.

I never was in such a fix in my life before; but I fortunately foresaw that all now depended upon my own coolness and presence of mind, as the loss of either must assuredly lead to dire consequences for myself and the other Europeans in the factory under my control.

A more melancholy procession I never had joined in before, as every woman had received a full proportion of the shots, and each shot had brought forth its own little stream of blood, which the wounded had, in true native style, made the most of, by diligently smearing over their shiny black skins and such clothes as they had upon them.

It may here be hinted at that these people do not wear more clothes than are needed, and the women are generally bare almost down to their waist, so that the deadly effect of my fusillade, may be imagined.

As they all kept sitting or lying down to die, and I was decided that my hopes lay in keeping them alive—at least till their wounds had been medically examined—I used my utmost persuasions and threats to achieve that end. I promised fabulous things and made fearful threats till, like the famous Artemus Ward, I could well say "there was not a dry eye," and "many could (?) have borrowed money from me upon the spot."

As it was upward of a mile from the scene of action to the hospital, the procession made slow progress, in consequence of the many halts made by the would-be dying ones; and I had ample time for reflection and imaginary pictures of imprisonment, or perhaps the gallows; both being perfectly likely in a country where a native's oath is accepted as equal to a European's, and where a few rupees or threats can always procure reliable witnesses, prepared to swear to anything, more particularly when they think their cause is likely to prosper by so doing.

With magistrates and judges whose sympathies imperceptibly lie with the "poor coolie" when opposed to a "brutal planter," I know that my chances were small, if convicted either of manslaughter or murder—both being possible findings, if only properly sworn to—as circumstances recently occurring had shown the planting community in one or two cases that had been tried, and in which young planters had struck coolies, who had subsequently died from spleen, a complaint peculiar to Indian coolies.

As in both cases the unfortunate accused were convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, my feelings then were not of the most buoyant description.

I, however, at length arrived with my ghastly convoy, which by this time had considerably increased, in consequence of the news having spread that many of the "innocents" had been butchered by the "sahib" in cold blood, and I painfully realized that my only chance lay in the hope of getting the wounded out of sight as quickly as possible, and to this end I worked diligently.

Arrived at the hospital, I at once roused the medical officer, who was enjoying the usual Eastern *siesta* after his midday meal. I hastily explained the circumstances, and officially requested him to make an examination such as he could depose to, if required, before the district magistrate.

This he did by probing all shot-wounds and noting their probable course and effect, and when he at length gave an opinion that, although dangerous, none were, at present, likely to prove fatal, I was very much relieved.

By this time the news had spread far and wide, and I knew the coolies were flocking in from their various duties to hear the fearful details.

My fears at this time were that, with the fanatical pig-headedness peculiar to these races, they would revenge themselves without any further inquiry on those at that moment defenseless; and it was quite likely they might either fire the factory buildings or my bungalow, in which were my worldly belongings, personal and real.

I hurriedly scribbled a few lines to my wife, telling her not to be nervous, as matters were better than I had conjectured, and that I would soon return to dinner.

Handing the note to my "chowkedar" (watchman), I directed him to go at once and deliver it; but I little calculated that he would so soon return, as he did in a few moments, and, with his dark visage blanched with fright, informed me that several hundred coolies were collected, armed with hoes, spears, knives, axes, and every conceivable weapon available.

He further told me their intention was to kill me as soon as I appeared; that they had seized the letter he carried, and had threatened also to kill him for acting as my emissary.

My mind at once grasped the position and course to be adopted, which was to enforce order and maintain my prestige at all hazards. Against many prayers and supplications, supported by threats, I ordered him to follow me and point out the person who had deprived him of the missive.

Seeing my firm determination to advance alone to certain death, as it was presumed, several sycophantic natives volunteered to escort me; but knowing their character too well, I directed them on no account to stir, but took precautions to tell the surgeon my intention of meeting the mutineers at once, and hinted that, if things came to the worst, he must prepare to stand by me, but otherwise not to show himself.

I fully knew that, once my control of the position was lost, our chances of life would be small, as we were perfectly defenseless against a frantic, fanatical mob of some hundreds of men and women.

Only one path existed, and by that alone could I go, and I started on my errand with very mingled feelings, my sole companion being my trembling *ci-devant* letter-carrier, and my only arms my half-smoked cheroot.

Proceeding some distance and seeing no signs of attack, I felt momentarily relieved, but I soon found the reports of my approaching immolation were likely to prove only too true, if the raging multitude which met my view on turning down my only means of exit could be considered as an earnest of what was to follow.

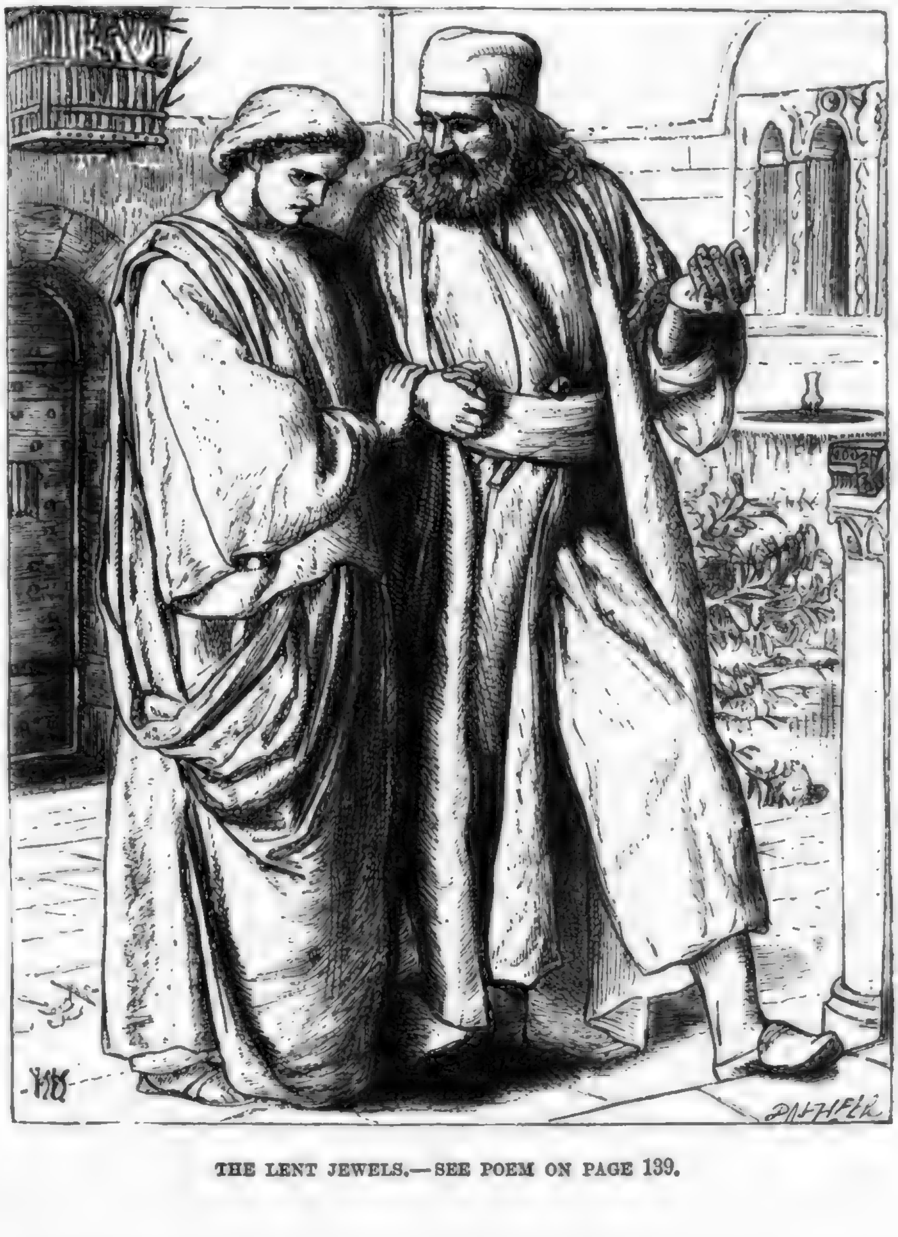
There was nothing left but for me to meet the position, and this I did by marching direct up to the centre of the motley and variously armed crowd.

My action appeared to appall them for an instant, and I took advantage of this to sternly demand in my loudest Bengalee the name of the man who had dared to seize the letter I had sent, and I at the same time ordered the would-be bearer to point out the delinquent. Native-like, he explained that his gentle life would pay the forfeit if he told.

Having no hopes of help from my valiant escort, I repeated my demand, till to my surprise a rather handsome Santhal woman quietly informed me she had it in her house, but declined to deliver it.

Seeing my determination, and knowing full well from past experiences that I meant it, she, after debate with her friends, went and brought it, and placed it in my hands.

Knowing as I did the value of ostentatious display to these people, I threw the note open, and inquired why they had stopped its travel.



THE LENT JEWELS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 139.

XUM

The reply was characteristic of the dilatory and *laissez-faire* style of the race; some one replied:

"We thought you were sending information to the police."

I at once told them to make their minds easy on that point, as I had already duly reported the whole affair.

This news appeared much to surprise them, as I don't think they credited me with being so smart, and I now informed them that the note they had so knowingly intercepted was merely addressed to my wife, telling her that there was nothing at all the matter, and that I should soon return to dinner, etc.

By this time I saw that the crowd had considerably increased, and evidently intended mischief.

I inwardly wished I could become conspicuous by my absence, but I saw that there was nothing left but calmness and determination.

Many were armed with hoes and axes, etc., and a blow from any one of these would assuredly have settled me for ever.

The more the seething, infuriated crowd roared, screamed and threatened, the more I saw my only hope lay in saying nothing.

At times there was a temporary lull, and I at once called out: "Soon," "soon" (hear me), (listen to me), etc., only to be answered by many voices, "We won't," etc.; and then folding my arms and defiantly smoking my almost exhausted cheroot, I replied: "Then I won't hear you," etc.

This went on for some time amid cries of "Jan-maro" (take his life) "Maro" (strike him), etc., and I only in reply asked: "Koon-kuriga?" (who will do it), etc.

I felt my remaining chances now lay in endeavoring to get them to understand the presumed outrage was but a pure accident, and nothing less or more.

Finding they were gradually closing around me, I stood firm, but took care never to take my eyes off them or turn my head; and I held both hands clinched, ready for defense, but determined to knock down the first man who laid a finger upon my sacred person.

My calm defiance appeared to astonish and paralyze them, not apparently understanding why one white man should appear so reckless, in spite of the fearful threats poured at him by the hundreds of angry natives who faced me.

One great, blustering fellow—a Santhal—who appeared the ringleader, advanced close to me, and I pulled him toward me and said, in Bengalese:

"I made a mistake, and did not kill your women intentionally. No one is fonder of them than I am."

He threw up his hands and roared out:

"Soon!" (listen) "Our sahib did not intend it. He is sorry, and he has committed a "koosoor" (fault).

"Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" rang out through the rabble.

I gathered at once that they were satisfied, and I saw the time had now arrived for me to turn the tables and maintain to the last the prestige I had so long held under very trying circumstances.

In loud tones I ordered all to retire at once into their "lines" (huts), and I followed it up by directing the "sirdars" and "chowkedars" (head-men) to at once carry out my directions.

For a moment they hesitated, but seeing my firmness they gradually obeyed, and the mob soon melted away, till not one remained to take my life or molest me.

Waiting a few moments to collect my thoughts and calm down, I mounted my pony and rode slowly right through the various lines of huts, now receiving salaams and salutes on all sides from the very people who, a few moments previously, were about to cut me down and butcher me.

I now returned to my bungalow, and on my way met the "darogah" (head-constable in command of the frontier police post), with his *posse* of four men and a sergeant. He asked officially, in Assamese:

"Is any one dead, sir?"

I replied I could not tell him, but to go and see for himself, and then to return to my house, and I would make my deposition to him.

About an hour afterward the "force" appeared before my veranda, and I directed the "darogah" and his sergeant to hear my explanation.

This was given up to the point when I was called upon to show the action of the gun, etc., and I accordingly dropped the barrels and extracted the remaining cartridge.

Tearing the end open, I ostentatiously emptied its contents of shot No. 6 into my hand, and held it out to let the assembled crowd see what had caused so much bloodshed.

Their astonishment was great indeed, and they could only remark to the effect that if so small a shot had created such great havoc, what would it have been had it been bullets, etc. I subsequently punished the ringleaders of the riot, and thus terminated an unpleasant incident in a planter's life.

THE INVENTOR OF THE ELECTRIC CLOCK.

"MERCY on us!" gasped out an affrighted rustic, as the great boom of the one o'clock time-gun at Edinburgh Castle vibrated through the air—"mercy on us, what's that?"

"It's one o'clock," said an amused onlooker.

"Wan o'clock, did ye say? Eh, man, but it's a blessing I wasna here at twal!"

The explosion which the simple countryman thought would be multiplied to a regular cannonade at midday, has for many years kept the good people of Edinburgh abreast of Greenwich in relation to time. In unimpeachable honesty with regard to seconds, the gun is equaled only by its silent rival, the time-ball, which is placed upon a high and graceful monument, fully a mile and a half distant from the castle. Exactly at one o'clock, the flash of the gun and the fall of the ball are simultaneous. By sight and sound the hour is distinctly indicated.

Time-balls as well as time-guns are now familiar in many places—in fact, wherever they can be employed with advantage. They are all worked by the same contrivances, viz.: electric clocks.

The original inventor of this remarkable clock was Alexander Bain, a native of the hamlet of Watten, in the remote county of Caithness. He was born about the year 1800, and in manhood occupied himself as a working watch and clock maker. Skill in craftsmanship, and a large amount of general intelligence, brought Bain into contact with the celebrated Wheatstone at the period when the earliest experiments in the direction of developing the practical application of electric science to useful purposes were being made. Under the great electrician, Bain acquired a knowledge of the new science, by which he clearly foresaw its utility and greatness. Thus he was soon influenced to think and act for himself.

About the year 1844 he invented the electrical, or, properly speaking, the electro-magnetic clock. It was exhibited as a curiosity in his watch and clock shop in Edinburgh, but at the time it only attracted the notice of those who were interested in science. The clock had neither weights nor springs, consequently no winding up was necessary.

A few small wheels sufficed to maintain the motion of the hands, directed by the oscillation of a pendulum Alternately, the beats of this pendulum broke and remade an electric current, while the attraction and repulsion of two magnets—one on each side—served to sustain its motion. Electro-magnetism was in this way the sole motive power.

Clocks, however, of this simple construction are now almost unknown. In recent times several improvements, more particularly those effected by Mr. R. L. Jones, of Chester, and Mr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, have given the machine a new and a far more important character. It is unnecessary here to give a minute description of the improved mechanism; but it may briefly be stated that its influence is to control the action of any number of clocks by means of the flow of an electric current. On this principle, the working of the clocks at every railway station on a line from Land's End to John o' Groat's might be made to go in sympathy with the governing clock, wherever it be placed. All the machines would simultaneously show the same hour, the same minute, and the same second. Clocks even of inferior quality may, by connection, be kept equal to the best time-measures.

The connection between the electric clock and the time-ball and time-gun consists of a very simple contrivance. By electric communication, a clock is kept to the exact time, and at the required hour its action is made to release the time-ball, or liberate the trigger of the gun, as the case may be.

When Alexander Bain first brought out this novel invention, his claim to the honor of having conceived it was denied by Wheatstone; but after a protracted dispute the matter was settled in Bain's favor, and he has since been universally acknowledged as the originator of the clock; although, like other machines, it has undergone improvements and modifications in the hands of subsequent workers.

Bain had a right to the gratitude of his countrymen in other ways. He was among the first to make endeavors to gain speed in telegraphic intercourse, and the result was the invention of his electro-chemical printing telegraph, which even now is unsurpassed for the rapidity with which intelligence may be transmitted. By it about three hundred words a minute can be accomplished. He also brought out the automatic method of sending messages by means of perforated paper. But by far the greatest achievement of Bain was his discovery of the earth circuit, through which return wires were proved to be unnecessary. In this, however—the greatest discovery connected with the practical working of the telegraph—he had been anticipated by the famous Steinheil, but only by a very brief time.

Like the lives of many inventors, Bain's career was a checkered one. He reaped few benefits from his inventions, and for a time had to receive assistance from several distinguished men with whom, by his skill and ingenuity, he had become associated. Latterly, shattered in health, the victim of a hopeless malady, he found a refuge at an Hospital for Incurables, near Glasgow, where he died in the year 1877. It is but right to add that some time before his death he was granted a pension of £80 a year by the Government.

Few of the minor inventors in electrical circles come prominently before the public. They are only known and appreciated by those who are closely interested in their labors; but silent though they be, their efforts exert a wonderful influence in enhancing the facilities for the intercourse between individuals and nations. Therefore no excuse can be necessary for reviving the fading name of one whose memory calls for a share of his country's gratitude.

BIRD-CAVES IN BORNEO.

At five o'clock one afternoon in March Mr. Pryer, the naturalist, witnessed one of the most wonderful sights to be seen in all British North Borneo—the egress of the bats and the ingress of the swifts from and into the Gomanton Caves.

He stationed himself on a ledge of coral limestone adjacent to the circular-opening leading into the cavern known as Simud Itam. Soon he heard a rushing sound, and peering into the chasm, saw column after column of bats ascending from the sides of the vast cavern in regular spiral flight. Having reached a certain height, detachments would break off and fly away with inconceivable rapidity.

He counted nineteen of these detachments, each consisting of many thousands; and then the bats commenced to pour away in a continuous stream, and continued to do so until it was too dark to see them any longer.

Just before six the swallows began going into the cavern of Simud Putih—at first in tens, then in hundreds, and lastly they, too, streamed in continuously. Long after midnight they were still flying into the cave in undiminished numbers.

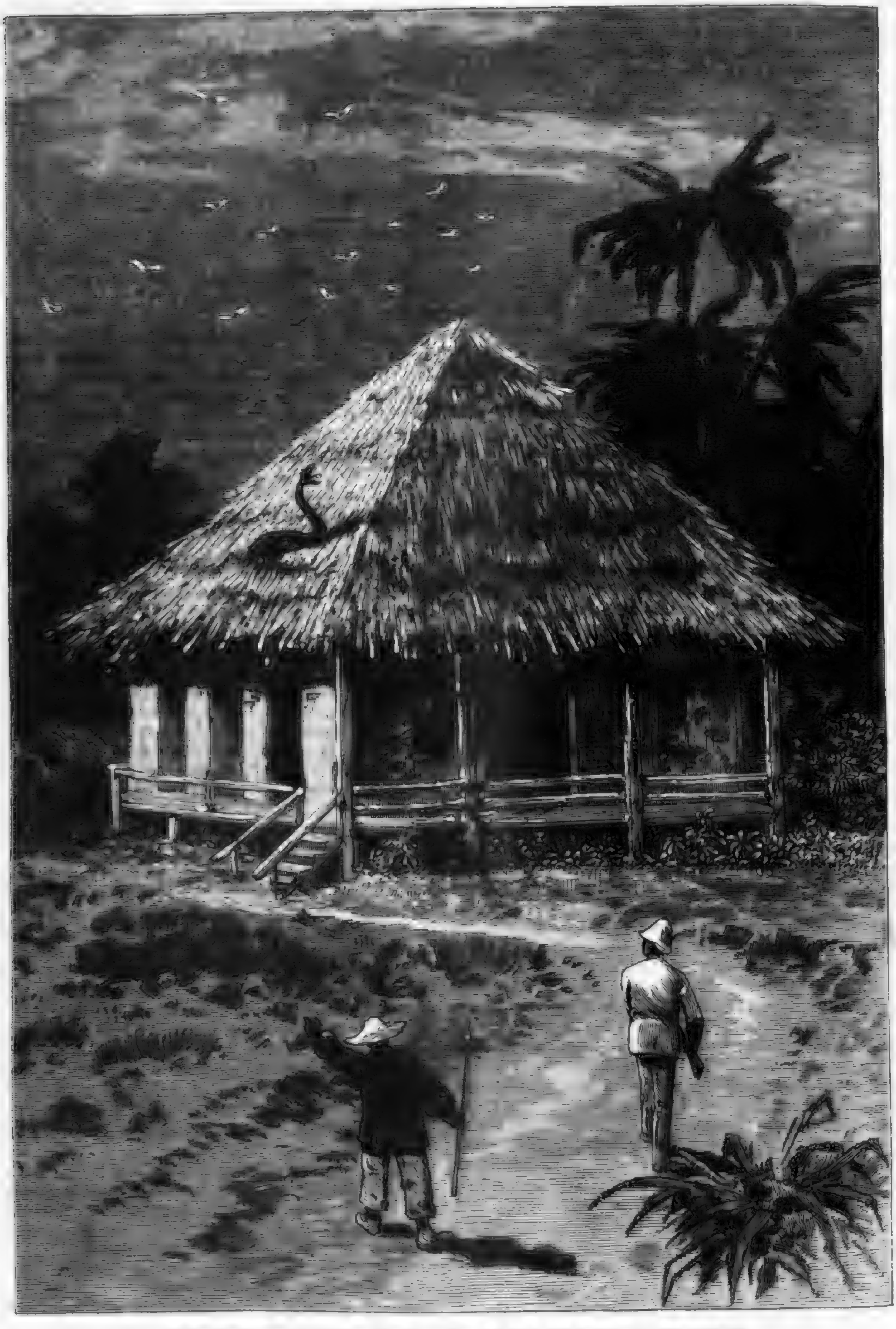
After dark the naturalist found it easy to catch any number of specimens with an ordinary net, although, as he observes, the birds must possess extraordinary powers of sight to be enabled to fly about in the deepest recesses of the caverns, and to distinguish their own nests in places where no daylight penetrates.

Just before sundown some kites swooped down into the chasm, in the midst of the bats, and helped themselves liberally to their victims. There were also hawks of a species remarkable for the size of their gape and the shortness of their beaks, which pursued the hapless bats, and voraciously devoured them while on the wing. Among these bats were to be seen three curious-looking albinos, known by the natives as "the rajah, his wife and son."

At daybreak there was a reversal of the proceedings of the previous evening, the swifts going out and the bats returning; these latter literally rained into their chasm for two hours after sunrise. Several hawks again made their appearance in pursuit of the swifts, which they had rarely attempted to take on the previous night, as then the swifts seemed able to evade them. Now they swooped down from the mouth of the cave into the thick of the birds, and were successful at least once in every third attempt.

Mr. Pryer ascertained that the edible nests gathered in these caverns are formed from a soft fungoid growth that incrusts the limestone in damp places. This fungoid grows about an inch thick; the outside is dark-brown and the inside white. The birds make the black nests from the outside layer, and the best quality, or white nests, from the inside. The swift takes the substance in its bill, and draws it out in a fine filament, backward and forward, somewhat like a silkworm weaving its cocoon.

XUM



AN UNLUCKY SHOT.—"I LOADED AND PREPARED TO SLAY THE REPTILE."—SEE PAGE 139.

THE WITHERED HAND.

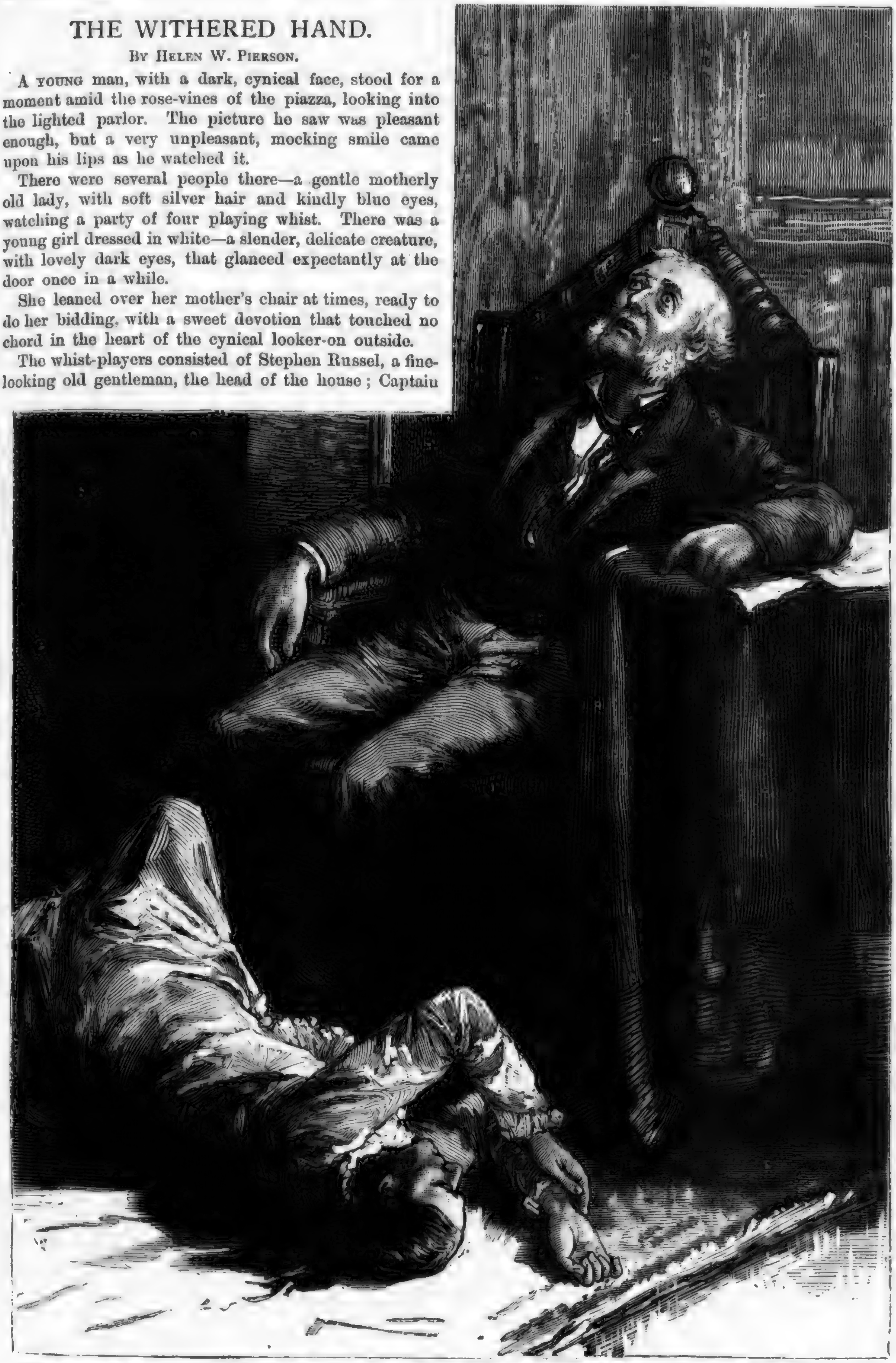
By Helen W. Pierson.

A young man, with a dark, cynical face, stood for a moment amid the rose-vines of the piazza, looking into the lighted parlor. The picture he saw was pleasant enough, but a very unpleasant, mocking smile came upon his lips as he watched it.

There were several people there—a gentle motherly old lady, with soft silver hair and kindly blue eyes, watching a party of four playing whist. There was a young girl dressed in white—a slender, delicate creature, with lovely dark eyes, that glanced expectantly at the door once in a while.

She leaned over her mother's chair at times, ready to do her bidding, with a sweet devotion that touched no chord in the heart of the cynical looker-on outside.

The whist-players consisted of Stephen Russel, a fine-looking old gentleman, the head of the house; Captain



THE WITHERED HAND.—"A MAN, GRAY-HAIRED AND STATELY, LEANED IN HIS CHAIR, HIS HEAD AGAINST THE CARVEN BACK. HIS FACE WAS CONVULSED—LIVID. HIS WIFE LAY HUDDLED UPON THE RUG AT HIS FEET, MOTIONLESS AS DEATH."

Lawrence, a bluff old sea-dog, who had recently married a young-girl friend of Melanie Russel's, and whose attentions could scarcely leave his charmer even for the fascinations of the game; and Dudley Mather, a gentlemanly-looking young man, with keen, steely-blue eyes and an intellectual face—a young advocate, who was rapidly making his way to fortune.

Mrs. Lawrence was a sparkling little brunette, with crimson lips, warm complexion, and dark, velvety eyes.

"She's much more to my taste than Melanie's style," said the looker-on outside. "I never did care for the milk-white ones. There's no glitter about Melanie's hair, either—it's ashen. Now, a blonde, to be fascinating, must be a golden one. Well, she *is* golden in a better way, and I'm booked for her; so my fortune's made. But I vow I've half a mind to go in for a flirtation with Tacy Lawrence as a recompense."

"Hullo!' cried the captain, glancing up and seeing our young friend just as this treasonable thought was floating through his mind. "Ship ahoy!"

Mr. Russel glanced that way also, and gave the young man a rather stately and distant greeting.

"Ho, ho! Uncle's out of sorts. Wonder if anything new has come to his ears?" thought the young fellow, as he prepared to enter the house. "I must look after my p's and q's, I vow!"

Melanie came forward with a shy greeting. The young man went up to his aunt, and seemed very cordial and affectionate.

Mrs. Russel had been stricken with paralysis a year before, leaving one side disabled. She was very cheerful, though, and made every effort to keep the house pleasant for her family.

The old friends came as usual, and the little whist-party for Wednesday evenings went on the same.

Sometimes she played herself; but generally she looked on with a beaming face, and all seemed to feel her genial, kindly influence.

Later in the evening Melanie would sing some simple ballad, or Tacy Lawrence would play some wonderful combination of musical ground and lofty tumbling, there would be some refreshments, and many expressions of friendliness as the party broke up.

"I say, Mel!" exclaimed Cyril Wilmerden, as, under some pretense or another, he had drawn his cousin into the dining-room, "I wonder what uncle means by staving off a fellow in this way?"

"In what way?" asked Melanie, shyly.

"Why, the wedding! What's to hinder it being next month?"

"Oh, it never was fixed!" faltered the girl.

"Well, I want to fix it," Cyril said, with more temper than affection in his voice.

"I mean," exclaimed Melanie. "that I do not think he has quite made up his mind—he don't want to part with me."

"Oh, the deuce! Of course he don't: neither do I. It's remarkable that these old fogies never seem to know when it's time for them to step down and out."

"You shall not speak so of my father!" exclaimed the girl, with sudden indignation. "He is not an old fogy, and he will never step down or out of my affections."

"Oh, see here, Mel, don't fly off at a tangent! You know I think lots of Uncle Steve. It's my love for you that makes me impatient. I'd be a pretty lover if I wasn't in a hurry—now, wouldn't I?"

Melanie blushed and was silent.

"Would you like me to say, 'Oh, any time will do. I'm in no hurry. I can wait'?"

Melanie laughed.

"Well, not exactly."

"All right. Then, we're of one mind, only I put it a little too strongly. I'm going to urge Uncle Steve to-night."

"You must give me plenty of time to get ready," said the young girl, who was evidently anxious to remain still longer "in maiden meditation fancy free," before plunging into the unknown sea of matrimony.

"Oh, you don't need any time for that!" Cyril answered. "You can get all you want in Paris. It won't take me long to get ready. I'd be ready to-night. I say, why not put on your hat and walk down the street with me now? You've got a bridal dress on, pure white, and I know a fellow who'd marry us."

"You must be crazy!" exclaimed Melanie, shrinking from him. "There! papa's calling me."

Cyril held her a moment, and gave her a kiss.

"You're mine, anyway, are you not?" he whispered.

"I have told you so a hundred times or more," the girl answered, rather impatiently.

"Then don't make eyes at Dudley Mather!" he exclaimed, with a laugh. "When I see that fellow turning over your music I want to knock him down."

"You are insulting. I do not make eyes, as you call it, at any one," Melanie answered, with a serious displeasure in her face.

"Oh, my love! I know you are a little Puritan," he answered; "only there is really something very appealing in those eyes of yours when you look up into a man's face, and I wish sometimes you would never look at any one but me."

"That would be a very limited and monotonous range of vision indeed," answered Melanie, once more smiling, as she hurried away.

"I fancy I did that rather neatly!" exclaimed her cousin, as he followed her. "Once mine and her money secure, she might make eyes at the devil for all I would care. I know, however, she would always be the proper cold little prude she is now. I'd like her better if she had a spice of the devil about her. It would make her more piquant."

Once in the parlor, the young man set himself to work to manufacture good opinion for himself.

He listened to the captain's sea yarns with commendable patience; he showed just that degree of admiration for Tacy that every pretty woman likes; he discussed queer wills with Dudley Mather; he tried to talk with his uncle, but read something in his face that deterred him; and finally he took up his station by his aunt, and detailed the latest society news, and mentioned the last new novels.

In her affliction Mrs. Russel's comfort was in reading, and her heart was still young enough to enjoy romance.

Her gentle blue eyes beamed very kindly upon the young man, and Melanie felt a new throb of affection as she marked his devotion to her mother.

She had been sometimes doubtful about that heart. She had wondered now and then whether she had not made a mistake, but whenever she saw Cyril's filial attentions to her mother, she felt no doubts. She would be giving that dear mother a devoted and affectionate son, to be the stay of her old age.

Cyril did not fulfill his purpose of remaining to urge his suit with his uncle that night, for this reason: When the other guests had all gone, and he found himself alone with Mr. Russel, he was astounded at a sudden blast of anger.

"I have learned all about your goings on lately," Mr.

Russel exclaimed, in both anger and sorrow; "you have broken every promise to me, and I have no longer faith in you—I will never let my child wreck her life by a marriage with you. Thank Heaven that I know all in time to save her from being a gambler's wife."

"But uncle, I swear——"

"Don't swear; your oaths are worth no more to me than your promises. I shall tell Melanie to-morrow."

"And you don't mind breaking your daughter's heart?"

"Oh, her heart will not break over this. Better now, at all events, than later, when she is your wife."

The young man's face was so convulsed with evil passions that he seemed to have put on some devilish mask.

"Give me time—give me time to prove——" he gasped, in a choked voice; then stopped.

"Your probation is over," answered his uncle, coldly.

"There is no hope?"

"None!"

The young man turned on his heel and went out into the night. Once in the grounds, his rage and despair knew no bounds.

"I am ruined—ruined!" he groaned. "I have been so sure of this marriage—I have borrowed so much on the strength of it. I shall be in prison in a month—no, before it—if this gets out."

He stood staring at the house as one dazed. He saw the lights going out in the parlors, and then one kindled like a sudden star in a room up-stairs—Melanie's room.

"She won't stand out against the father!" he said, grinding his teeth. "She don't know what love is like—she has a pale, moonbeamy sort of sentiment for me, but she'll turn at once."

There was a light in the wing now. Mr. Russel had gone into his library, and he seemed to remain there.

"He's cutting me out of his will, I dare say. Deuce take him!" muttered the young man, stealing softly round to the window.

* * * * * *

Sunlight among the roses on the lawn, stealing away the jewels the night had given them; sunlight sifting through green boughs and setting the birds wild with joy; sunlight glittering on the river, and lighting the mountain-tops; sunlight darting a golden arrow into a darkened room, where were two people who did not see it, who moved not beneath its warm touch, who lifted not an eyelid as its golden beams rested on their heads.

One a man, gray-haired and stately, leaned in his chair, his head against the carven back. His hand still rested on the table; there were papers before him, and a pen that had apparently dropped from his nerveless hand.

His face was convulsed—livid; on his throat were purple marks, as if a strong and terrible hand had clutched him, and below, from somewhere near his heart, a crimson stream had dripped slowly down—down to the very floor—and made a ghastly pool upon the softly-tinted rug that lay there.

Ah! the sunlight had discovered the secret of a ghastly murder; but it could tell no tales. Stephen Russel had met his death swiftly and secretly, and his daughter still slept sweetly in her white nest up-stairs.

But what is this other form huddled upon the floor, motionless as death. The gray hair has fallen about the white face. There is no wound; but it seems as if—

"Thought and life have fled away,
Leaving door and window wide."

Yet there is a strange and subtle difference between the appearance of these two silent and motionless bodies—this husband and wife—mute and cold and rigid as both appear. One is really dead; the other has been struck by a second shock of paralysis, that has left her as dumb, as helpless, as unable to put forth a hand, to send out a cry, as if the same swift and secret fate had come upon her. Living yet dead, she lies there: a faint pulse is all the difference.

Servants get up in the house; voices are heard on the stairs; windows are opened to let in more of the glorious sunshine; a laugh rings out and seems to wake up shuddering echoes in that room.

Last of all, that door is opened; some one catches a glimpse of the ghastly spectacle, and a shriek rings out.

Melanie, humming a happy little song before her glass, hears it, flies down the stairs, will not be kept back, sees the sight that can never again be blotted out, and falls as one dead by the side of her mother.

It is found that a robbery has been committed, and that seems to explain it all! There was a low window into the garden. It was surmised that the murderer came in there; that the wife, wondering, perhaps, at her husband's delay, had come down to look after him, and, paralyzed with terror, had fallen down near the door.

All that medical aid could do was to strengthen the feeble pulse with stimulants. Then she opened her eyes. Oh, what terror, what anguish those eyes expressed! Every lost sense seemed to have concentrated into that one.

She looked about anxiously for some one, and when Melanie, shaken as by a storm, white and wan as a white rose drenched by a shower, came to her side, the poor frightened eyes grew soft and sweet, and seemed to express gratitude that even so much was left to her!

Melanie controlled her grief for the sake of this sufferer. She sat by her and held her hands when the bells were tolling for the dear father's burial, and then she saw the dumb anguish in those expressive eyes.

"She bears it all!" Melanie sobbed, as she buried her head on her mother's breast.

The mother could not stroke the fair hair, or whisper one fond word; but she could feel as before. It seemed as if love and hate were stronger than ever. Thought was as clear, reason as strong; yet she lived as one in a trance.

As the days went on appetite returned. She could eat, she could turn her eyes slowly—that was all. She knew everything that went on about her, but she could take no part.

Cyril had come forward at first as a son in the house. He had, indeed, offered to stay there at once, and Melanie had been too glad to have a friend so near. She clung to him more than ever now in her loneliness and sorrow. She talked to her mother as before, and knew she understood and sympathized; but there was no answer, and the human heart craves words of love.

Cyril had really grown very gentle. He was no longer selfish and dominating. He gave up to Melanie in a way that touched her. He did not urge the marriage, but it was understood that it should take place when the year of mourning was over.

It was a sad house, even as time wore on and softened the grief.

No wonder that Cyril fled from it sometimes and returned to his old reckless life for a few days, plunging even deeper into dissipation than ever before, as if to get the bitter taste of this cup of woe out of his mouth.

As the time grew nearer for the wedding he became more and more fitful and moody, but always kind and ready to serve the two bereaved ones.

XUM

To Mrs. Russel he was as a son always. He it was who wheeled her chair into the sunniest, brightest places in the room. He read to her at times and brought her flowers, but he did not talk to her.

Spite of Melanie's assurances that dear mamma understood and liked it, he did not seem able to manufacture any conversation for this silent, irresponsive woman.

"It chills me to feel that there will be no answer," he said. "I can't do it."

"Do you know, there is a very strange look in mamma's eyes always when they rest on you," said Melanie, one day. "I could not understand it at first. It was so terrible, so revengeful—not at all like dear mamma."

"I think you see more in mamma's eyes than any one else, dear," answered Cyril; "just as the lovers of Shakespeare read ever so much more than he ever imagined between the lines."

"Oh, no; I am not mistaken. I have watched, and did not speak at first. I have seen her eyes change, when you came into the room, from being calm and placid to such anger that they seemed to flash fire. I think I understand it now."

Cyril turned suddenly to the window, and his voice was a little tremulous as he said:

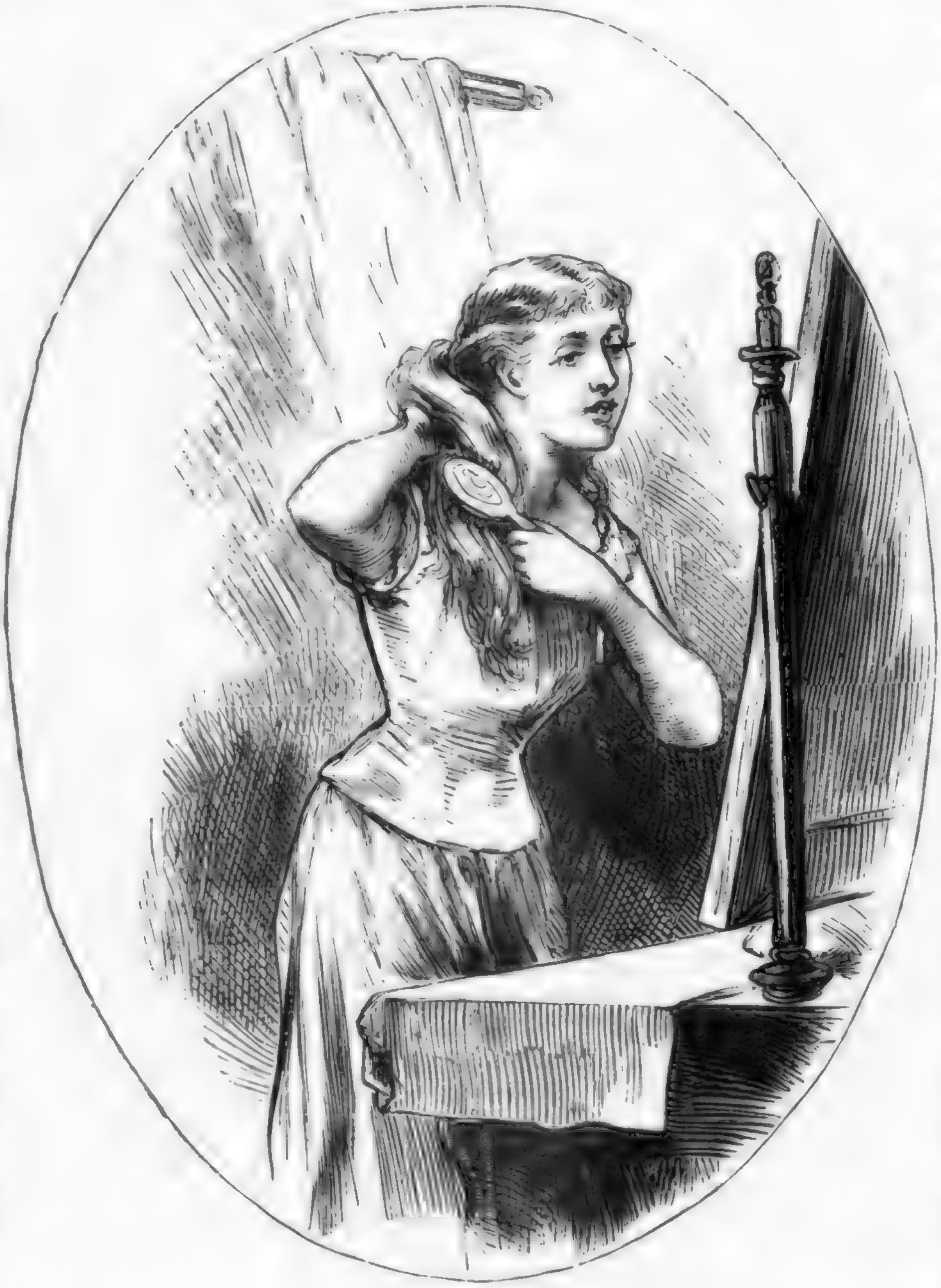
"And, pray, what do you understand now, dear Melamie, or what do you fancy you understand?"

"I think poor mamma saw the murder and knows the murderer!" exclaimed Melanie, earnestly.

Cyril started as if he had been stung.

"The deuce!" he cried out; then added, "Forgive me, but you make me creep, Mel; you are uncanny."

"I think it was that horrible sight that paralyzed her, and she wants to tell you about it," Melanie went on, in an excited tone. "Oh, Heaven! if she could only speak, my poor darling mamma; the secret is killing her. But I believe God will help her to bring it out. You know they say murder will out, and I am sure this will all be made plain some day. Don't you think so?"



MELANIE.

"No, I don't!" answered Cyril, brusquely. "There's been no end of murders that have never come out, so that old saw isn't reliable. Besides, if—if it did happen that—your mother—could speak, you couldn't trust her; the trouble may have crazed her brain."

"Oh, no, no!" answered Melanie, earnestly. "I know. I am sure that dear mamma is just as clear in her mind as ever. I can read it in her eyes. There is no cloud over her reason there, no gleam of insanity. Why, Cyril, a maniac's eyes are unmistakable."

"Well, well, let's change the subject," her lover answered, impatiently, and Melanie never once touched on it again.

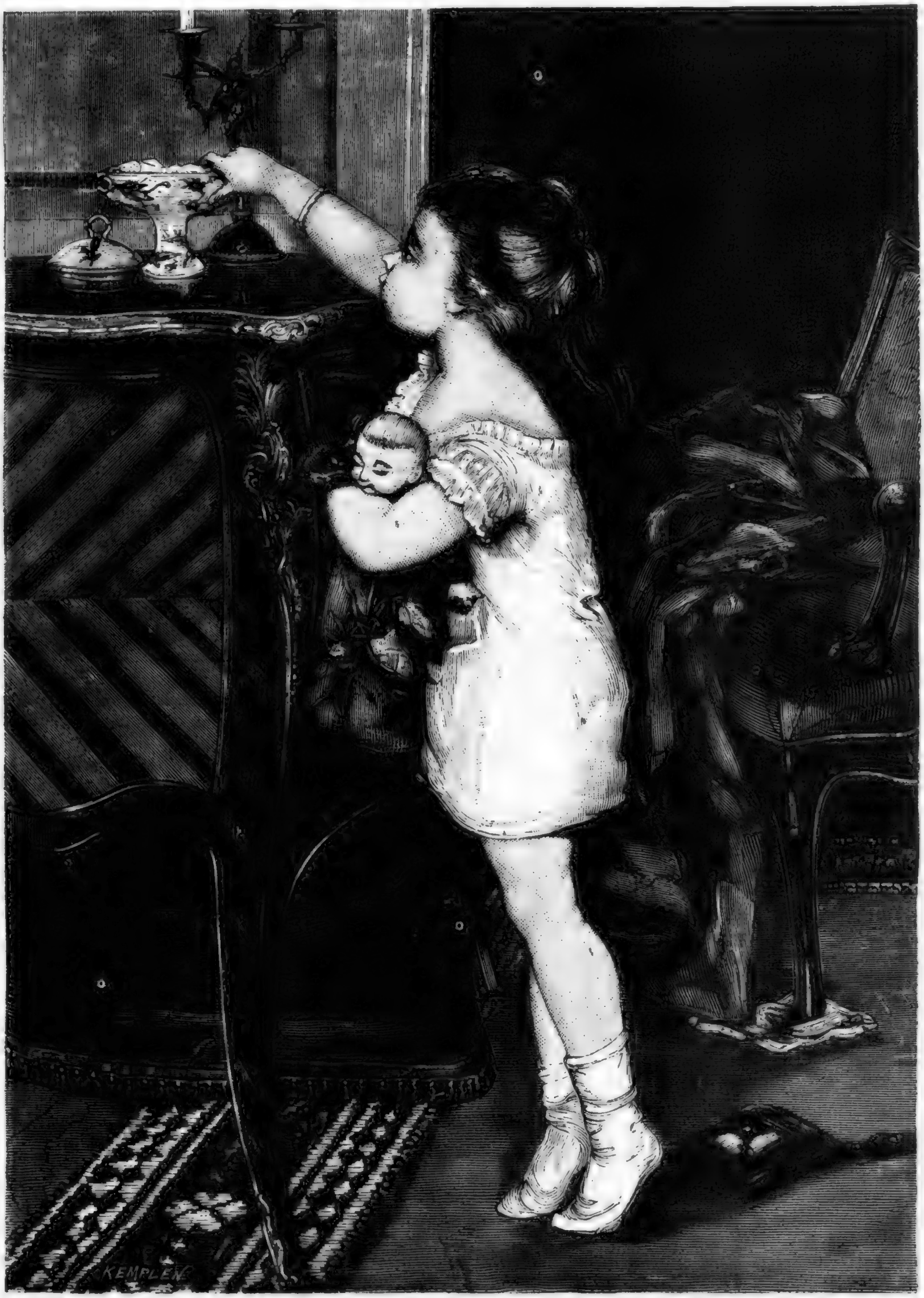
She imagined that Cyril was so deeply pained at the idea of her mother's eyes resting on him with disfavor that he had been led into his angry impatience with her. So she was silent, but still watched her mother's eyes with a sort of fascination when Cyril came near her. He was not so lavish with his attentions, but still did not cease them altogether.

The old lady's gentle blue eyes would indeed flash lightning at his approach. If looks could kill, then certainly Cyril would have been struck dead with one glance. When he touched her in moving, a look of deadly loathing would be added to the angry gleam. Melanie used to wonder how Cyril bore it, or if he saw it at all, and then she would wonder vainly what it meant.

So the months wore slowly away, and the time approached when Cyril pressed his claims more ardently than ever.

Melanie pleaded that with poor mamma she would be a sad and sorry bride. She would not leave her even for the wedding journey.

"I don't ask you to leave her. We don't want a wedding journey," he answered. "See what a complaisant bridegroom I am. I only want you to be mine. We have a long life before us, I hope, and we can go round the world in the future if we like. Now I am contented to go on just as we are—no fuss. We can quietly go out some morning and come back married."



THE TEMPTING SUGAR-BOWL.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MLLE. ELISHA KOCH.

"Very well. I'll tell mamma all about it. Oh, what a comfort it is that she can understand. I wish I could devise a way for her to answer."

"Why, you know she was all right on that subject when she could talk. I think I was quite a favorite then, whatever may be the way of it now," answered Cyril, uneasily. When Melanie, with a heart somewhat troubled, knelt down by her mother's chair and told her all about it, as was her custom, the silence that followed her confidences seemed most appalling to her.

She longed so for some tender word, to feel the mother's hand laid on her head in benediction—poor motionless hands that had not stirred in so long.

Melanie lifted her head after a few moments of this awful silence to look into the eyes always so eloquent of love for her, and found they were full of tears—tears that silently flowed over the pale cheeks, because she who wept could not wipe them away.

"Oh, dear mamma! I know what you are thinking about!" cried Melanie, as she kissed her. "You are wishing dear papa were here to see the wedding, but we both know that he favored it. He loved Cyril as his son, just as you do. If it were not so I could never marry him. Whenever I feel doubtful of my own heart, I remember that it was dear papa's pet plan."

Then, strangely enough, the tears ceased to flow from the mother's eyes, and a blaze of anger dried them suddenly, and Melanie was more and more puzzled at the spectacle.

"Perhaps she does not want to see me married till the murderer is discovered," thought Melanie. "Maybe she thinks Cyril has made no effort about it, and that accounts for her anger. Oh, Heaven, if she could talk to us, and tell us all at once, only once before she dies!"

It was a rather a mournful preparation for Melanie, for she discovered at once that her mother would look at none of the bridal outfit.

She could not turn her head away, but she closed her eyes, whenever Melanie wished to display her purchases, so that it was borne in upon the young girl's mind in language as eloquent as words that her mother did not approve.

This threw a gloom over everything, and Cyril had hard work to control his impatience when his *fiancée* met him with tears instead of smiles, and listened to his lovemaking in an absent way, or with a melancholy attempt at being responsive.

But there was no voice to interfere, and the preparations went on till the wedding-day was very near. The old friends who had given up their weekly visits to the house of mourning assembled themselves once more.

It might have been taken as a sort of visit of congratulation, and Melanie exerted herself to cast aside the gloom that had lately settled upon her soul. Even Mrs. Russel's eyes brightened as they rested upon the faces of her old friends, and an eager, appealing expression came into them.

"The dear soul wants to talk to us!" exclaimed Captain Lawrence, a new sort of huskiness in his voice.

"She seems more animated than she has ever been since that terrible night," whispered Melanie to Cyril, who stood casting uneasy glances upon his aunt.

"We'll draw her chair up near the table where she can watch the game. I dare say it will amuse her," said Dudley Mather, looking with the utmost compassion at the poor lady.

"I—I am afraid the excitement will be bad for her," interposed Cyril.

"Not a bit of it!" cried the captain; "it may rouse her up. I've hopes of seeing my old friend able to move hand and foot again. It's quite a usual thing."

Melanie gave the captain a grateful smile.

"This wedding would be joyful indeed if that could happen," the captain said, with emphasis: "but we all know how she favored it, and that the one who is gone would have given his blessing. It must make you two young folks happier to think of that."

Mrs. Russel's eyes were fixed on the speaker, and the strange look of anger and appeal came into them. A curious fiery thrill went through her body like heat-lightning.

Slowly the right hand began to twitch, to move a little in an uncertain way.

Melanie sprang to her side. Cyril stood riveted to the spot, his face ghastly white, his eyes dilated. The captain reverently lifted the hand, and laid in on the table. Mrs. Russel thanked him with her eyes.

"She is going to tell us something," the captain cried, with delight. "Watch her hand."

The hand was moving—slowly tracing letters upon the cloth.

All stood transfixed as though a miracle were being performed.

Cyril crept near, catching his breath strangely.

"See, see! she has spelled your name!" cried the captain to him as he approached.

"Nonsense!" gasped the young man. "You will kill her between you. Melanie, why don't you stop this—this infernal nonsense!"

But no one noticed the words or manner of the speaker; all stood watching the hand, as with trembling movements it went on

"Cyril is the——"

Then there was a hesitation, a terrible agitation, and a pause.

"She wants to tell us all that Cyril is her choice for Melanie—that she approves—yes, dear madam, we understand!" cried the captain.

A strange fire leaped into the eyes of the palsied woman at these words, and a new strength seemed to possess her, the wavering hand moved again, and the sentence was finished. This was the whole of it:

"Cyril is the murderer of my husband. I saw him do it!"

Then the hand fell at her side, and she dropped suddenly to the floor amid the cries of those who beheld the phenomenon.

Melanie fainted, and Cyril exclaimed, angrily:

"There! I hope you're satisfied with your foolery. The poor woman will die now."

The captain gave him a keen glance, as he helped to raise his old friend.

"She has lived long enough to give her evidence," said the young lawyer. There's an old hymn that I learned when a boy, beginning:

"'God moves in a mysterious way.
His wonders to perform.'

Surely nothing could be stranger than this, and that we should all be here to see it."

"So strange, that it would be very odd to find any court that will notice it," said Cyril, with an effort.

"That remains to be seen," said gruff Captain Lawrence, while his wife busied herself over her friend.

And from that moment a new investigation began with this new clew. Melanie accepted her mother's last declaration with shuddering belief, and refused to see Cyril again. He was arrested in time, and the whole affair brought home to him. What horror—what daily martyrdom had been hers who could not express by the least movement the torture of his presence, the loathing, crawling horror which the touch of his murderous hand gave to her, who could only look the agony that was killing her! And when the supreme moment came, surely she welcomed that death gladly which gave for one brief moment the power to tell her awful secret with that withered hand.

A VASE.

AIRY and bright the chamber
Round whose casement roses clamber;
Calm and warm the Summer day
Whose sultry distance reaches
South to the sunny beaches
Of the blue level bay;
As here I rest enfolden
In reverie, while the blind
Swaying against the roses,
Listlessly discloses
A Greek vase, graceful, olden—
Plaything of the fancies
And solemn necromancies
Of the Hellenic mind.

Yes, from the book-strewn table
Now breathes a living fable
Around the sculptured stone,
Of gods in forests lone
Beside the wave-ridged ocean,
Of youths in swiftest motion
Through trees, with back-turned faces;
Or in a dell of quiet,
Far from the breathless riot
Of maidens couched around
A sycamore-shadowed spring
With sweetest fancies' graces
Listening
To what the bubbles say,
Or whispered from a bay
To the herbs along the ground.

While o'er a plain of flowers
White shapes of beauty pillowed
'Mid shining vapor billowed,
Rest o'er the morning seas
Supremest deities.
So here I rest beholden
To the artist all unknown,
For the joy he still is giving
In those figures fixed, but living,
By the pictures circumshrined—
While the Summer breathes its golden
Sun words on the wind.

FOLK-LORE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THE fairies in the Highlands of Scotland generally have their habitations in rugged precipices and rocky caverns, found in districts especially remarkable for wildness of scenery. Their favorite amusements are music and dancing, and their reels are said to last sometimes for a whole year and even longer, without intermission.

A peasant from the neighborhood of Cairngorm, in Strathspey, who with his wife and children had settled in the forest of Glenavon, happened to send his two sons late one evening into the wood to look after some sheep which had strayed. The lads, traversing the wood in all directions, came upon a habitation of fairies from which emanated the sweetest music that one can possibly imagine—or, rather, much sweeter music than any one can possibly imagine. The younger brother, completely fascinated by its charms, at one leap entered the abode of the fairies, from which, alas! he could not return. The elder brother, compelled to give him up as lost, ran home to his parents to tell them what had occurred.

Now, there lived in the neighborhood a "wise man," whom they thought best to consult in the matter. This man taught the elder brother some mysterious words of disenchantment, and told him to repair to the same place where the lad had been drawn into the cliff, and to pronounce solemnly the words; but this must be done exactly a year after the occurrence of the event. The elder brother most earnestly attended to the injunction. When the year had elapsed, he stood before the cave of the fairies on the same day and precisely at the same hour at which his brother had left him. The music was still going on, and by means of the mysterious words he actually succeeded in liberating his brother, who was still dancing. The daring little boy fully believed that he had been dancing with the fairies for only half an hour; for, he said, he had been dancing all the while, and the first reel was not yet over. But, when he arrived at home again, his parents observed at once how much his arms, legs, and his whole body, had grown during the year.

Not less remarkable is the following adventure of a village clergyman, told in the Highlands of Scotland.

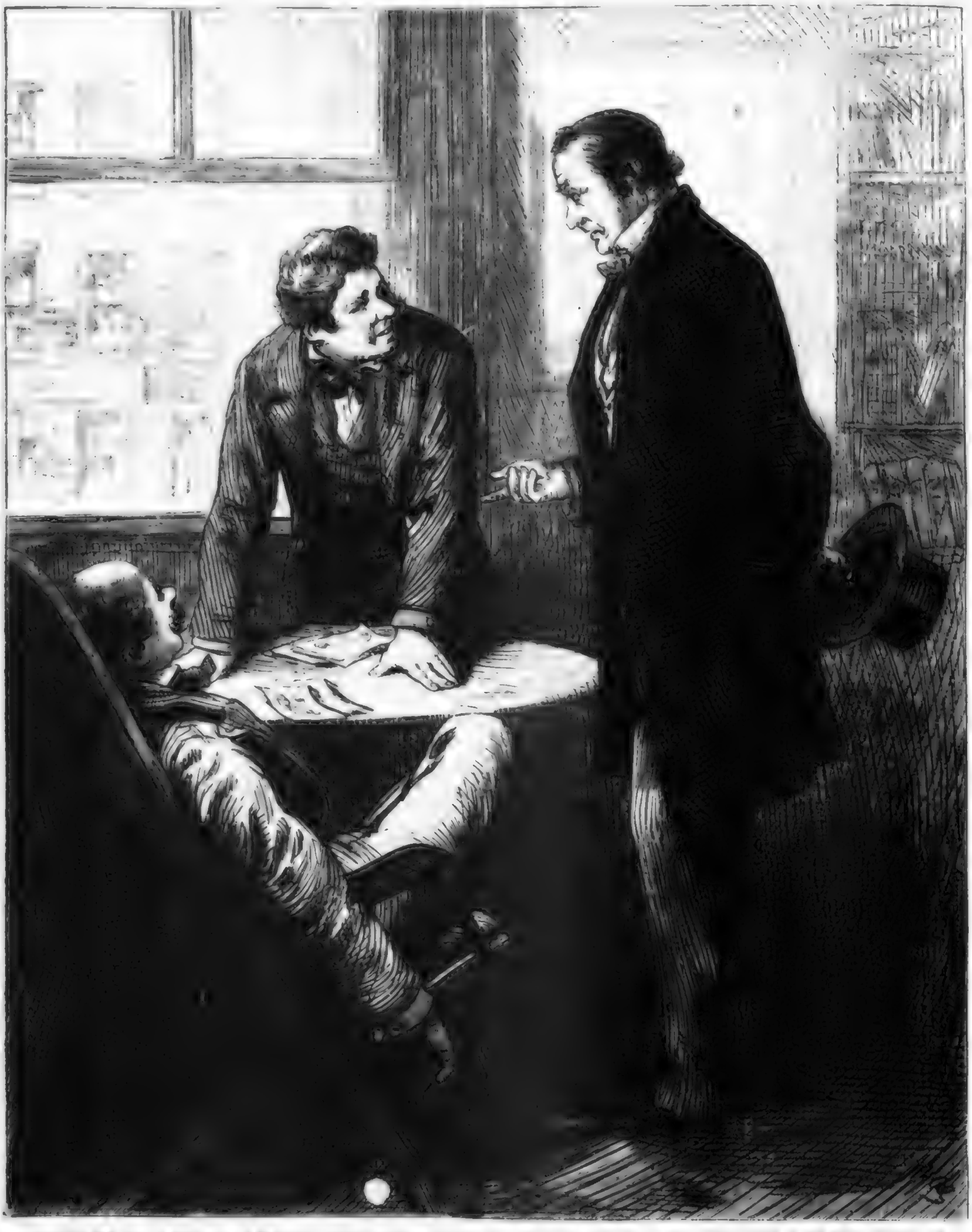
A parson who enjoyed the reputation of being a very pious man, was returning home to his village one night, after having administered spiritual consolation to a dying member of his flock. The night was far advanced, and he had to pass through a good deal of "uncanny" land; however, he, knowing himself to be a conscientious minister of the gospel, did not fear any spirit. On his reaching the end of the lake which stretches for some distance along the side of the road to the village, he was greatly surprised by suddenly hearing strains of music more melodious than he ever before had heard in his life. Overcome with delight, the pious minister could not refrain from sitting down to listen to the melodious sounds; besides, he was very anxious to find out, if possible, the nature and source of the charming music. He had not sat listening many minutes when he could clearly perceive the gradual approach of the music; he also observed a light in the direction from whence the music proceeded, gliding across the lake toward him. Instead of taking to his heels, as any faithless wight would have done, the pious pastor, quite fearless, determined to await the issue of the singular phenomenon. As the light and music drew near he could at length distinguish an object resembling a human being walking on the surface of the water, attended by a group of diminutive musicians, some of them bearing lights, and others instruments of music, on which they continued to perform those melodious strains which first attracted his attention. The leader of the band dismissed his attendants, landed on the beach, and afforded the minister the amplest opportunity of examining his appearance.

He was a little primitive-looking, gray-headed man, clad in the most grotesque habit ever seen; indeed, his whole appearance was such as to lead the venerable pastor all at once to suspect his real character. He walked up to the parson, saluted him very gracefully, apologizing for the intrusion. The parson politely returned his compliment, and without further explanation invited him to sit down beside him. The invitation was complied with; upon which the minister proposed the following question:

"Who art thou, stranger, and from whence?"

To this question the fairy, with downcast eye, replied that he was one of those beings sometimes called "Doane Shee," or "Men of Peace," or "Good Men," though the reverse of this title was perhaps a more befitting appellation for them. Originally angelic in his nature and attributes, and once a sharer in the indescribable joys of the regions of light, he was seduced by Satan to join him in mad conspiracy; and as a punishment for his transgression he was cast down from those regions of bliss, and was now doomed, along with millions of fellow-sufferers, to wander through seas and mountains until the coming of the great day. What their fate would be thereafter, they could not divine.

XUM



"'AND WHAT AM I TO HAVE?' INTERRUPTED THE ASTONISHED CLIENT. 'WHY,' SAID LEVY, 'YOU HAVE THE HONOR OF THE VICTORY, WHICH IS BEYOND ALL PRICE.'"

ANECDOTES OF AMERICAN LAWYERS.

If some painstaking person would gather what can be recalled of the early traits of the men who in mature life became distinguished at the Bar, he might throw much light on the question of making choice of that profession. Each generation of young men canvass the advantages of becoming lawyers, and question their older friends as to the best course of study and the quickest way of "getting admitted," with serene unconsciousness that any peculiar personal qualifications are needful to success. A good collection of stories of early traits would, perhaps, reveal that it is not mere ambition to become a lawyer, nor a fortunate choice of an instructor and a set of books; nor yet readiness of speech in the elocutionary exercises of the schools—but a certain ingrain decision; an intelligent, vigorous will; a nervous, prompt, judicious power of choice, which in most cases underlie success. When Henry K. Smith was a young lad, his father lost much of his property, and said to his son: "Henry, young as you are, you must know that you have now mainly to take care of yourself. According to your conduct, you

XUM

will either sink or swim." "I'll swim, father," was the laconic and characteristic reply.

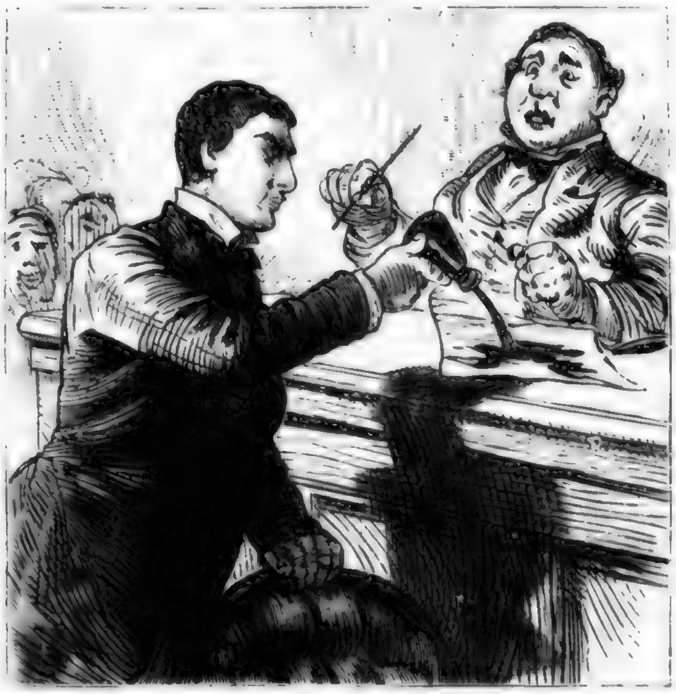
Some years later he became a clerk in a drygoods-store. One morning, as he was boxing some goods, he was sharply reprimanded by his employer for something in his manner of work. Nettled by what was said, Smith, who was at that moment driving a nail into the box, struck his thumb. Instantly throwing down the hammer, he turned sharply to the merchant, and said: "Box the goods yourself; pound your own thumb. God has got something else for me to do." Putting on his hat, he left the store, and from that day he determined to follow the bent of his inclination and become a lawyer.

Readiness to resist persuasion toward what is irregular or unjust is notably important. Daniel Cruger was apprenticed when a lad to Mr. Webster, one of the early printers of Albany. It was his business to carry the papers of his employer to the subscribers. One morning, as he was toiling up State Street with a large bundle of papers under his arm, a gentleman who seemed in great haste asked for three or four of them. "I can't spare them," said the boy; "I have only enough for subscribers." "But, my boy," said the gentleman, "I must have them, and I am in a great hurry"—reaching for them somewhat peremptorily. "You can't have them," said young Cruger, grasping his papers in his arms; "Mr. Webster would be displeased." The gentleman looked puzzled, took a notebook from his pocket, hastily wrote a few lines, and giving it to the boy, with a half-dollar, said: "Give me four of your papers, and take that note to the printing-office. If Mr. Webster does not say you have done right in letting me have the papers, call at 86 State Street, and I will satisfy you."

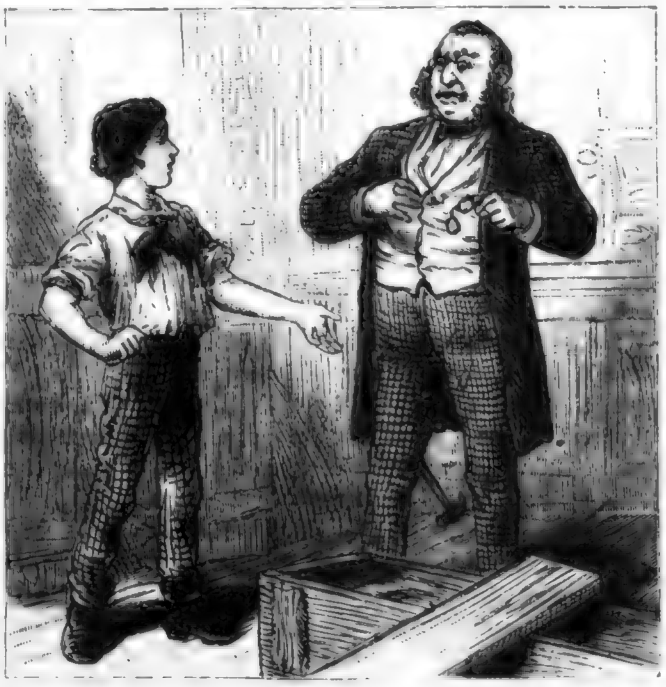
Cruger returned to the office to get more papers, and stopped the rising anger of his employer by presenting the note, which read as follows:

> "DEAR SIR—I met your boy this morning with the papers. I was in haste for four of them. He refused to let me have them, and I took them, much against his will. He is a bright, faithful boy, and did his duty manfully. Excuse him, and charge the wrong to me. A. HAMILTON."

"Why, good gracious, boy!" exclaimed Mr. Webster, "did you know you had been talking with Alexander Hamilton this morning, one of the greatest men of the times? You did just right, Daniel, just right."



"JUST AS THE MAGISTRATE WAS ABOUT TO SIGN THE DOCUMENT, BALDWIN SEIZED AN INKSTAND, AND POURED THE CONTENTS OVER THE DREADED PAPER."



"INSTANTLY THROWING DOWN THE HAMMER, YOUNG SMITH SAID, 'BOX THE GOODS YOURSELF; GOD HAS GOT SOMETHING ELSE FOR ME TO DO.'"

Suavity in the manner of resisting persuasions is no less valuable than the mental ability to resist. De Witt Clinton was noted for his reserved and distant manners. It is related that an active supporter of Governor Tompkins applied to him while Governor for a pardon for his son, who had been convicted of forgery, and was refused. When De Witt Clinton succeeded Tompkins in the Governorship the applicant renewed his petition, this time under the apparent disadvantage that he had been a sturdy political opponent of the new Governor. But he was able to produce some new evidence in his son's behalf, and in view of this, Governor Clinton granted the pardon. Friends of the petitioner afterward asked him if he had not come to like Clinton better than Tompkins. He answered: "Both Governors acted under honest convictions. You want to know which I like best? Daniel D. Tompkins by all odds, for he can decisively say 'No!' in a pleasanter way than Clinton can say 'Yes!' to save his soul."

Mental inclination to "stick to the point" is a most important gift. The winner in a lawsuit is generally he who holds steadily to the point at issue. A lawyer who wanted a young office-clerk, tested the boys who applied by telling them a story as follows: A farmer was troubled by a red squirrel that got through a hole into his barn and stole his seed-corn, and he resolved to kill it. One day seeing it go into the hole, he took his gun and fired at it. The first shot set the barn on fire. "Did the barn burn up?" said one of the boys. The lawyer, without answering, continued: "And seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water, and ran in to put it out." "Did he put it out?" asked another. "As he went in, and the door swung to, he found the barn in full flames, when the hired girl rushed out with more water." "Did the hired girl burn up?" interrupted another boy. "Then the old lady came out, and all was noise and confusion, everybody trying to put out the fire." "Did they all burn up?" asked another. "That will do," said the lawyer, laughing. "You have *all* shown great interest in my story; but, my little man," addressing one bright-eyed, silent little fellow, "what

XUM

have you to say?" The boy, blushing, stammered out: "I *want to know what became of that squirrel, that's what I want to know.*" "You will do!" exclaimed the lawyer. "You have not been switched off by a burning barn, confusion, hired girls and water-pails. You've kept your eye on the squirrel."

There is one squirrel to kill in every suit. He who keeps his eye and aim on the squirrel is likeliest to prevail. Thus truthful anecdotes of the boyhood of great lawyers, if only there were more of them extant, might be very instructive.

Why is it that the handwriting of eminent lawyers is proverbially bad? One would suppose that the practice of the profession would require and teach a careful chirography, for the sake of accuracy and clearness in records, opinions, reports, etc., if for no other reason. But every one knows the story of the barrister who wrote three hands—one that no one but he and his clerk could read, one that only his clerk could read, and one that nobody could read. It is characteristic. Apparently the necessity of writing constantly, at all times and places, rapidly, and under the incumbrance of holding books, examining papers, keeping the eye on witnesses, and the like, at the same time, joined to a certain dependence on the aid of scriveners for fair copies when needed, breeds careless habits.

In Choate's fruitless attempt to keep up with his own rapid thoughts, his pen would fly over the paper in a long, wavy, unintelligible line, which a week afterward he could scarcely decipher himself. What he termed his "brief" has been described as scribbled and scrawled, crossed and crisscrossed, looking like a stray ream of paper, over which a nest of spiders just escaped from an inkstand had rambled. No one was ever let into the full mystery of what was written in his inscrutable hand. Riddled with lines of obliteration and marks of emphasis, his manuscript was all one tangled maze. A wag once said: "The autograph of Choate looks like a piece of crayon sketching done in the dark with a three-pronged fork. His handwriting cannot be deciphered without the aid of a pair of compasses and a quadrant."

On one occasion, on account of the necessity of adjourning court, Justice Clifford, who was at that time ignorant of the extraordinary characters Choate made to represent the letters of the English language, suggested to both counsel to submit their arguments *in writing.* This proposal created much amusement among the members of the Bar, who pictured to themselves the amazement of the judge in attempting to decipher Choate's manuscript. The hilarity was increased when Choate gravely said, as if by way of explanation: "Your Honor observes the smile with which this proposal is received by my brethren; it is all on my account. I write *well,* but *slowly.*" But obscure as Choate's writing is, each letter seems to be governed by a sort of law, and the lines have certain easy, graceful curves, which give artistic beauty.

There have been honorable exceptions to the general condemnation we must bestow upon lawyers' handwriting; Henry Clay wrote plainly and boldly; Buchanan prided himself upon his cautious style, his careful spelling, his exact punctuation, and the absence of interlineation: Martin Van Buren wrote a large flowing hand: Webster's handwriting might be termed "strong"; "graceful" is the appropriate word to describe the style and matter of the letters of Dallas; Charles Sumner's writing was large and distinct, sentences short, ink good, paper the best; Caleb Cushing's manuscript needed to be interpreted by one familiar with it; William H. Seward was very particular about his handwriting, and composed deliberately; Stephen A. Douglas dashed off letters with little regard to their appearance. Lincoln's handwriting was small and careful.

Abundant are the stories narrated at the expense of lawyers on the subject of their professional fees. One told of Choate is that he was once consulted as to the lawfulness of a tax of ten dollars. Being at the moment occupied in an important case, he committed the question to one of his office students, indicating to him the principle involved and the authorities to be examined. The student laboriously prepared "The Opinion of Rufus Choate," to which the lawyer gave his scrutiny and signature. When the student asked what charge he should make, Choate said, in an off-hand manner: "Well, I I think we ought to have twenty-five dollars for that, don't you?"

So when the opinion was given to the client that fee was mentioned. "That's too much!" he exclaimed. "Why, I haven't got but fifteen dollars of ready money in the world!" He was let off on paying the fifteen dollars, though the student had misgivings whether the lawyer would be satisfied. But Choate made no inquiries about the matter, and finally the student ventured to tell him that he could not collect the whole bill. "Ah!" was the indifferent response. "No," said the student; "he said he hadn't but fifteen dollars in the world, and he paid that." "Oh!" responded the lawyer, a curious smile spreading over his face, "you took all he had, did you? Well, I've nothing to say to that—*that* is strictly professional." But he himself took none of the money; it was divided among the office students.

So careless and indifferent was Choate about money, unless when in absolute need of it, that he doubtless lost thousands every year without knowing it, making no charge for services, or quite forgetting them. One day he rushed into his office, sportively shouting: "My kingdom for $500! Have I got it?" He took his bankbook, looked at it a moment, and muttering, "Not a dollar—not a dollar!" was going out, when a student stopped him, and told him that was a new bankbook, the old one being filled, and that the amount to his credit had not been entered in it, as the accounts were not balanced till the end of the month. The student showed him $1,200 to his credit in the old book. Choate said, "Thank God!" but looked much surprised at his wealth.

A stately gentleman once called upon Sampson Levy with a copy of a complicated will, asking him for a distinct written opinion upon its true legal interpretation, and saying he would call for it in a week and pay liberally for the service. Mr. Levy gave the will to his students, requesting them to carefully examine the authorities in question, and upon the strength of a large expected fee, invited them all to a liberal supper.

The opinion was prepared, the supper enjoyed, the client called, and the opinion read to him. The client expressed himself wholly satisfied, and as he was leaving the office, laid on the table a note with the figure "1" exposed. Levy unfolded it, expecting to find *one hundred* dollars; but it was a *one*-dollar bill. Not doubting it was a mistake, he sent the students after the gentleman to have the error rectified; but he could not be found. Afterward it leaked out that the whole affair was a hoax contrived by the students, who thus got a good supper.

In a warmly contested case for a seaman's wages, William Delany and Sampson Levy succeeded in obtaining a decree for the claimant of $300. After court adjourned, Levy took his colleague and client to his office, in order that the money might be distributed. Placing his colleague on one side of the table and himself on the other —the client looking on anxiously meanwhile—Levy took from his pocket six fifty-dollar bills, and said to Delany, suiting the action to the word: "There, sir, are fifty dollars for you, here are fifty dollars for me, there fifty more for you, and here another fifty for me——" "And what am *I* to have?" interrupted the astonished client. "Why," said Levy, "you have the honor of the victory, which is beyond all price."

A gentleman once called upon Sampson Levy, and occupied the time of the counsel for an hour in regard to some complicated matter, and then asked him: "Now, what would you advise in such circumstances?" "Why, in such circumstances," said Levy, gravely, "I would advise you when you go home to put twenty dollars in your pocket, and then call upon some legal friend, and *give him a fee*, and no doubt he will give you an opinion." The gentleman took the hint.

Once while engaged in defending a client who was unenviably notorious Levy disclaimed having received any fee, and thus challenged greater attention, and a more favorable consideration from the jury, on the ground of disinterestedness. But soon the client began to be suspicious that Mr. Levy was about abandoning the case, and he adroitly slipped into the advocate's hand a ten-dollar note, when, with scarcely a break in his speech, he exclaimed: "And suppose, gentlemen of the jury, I have received a fee, is the fact of a fair and honorable compensation for my services to deprive my client of his rights, or of the benefit of my argument?"

"I'd be after asking you, Mr. B——" said a simple-hearted client to his counsel, "what for these seventy-three dollars and forty-two cints?" Mr. B—— told him "they were costs of the court." "And now wud ye be after telling me what you mane by costs of the court?" "Come to me on Friday morning precisely at eleven, and I will show you," replied the lawyer. And at the appointed time he took his client to the General Term of the Superior Court, where the six judges sat, all in a row, grave and dignified.

"Do you see those six solemn men, all in chairs, looking down upon us?" said Mr. B——. "Indade I do." "Those are the court. How long do you suppose seventy-three dollars and forty-two cents, costs of the court, would last those seven buffers?" "Mr. B——," said the client, "you shall have the seventy-three dollars forty-two cents, costs of the court, immajetly."

Two Dutchmen got into a dispute about the repairing of a bridge over a little stream that ran through their farms. One refused to help purchase the few planks needed. The other went to an attorney, and handing him two five-dollar bills, said: "I'll give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit de pridge." "How much will it cost to repair the bridge?" asked the lawyer. "Well, den, not more ash five tollars." "Very well," replied the lawyer, pocketing one of the bills and giving the Dutchman the other, "take this and get the bridge repaired; it is your best course." "Ya-as," replied the client, somewhat puzzled; "ya-as, dat ish more petter as to quarrel mit Hans."

But hear the other side. John Sergeant, born in 1779, was for more than fifty years a noted advocate and counselor in Philadelphia. Quite unlike many lawyers of the present day, he was specially scrupulous to avoid excessive charges for his professional services—his fee often being very small for the amount of time and labor expended. A distinguished merchant once employed Mr. Sergeant to give his opinion in an important case, which was duly and carefully prepared, and sent to him by a student in the lawyer's office. The merchant opened the document, glanced over it, and then asked the student if he had brought a bill for the legal services of Mr. Sergeant, or if he knew what the charge would be. The student replying that he knew nothing about it, the merchant signed a blank check and sent it to the lawyer, with the message that he should fill it up with the amount of the fee. Mr. Sergeant abruptly turned to the student, on hearing this request, saying: "Mr. ——— misunderstands me and my methods. Go back to him and say I am the last man in the world to fill up another man's checks. If he will examine the papers I sent, he will find my fee written in one corner." A further inspection of the papers revealed, written in small characters in an angle of one page, the moderate fee of thirty dollars.

The amount of the fee never affected Choate's willingness to undertake a case, or his earnestness in arguing. He kept no book of accounts when he first opened an office; but after a while, in a sudden fit of economy, he got a proper book, and entered, with great exactness the item, "Office, debtor to one gal. oil, 37½ cts." Some weeks thereafter a client called and asked for his bill. Choate told him he was very busy, but would have it made out for him if he would call in about a week. But when he called the lawyer said, "Really, you must pardon me; I have not had time to draw it off. Pay whatever you think is right." That did not suit the client, who said he would call again in a couple of weeks. When Choate saw him coming the third time he was in despair. "There," he exclaimed, "take the book and draw off a minute of the account yourself." The worthy man took the book, opened it, and there at the top of the page stood the entry, "Office, debtor to one gal. oil, 37½ cts." Only that and nothing more. He never asked for his bill again, but after paying what he thought was right, he did ask for a receipt in full, which Choate promised to give him the next time he called.

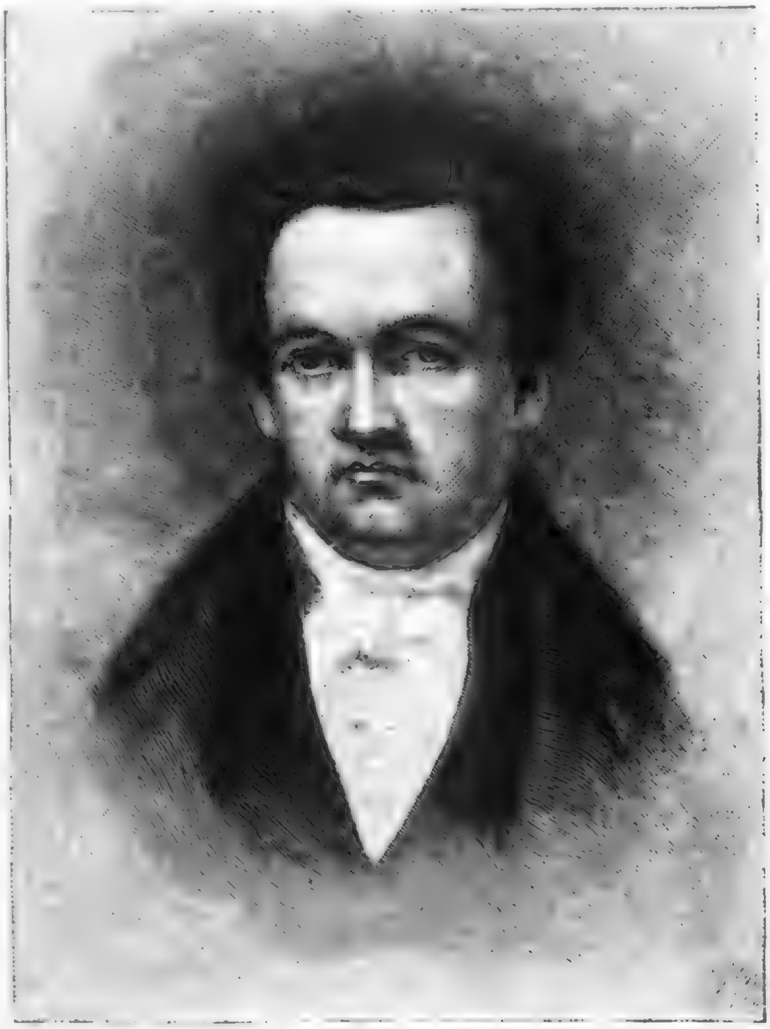
William Lewis had been engaged by an influential man to defend him in an important case; but it becoming apparent in the course of the trial that his client had grossly misrepresented the facts, and had, in fact, been guilty of a fraud, Lewis threw up his brief, and promptly declined to speak for the defendant. "But why will you not speak?" asked the client; "what have I paid you for, then?" "You have paid me," replied the indignant advocate, "that you might have justice done; and justice will now be done without my further interference."

James Guthrie, of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury under Pierce, was a slender-looking young man, but not lacking in courage. He once ably advocated the conviction of a noted bully for some gross offense. After the court adjourned, as Guthrie was going through a narrow pathway in the courtyard, he encountered the bully, armed with a bludgeon, which he lifted, saying, "You have taken unwarrantable liberties with my character, and now, sir, you've got to answer for it." "Look here, my friend," responded Guthrie, coolly, "I got twenty dollars for convicting you, and I don't think I should get a cent for killing you. Get out of my way." And the fellow slunk away."

Of Guthrie's willingness to work gratuitously under some circumstances, the following anecdote is preserved. At a time when he was Democratic candidate for the Kentucky Legislature, in a district usually giving a large Whig majority, he and Johnson, the rival candidate, had an appointment to attend a certain political meeting.

XUM

One of the settlers living near the place had collected his neighbors to aid him in raising a barn. The day was hot, and there was a heavy log which could not be got into place. Some one of the workers proposed that they should ask help of the two candidates, who would soon pass that way, and that they should vote for the one that gave it, be he Whig or Democrat. Agreed. Johnson first came, stopped his horse, spoke kindly to the men, inquired into the difficulty, and advised them to wait till morning. Presently Guthrie appeared. He also inquired into the trouble, and was asked his opinion about waiting until next day. "My friends," said he, "my rule is never to put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. If one good strong back can do any good, here it is." Whereupon Mr. Guthrie tied his horse, and the obstinate log was soon conquered. Of course the whole crowd voted for him, and he was elected.



DE WITT CLINTON.

In no part of the lawyer's work is there more need of cool judgment, firmness coupled with amenity, thorough knowledge of his case combined with acute perception of varied human nature, and ready tact in speech, than in the encounter with an unwilling witness. In a certain trial, William H. Seward, in order to prove the manner in which the "cat" was used in Auburn Prison, caused the keeper of the prison to appear in court with the records. John Van Buren, the opposing counsel, strenuously opposed this. But Seward gained the point, and the warden sullenly took the witness-stand, with a large book lying on the table before him. "Are you the warden of the Auburn Prison?" asked Seward. "I am sir." "Is there a record kept of the convicts who undergo the punishment of flogging?" "There is, sir." "Where is that record?" "There is the book, sir." Mr. Seward stepped forward to take up the book, but the warden snatched it away, saying, "That book is not designed for your inspection; it is private. You shall not examine it." Van Buren arose and attempted to sustain the warden, but Seward, drawing himself up to his full height, and calmly waving his hand, said: "One moment, Mr. Van Buren; I have the right to speak now." Then turning to the judge: "Your honor, in the name of justice and humanity, in conformity with the rules of our laws, I ask that this man be compelled now to give into my hands that record, for the keeping of which he is guilty of contempt of court. Shall I have it, sir?" The lawyer stood with his piercing eye fixed on the presiding judge; a profound silence fell upon the court. "Witness," said the judge, "you will immediately deliver to Mr. Seward the book you hold in your hands. Your refusal will subject you to imprisonment."

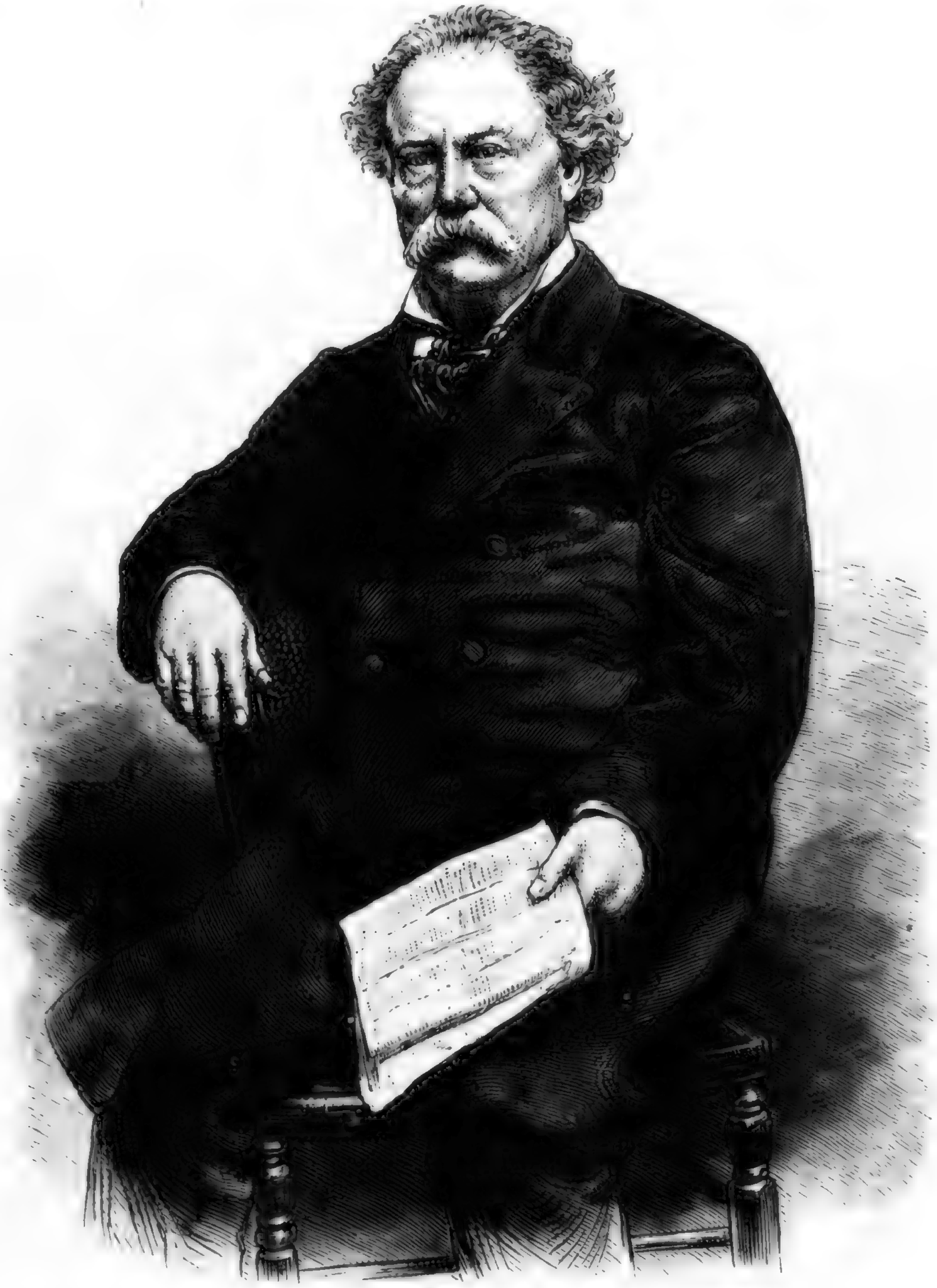
Naturally the closest and most trying of these word-of-mouth duels occur on the cross-examination. The art of cross-examining is one of the chief attainments of counsel. It is by surpassing skill in this that Mr. Fullerton has won prestige and success in the courtroom. His fame does not rest on his orations and addresses to either courts or juries, but on his shrewdness, patience, good judgment and success in eliciting the answers he wishes from the witnesses of the other side. Whether suavity or gentleness, or wit and repartee, or stern authority, are needed, either is at his command; and he often succeeds by their use where an eloquent advocate would fail from sheer want of materials for a speech.

David Paul Brown also had this peculiar talent. He once suddenly objected to a certain witness, on the ground that he was a convict. The accusation produced great consternation in court. The witness indignantly defied his accuser. Mr. Brown fixed his searching eyes upon him and said: "My objection is founded upon knowledge of your character. Answer me, were you not convicted and punished in the State of Delaware for a heinous crime?" "No, sir," replied the witness, with assumed boldness. "If," continued the lawyer, deliberately, "I were to strip up the sleeve of your coat, and point to the letter R on your right arm near the shoulder, and tell you it was done at New Castle, Delaware, what would you say?" The poor wretch was crushed, and Mr. Brown won his case.

A certain witness had a habit, on answering questions, of throwing an appealing look at the jury, and adding: "But I did it, gentlemen, under the advice of my counsel." After stating some circumstance, he turned to the jury confidingly and said: "And I assure you, gentlemen, that I positively cried—cried like a child." "And pray, sir," demanded Charles O'Conor, who was cross-examining him, "did you do that under the advice of your counsel?"

The victory in the contest of repartee is not always with the professional advocate, however skillful and experienced. A lawyer, by no means handsome, was worrying a witness on the stand on a question of personal identity. "What sort of a person was he? Long or short? heavy or light? old or young? Was he good-looking or ill-looking? Did he look like me, sir, or did he look like somebody else? Now, sir, see if you can answer these questions without equivocation." With an unmoved countenance the witness stared at the lawyer, and responded: "He did *not* look like you at all, sir. *He was a good-looking man.*"

"What do you know about a horse?" said a lawyer, contemptuously, as he was cross-examining a witness. "Are you a horse-doctor?" "No, I am not a horse-doctor, but I know a good deal of the nature of the beast." "That means," retorted the lawyer, in the same style, glancing knowingly at the court, "that you know a horse from a jackass when you see them together." "Ye-as," drawled out the intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor; "just so. For instance, *I should never take you for a horse!*"



JUDGE FULLERTON.

A certain lawyer, more noted for sharp practice than for truthfulness or legal knowledge, prided himself on his skill in the examination of witnesses. In one of his cases a boy was called as a witness, to whom he objected, on the ground that he was simple; and to test him the lawyer put on a stern face and eyed him fiercely. "Boy," said he, "who made you?" "The Lord, I thpothe," lisped the lad. "Who made *you?*" "Never mind who made *me*," retorted the lawyer. "Folks say you are a fool; how is it?" "Do they?" responded the witness, coolly. "Thath no thign. Thome folkth thay't you won't cheat. Folkth *will* lie, you thee." "No impertinence, boy!" said the lawyer, glowering fiercely, as he heard the subdued giggle that ran around the room. "Suppose you were to commit perjury—do you know what that means?" "Yeth, sir; thwearing to a lie. Juth what *you* did lath Winter, ain't it?" "The witness is clearly incompetent—a rank fool," said the discomfited questioner, appealing to the court. But the court "could not see it," and the boy was admitted as a witness.

XUM

"Sir," said a witness to a wordy lawyer, who was trying to confuse him, "I'm afraid I don't understand you. What was you a-sayin' of?" The counsel turned to the court with a grimace and said: "The witness does not understand." "The counsel should use less circumlocution," said the judge. "What does your honor mean?" "I mean," said the judge, "that you cover a large piece of bread with a small bit of butter. Ask the witness if he saw the blow given." Counsel turned to the witness. "Did you see him strike the man?" "I did: and he knocked him down." "Why didn't you say so before?" "'Cause you didn't ask me."

"How old are you?" asked a noted member of the New York Bar, of a witness. "Seventy-two years." "Your memory, of course, is not so good as it was twenty years ago, is it?" "I do not know but it is." "Ah! well, state some circumstance which happened, say, twelve years ago, and we shall see how well you can remember." "I appeal to your honor," said the witness, "if I am to be questioned in this way." "You had better answer," said the judge. "Yes, sir," said the counsel, "state some circumstance." "Very well, I will. About twelve years ago did you not study in Judge B——'s office?" "Yes." "Well, I remember your father coming into the office one day and saying to me, 'Mr. D——, my son is to be examined to-morrow—will you lend me fifteen dollars to buy him a suit of clothes?' and I remember also, sir, that from that day to this *he has never paid me that fifteen dollars.*"

"Will your honor, and my learned friend opposed to me," asked Mr. Grinnell, in an action to recover damages, "allow me, as a matter of personal vindication, to ask this witness one or two questions?" Leave being granted, "Now," said the counsel, addressing the witness, "did you not tell me the very opposite of what you have stated here, not an hour ago, in my own office?" "Certainly I did," coolly replied the witness; "but I was not sworn, and you had no right to *examine* me in your office."

In a case brought by an elderly Irishman for the recovery of a trunk, Judge Gray was impatient to dispatch the business. "Now, sir," said he, abruptly, to the old man, who took the stand as a witness, "what was in the trunk?" "Well, there were some clothes and some holy pictures." "Holy pictures! holy pictures!" exclaimed the judge. "What do you mean by holy pictures?" "Well, there was a picture of Father Mathew, who introduced temperance into Ireland; perhaps your Honor's heerd o' him?" "Yes, yes; go on!" "And then there was a picture of the blessed St. Patrick, who banished snakes from Ireland; perhaps your Honor's heerd o' him?" "Yes, yes; what else?" "Well, then," continued the old man, fixing his eyes on the judge, "there was a picture of our blessed Lord, who came on earth to save men; *perhaps your Honor's heerd o' Him?*"

The mental calibre and power of the counselor are tested quite as severely, though less often, in the occasional collisions with the judge. "Suppose, Mr. Webster," broke in Chancellor Walworth, who had a disagreeable habit of interrupting counsel in the midst of an argument—"suppose that the trustees had applied the funds to the purchase of the stocks of which you speak?" Webster contracted his heavy eyebrows, and turning his head aggressively, said; "I am not considering that now; I will ask your Honor to wait until I take up that question." Again and again Walworth interrupted with trivial questions. Finally Webster, looking like an embodied thunderstorm, turned his large eyes fully upon his Honor. "Will the learned Chancellor allow me to be edified after the adjournment of court?" said he, sternly; and the Chancellor was silenced. "Suppose, Mr. Van Vechten," said Chancellor Walworth to that eminent lawyer, who was conducting an argument before him—"suppose that A—— should——" "I am coming to that, your Honor," said the lawyer. Presently the judge again interrupted with: "Supposing that the receiver has applied the fund to——" "I am coming to that, your Honor," said Van Vechten. "Why don't you come to it, then?" "Because your Honor will not permit me to do so," was the reply. "Go on, sir; go on," said the baffled Chancellor. But sometimes the Chancellor got the better of the lawyer. On one occasion, in the midst of the brilliant exordium of an eloquent counselor, like a jarring note in a beautiful anthem, the voice of Walworth suddenly broke in with: "When was this bill filed?" The counsel gave a respectful answer, and continued his speech. Presently an abrupt question startled the auditory in the court-room, which had fallen under the spell of the speaker: "Why was Rawson not made a party here?" The answer was given, and the fascinating flow of eloquence continued a while, until in the midst of a beautiful climax there came crashing from the bench the interrogatory: "Why was Lambert made respondent here?" This was too much, and the eloquence of the speaker withered away.

Theophilus Parsons had a habit of frequently interrupting an advocate to make suggestions, often such as were neither agreeable or needful to experienced members of the Bar. This was specially irritating to Samuel Dexter, into whose argument the justice would often break with: "Brother Dexter, suppose you take *this* view of it"—advancing some opinion. Generally Mr. Dexter had the self-control to reply calmly: "That has not escaped me, please your Honor, and I shall reach it in the course of my argument. But on one occasion, after several interruptions, the lawyer showed decided signs of displeasure, and finally he took a little volume from his pocket, and said, with great solemnity: "May it please your Honor, I will now read a few passages from a book which I hold in my hand." "What book?" asked the chief-justice, taking a pen to make a note of it. "My Lord Bacon's 'Civil and Moral Essays.' I read from the 56th Essay on Judicature." And Dexter continued: "'Judges ought to remember that their office is to *jus dicere*, not to *jus dare;* to interpret law, not to make law or to give law. Patience and gravity of hearing is an essential part of justice, and an overspeaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal. It is no grace to a judge first to find that which he might have heard in due time from the Bar, or to show quickness of conceit in cutting off evidence or counsel too short, or to prevent information by questions, though pertinent.'" He then quietly replaced the book in his pocket, and proceeded with his argument without further interruption.

A successful criminal lawyer of Philadelphia was brought to a sudden stop in the midst of an eloquent appeal by a thin, sallow, irritable judge, who, pulling his watch from his pocket, said: "Are you aware, sir, of the time of day? It is past one o'clock." "Well, what of that?" quietly returned the orator. "You know very well," replied the judge, "that the court is in the habit of adjourning every day at one o'clock for dinner." The lawyer, turning full upon the bench, with his long finger extended, exclaimed: "I know your Honor is a great lover of Shakespeare: but the immortal bard has expressed one great truth that must have escaped your

Honor's attention. I allude to that scene in 'King Lear,' where the poet says: 'The lean, lank and hungry judge would hang the guiltless rather than eat his mutton cold.' With your Honor's permission I here close my speech."

A certain judge, who never injured himself by legal study, refused to allow an adjournment in a case in which Henry M. Western was engaged. Western was not ready to try the case, and finding himself unable to obtain the adjournment, threw himself seemingly into a rage of words. He struck the table furiously, looked daggers at the judge, and said, "That as he was driven to the serious alternative, he must and should demur." "Demur!" said the judge, raising his spectacles in a dazed way. "What do you mean by demur?" "I mean what I say!" exclaimed Western. "What is *demur*, Mr. Western?" "*Demur!*" roared the counselor, bringing his fist down on the table with a startling thump—"demur means *stop!* Now, sir, go on at your peril." "Oh, well, if demur means stop, we will adjourn the case, of course."

On one occasion William Symmes had made a motion to the court which he zealously argued, in spite of many interruptions from Judge Thacher. At last, Thacher, becoming impatient, said: "Mr. Symmes, you need not persist in arguing that point, for I am not a court of errors, and cannot give a final judgment." "I know that you cannot give a final judgment," replied Symmes; "but as to your not being a court of errors, I will not [illegible]."

"Mr. Levy," said Judge Barnes, on one occasion, "you need not read the book you have cited. "I know all about it." "If you know all about it," said Levy, closing the book, "tell me, if you please, what it is, and what use I am about to make of it?"

The witty John Baldwin, for indulging in contemptuous language in an Alleghany County justice's court, was sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment. While the justice, who was a slow penman, was drawing up the warrant which empowered the constable to take the disrespectful lawyer into custody, Baldwin watched the proceedings with great interest; but just as the magistrate was about to sign the document, he suddenly seized a large inkstand, and poured its contents over the dreaded paper, and, mounting his horse, he escaped into another county. But he was pursued by the officers, as soon as a new warrant could be issued. It was a moonlight night, and Baldwin's horse was jaded and lame. He was, however, within two miles of safety, when he heard the clatter of hoofs behind him, and he became conscious that escape was impossible. Turning suddenly, he faced his pursuers. They informed him that he must go with them to jail. "Stand off, you scoundrels!" roared Baldwin, "or I will blow you through!" And drawing from his pocket an inkstand, inclosed in a long brass case, he presented it at the breast of one of the officers. Its polished surface flashing in the moonlight, gave it the appearance of a murderous pistol. Baldwin gave the inkstand a shake, which made it click ominously. "Leave me, you villains!" he shouted, "or I'll send a bullet through your hearts." The next moment the officers were galloping homeward, and the impertinent lawyer continued his way safely, thanking his protecting genius—an inkstand.

Yea! the inkstand and the dictionary—these are the lawyer's potent weapons.

THE clever thing to do is to find out people's merits.

COCHINEAL AND CARMINE.

THE London *Ironmonger* explains why the beautiful cochineal and carmine colors are so expensive. It says: "One of the best and most powerful animal dyes used in the arts and manufactures is the body of the female cochineal insect dried. This insect exists on a species of cactus, and when alive is about the size of a ladybug, or perhaps a trifle smaller. It is wingless, rather long, equally broad all over, and is marked behind with deep incisions and wrinkles. It has six feet, which, curiously enough, are only of use directly after birth, and secures itself to the plant by means of a trunk, which is found between the fore feet, and derives its nourishment from the sap. The male cochineal is like the female only during the larvæ period. It changes into chrysalis, and eventually appears as a red fly. The female deposits some thousands of eggs, which she protects under her body until they are hatched, and on the appearance of the young ones the parent dies. When the young are in the larvæ state their sex cannot be determined. They lose their skin several times, and while the female fixes herself on the plant, the male, after getting over the pupa state, is winged. Two or three months is the extent of the life of these little insects. They are gathered before they lay eggs, and are then rich in coloring matter. Carmine is prepared from the cochineal insect—the *Coccus cacti*—which is collected by brushing the branches of the cactus with the tail of a squirrel or other animal. This is very tedious work. They are killed by being immersed in boiling water, and this has to be done at once, or they would lay their eggs, and thereby lose much of their value. There are many processes for preparing the carmine. The French process may be taken as an example: One pound of the powdered cochineal insects is boiled for fifteen minutes in three gallons of water; one ounce of cream of tartar is then added, and the boiling continued ten minutes longer; then one ounce and a half of powdered alum is thrown in, and the boiling continued for two minutes longer. The liquid is then poured off and set aside for the carmine to settle down. In other processes carbonate of soda or potash is used."

A WHITEWASHED ISLAND.

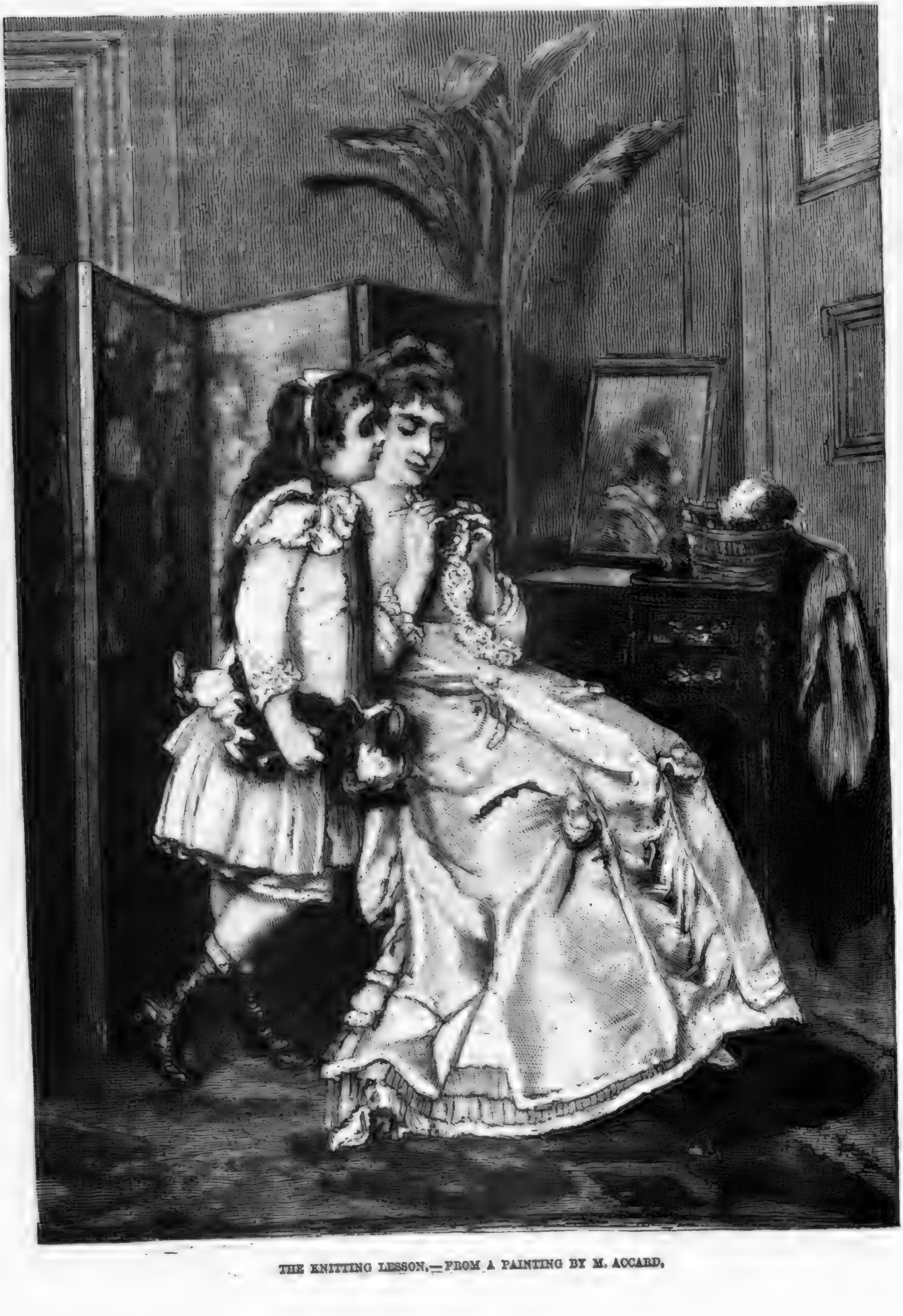
WHITEWASH is a wonderful institution, and a missionary who has witnessed its beneficial results in the South Sea Islands thus describes the way in which it "took" among the natives:

"After having laughed at the process of burning, what was their astonishment when in the morning they found my cottage glittering as white as snow in the rising sun. They danced, they sang, they shouted and screamed with joy. The whole island was in a commotion.

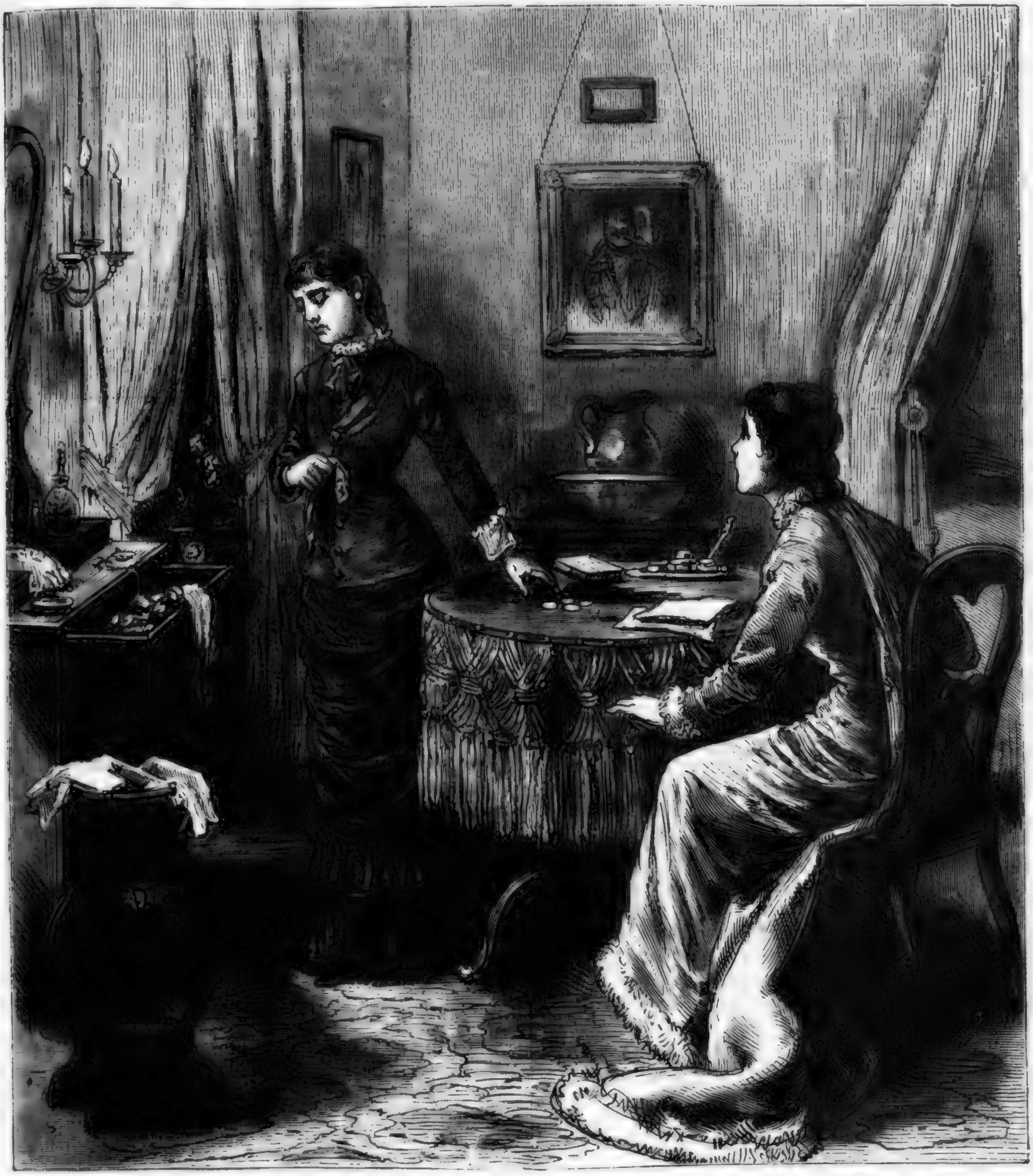
"Indeed, the laughable scenes which ensued after the natives got possession of the brush and tub baffle description. The high-bred ones immediately declared it to be a cosmetic and kalydor, and superlatively happy did many a swarthy coquette consider herself when she had enhanced her charms by a daub of the white brush.

"At last party spirit ran high, as it will do in more civilized countries, as to who was most entitled to preference. One party urged their superior rank; a second had the brush, and considered possession to be the proverbial "nine points of the law"; while a third tried to overturn the whole stock-in-trade, that they might at least obtain some of the sweepings."

XUM



THE KNITTING LESSON.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. ACCARD.



"SHE DREW FROM HER PURSE A HANDFUL OF SILVER, AND DROPPED IT SHUDDERINGLY UPON THE TABLE."

OUR GOVERNESS.

It was just after we had taken possession of our new home, "The Laurels," in Surrey, that the governess for whom we had advertised came to us. She was still very young, not more than twenty apparently, and remarkably pretty and ladylike. Her manner was dignified and quiet, even to reserve; and I noticed at times a certain air of sadness which impressed me with the idea that her life had been an unhappy one.

We knew little of her—only that she was from a part of the country with which we were unacquainted—that she was an orphan, and had been given a good education by an aunt, recently dead, who had had little else to bestow upon her, and that in answering our advertisement she had referred us only to the lady at whose establishment she had been educated.

For the rest, Miss Palmer was clever, obliging, very fond of our two little ones, her pupils, and assiduous in her attention to them, so that we were well enough satisfied.

Our new governess had been with us about three months when we received a visit from my Aunt Pettigrue and her niece, Lady Harriet Gage. A few years previous, the great wish of Aunt Pettigrue and her husband had been that their youngest son George should marry Harriet, who possessed an independent fortune of her own.

But George had turned out rather wild, and after long delaying the marriage, had finally broken it off altogether, as was said, from an attachment he had formed for some penniless girl whom he was only prevented marrying by his father's threat of disinheritance. Then he had taken to gaming and drinking, and had been dismissed from his regiment; and his stern father refusing to pay his debts, or even to receive him at his home, he had drifted away into foreign parts, and so for three years been lost sight of by his relatives.

Harriet, who, though rather light and vain, had been really attached to the gay, handsome, dashing young man, got over it in time, and married a rheumatic old nobleman, as people said, for the sake of a title,

She was now, after two years of uncongenial married life, a widow—young, rich and handsome; and, being in mourning, had accepted our invitation to accompany Aunt Pettigrue on a visit to our quiet country retreat.

Ours was not a family in which the governess is treated as an inferior, and Miss Palmer being to all appearance as much a lady as Lady Harriet herself, was welcomed into our domestic circle whenever she chose to join it.

Lady Harriet, who, I must confess, had since her marriage been inclined to give herself airs, rather shrugged her shoulders at this, and persisted in overlooking the governess, who, on her part, seemed to withdraw herself as much as possible out of the way of herself and Aunt Pettigrue

"I do not know how it is," Lady Harriet said to me, in her straightforward manner, which some persons called frank and others brusque, "but I cannot like this demure governess of yours. She looks as though she knew more than she is willing to have suspected, and reminds me of—well, if I must say it, of a snake in the grass."

Both Herbert and I thought her unjustly prejudiced; but, unfortunately, it was not long ere an incident occurred which strongly recalled her words.

We were all one evening in the drawing-room, having had our clergyman and his wife and daughter dining with us. Miss Palmer was playing, and Lady Harriet talking in a low voice to Miss Deane and myself about having an old-fashioned diamond ring reset—a present from Aunt Pettigrue."

"I have the ring with me," she said, "and will show it to you."

Then calling my little girl, she bade her ask her maid for a little box in a particular drawer of her cabinet. The child soon returned with the box, when Lady Hartiet, unlocking it, produced a portemonnaie, out of which she took the ring, and in so doing unavoidably displayed a large roll of bank-bills.

The ring was passed around, examined, and commented upon, being one of very curious pattern. Miss Palmer alone took no interest in it, barely glancing at us as she continued mechanically playing.

Coffee being brought in, Lady Harriet placed the ring and the portemonnaie carelessly in a little filigree ornament on a table by her side, where she presumed they would remain undisturbed until she should carry them up-stairs on retiring.

Next morning, while I was dressing for breakfast, there came a tap at my door, and Lady Harriet entered, looking flushed and excited.

"Emma," she said, in a low voice, "I am sorry to have anything unpleasant to say—but you remember the diamond ring and the portemonnaie which I had last evening? Well, they have disappeared. I was careless enough to leave them in the drawing-room, and never thought of them till this morning, when I went myself to get them, but they were not to be found."

"They must, of course, be somewhere about the room," I said, "unless Martha has already been there cleaning, and taken them away for safety."

"No; I met Martha on her way to arrange the room. She assured me that no one had been there."

I went at once to the drawing-room, and found it exactly as it had been left on the previous night, Martha, on hearing of the loss, having purposely refrained from disturbing anything. No burglar could have entered; for, though the French windows opened to the ground, they were found fastened within. Not an inch of the room was left unsearched, but the ring and the portemonnaie, the latter of which Lady Harriet informed us contained over a hundred pounds in the Bank of England notes, were nowhere to be found.

We were all exceedingly puzzled. We would as soon have suspected each other's honesty as that of the servants, who had been with us and with my mother for many years, and Lady Harriet had equal confidence in her own maid.

Before sitting down to breakfast, Herbert rode into the village and telegraphed for a detective, who arrived in the course of a few hours; but all that he could do failed to clear up the mystery of the lost valuables.

"Is it not a little singular," said Aunt Pettigrue, as we lingered over an unusually late breakfast, "that Miss Palmer takes so little interest in this matter? She has scarcely spoken a word this morning, and I fancied she looked paler than usual and rather nervous."

It was my own unspoken thought—a suggestion which I had put from me with secret shame.

"She may be unwell," I said, "or may be occupied with some trouble of her own. I observed that she was unusually absent last evening."

"Mamma," said our little Harry, whose presence we had overlooked—"mamma, Miss Palmer *tried* last evenin'. We was drivin' out, and she 'topped at the post-office, and dot a letter dat made her *try*."

"Yes; I was certain she had been crying," Lady Harriet said. "And I observed that when I just now caught her eye, and looked at her steadily, she colored and looked confused, if not guilty."

"Guilty!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "Pray, pray, Harriet, dismiss any such idea from your mind. Perhaps she saw that you suspected her; but I am sure that Miss Palmer could never stoop to an act such as this."

Lady Harriet shrugged her shoulders, and Aunt Pettigrue, who was rather hard and worldly-minded, said:

"You cannot be sure, Emma. What do you know about the character or antecedents of this governess of yours? Better people than herself have doubtless been tempted; and I own that there is no vice, in my opinion, so utterly mean and degrading as this particular one—especially in a woman."

"Yes," added Lady Harriet; "and I confess that I shall never feel sure of Miss Palmer's innocence in this matter until it has been proven."

The detective's efforts having proven unavailing, my husband proceeded to advertise the loss of the bills and the diamond ring, with a handsome reward offered for their return.

He also wrote to the Bank of England, informing them of the loss, though unable to give the number of the missing bills, with the exception of one. This Lady Harriet had chanced particularly to notice from the peculiar combination of the figures—8888. It was a five-pound note, and the smallest of those contained in the lost portemonnaie.

Some days passed, and though both Herbert and I continued to treat Miss Palmer with our usual politeness, she evidently perceived some change, for she intruded as little as possible on our company, and began to take solitary walks about the park.

I thought this last a singular fancy, as until now she had liked to have the children with her. But still I could scarcely credit it when I was informed by my maid, as she was assisting me at my toilet one day, that Miss Palmer had been seen by the keeper, in the most secluded part of the grounds, talking with a man—a stranger.

I told Herbert of this, and it at once became a serious question as to what course we should pursue. Were this man a proper acquaintance, he would have called on Miss Palmer in a proper and conventional manner. Should we speak to her on the subject, since, in our present state of uncertainty in regard to her real character and conduct, we could not be supposed willing to allow her to have charge of our children?

The question was decided for us in a manner we had not anticipated.

Herbert was in his library one day when a servant brought a message saying that Mr. Mason, a respectable tradesman of the village, with whom we occasionally dealt, desired very particularly to see himself and Lady Harriet Gage.

They were some time in the library with the man, and when the latter left, my husband sent for Aunt Pettigrue and myself.

I found him looking stern, and Lady Harriet excited.

"Emma," he said, gravely, "Mr. Mason has just communicated to Lady Harriet and myself a very extraordinary circumstance. He has brought the note numbered 8888, which was stolen from Lady Harriet. It was given him yesterday, he says, by *Miss Palmer*, in payment for some purchases which she made at his shop."

I was too much shocked and surprised to utter a word.

"Of course," he resumed, with an air of decision, "we must at once require of her an explanation, or else desire her to leave our roof."

Before I had sufficiently recovered to advise a more deliberate proceeding, the governess entered. She had come for a book, but on seeing us thus assembled, would have retired, had not Herbert requested her to stay, saying that he wished to speak to her.

He commenced in his usually abrupt manner.

"Miss Palmer, you were in the village yesterday afternoon, and made some purchases at Mr. Mason's shop."

"Yes," she replied, with a look of surprise.

"May I inquire what money you gave him?"

"I gave him a five-pound note to be changed."

"Is this the note?" he inquired, holding it up.

"I really do not know, sir. I never particularly noticed it."

"It is the note lost by Lady Harriet and advertised by me—number 8888. Mr. Mason has just brought it to Lady Harriet, saying that he received it from you."

"From me? Mr. Mason is mistaken. It is impossible that I should have Lady Harriet Gage's missing money in my possession," said Miss Palmer, with dignity.

There was a silence. I felt a glad thrill in the conviction of her innocence; but Lady Harriet and Aunt Pettigrue looked incredulous.

"This note may have been given you by some person who knows more about it than you do," my husband suggested. "May I inquire from whom you obtained it, Miss Palmer?"

"Yes," interposed Lady Harriet, hastily; "it is the only way of clearing yourself. Who gave you the note, Miss Palmer?"

It is impossible to describe the look of ghastly pallor, fear, and horror, which at these words came over the governess's face.

Without a word she sank into a chair, as if suddenly deprived of all strength.

"I—I never saw the note," she murmured, with dry lips.

"There must surely be some mistake," I said, pitying her distress, but with all my doubts of her returning. "Do tell us who gave you the note, and we can then discover the guilty party."

She shuddered, and hid her face in her hands.

"I cannot—oh, I cannot!" she moaned, with white lips. "Do not question me. I cannot!"

I handed her a glass of wine, but she refused it with a motion of her hand, still shivering as one with an ague.

"Come away, Harriet," said Aunt Pettigrue, rising and taking her niece's arm. "She is not a proper person for us to have anything to do with. We will leave her to the law."

At this cruel speech Miss Palmer lifted her white face, and fixed her eyes on those of the speaker with a look which I shall never forget—so full was it of strange agony, appeal and reproach. Even Aunt Pettigrue was touched.

"You can save yourself," she said, less harshly, "by explaining this affair to us."

"I can explain nothing! Do with me as you will!" she answered, in a voice of utter despair.

She staggered from the room like one in a dream.

Her guilt was, of course, evident to us all, and it took a good deal of pleading on my part, and even Herbert's, to dissuade Lady Harriet from following her aunt's advice and prosecuting the wretched girl.

But finally we prevailed, and late that night I went upstairs and told her, as kindly as possible, that she was at liberty to go where she would; but that my husband did not desire her to remain another day beneath our roof.

"I will go," she said, with a white, set countenance.

"Where will you go to?"

"I do not know."

"Have you money enough?"

"I have no money—except——"

She drew from her purse a handful of silver, and dropped it shudderingly upon the table.

"It is the change for that note. It is Lady Harriet's—not mine. I—I would return to her all that I—that she lost, but I have no more—not a penny."

"No more? Why, Miss Palmer, you told me only a few days ago that you wished to put one hundred pounds in bank. We have paid you half that sum since you have been with us, and you told us that you had not spent it."

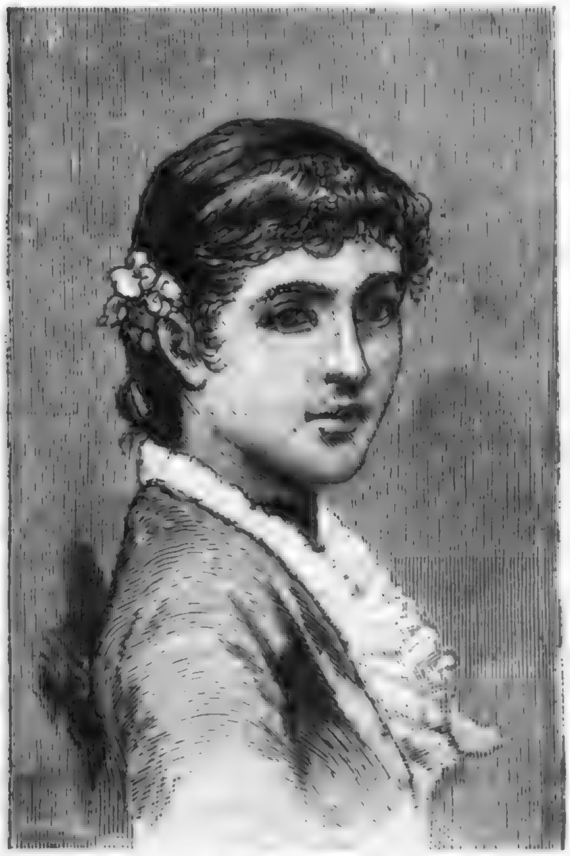
"I have not a penny," she repeated, with the same stony calmness.

When I informed Herbert of this he refused to believe in her truthfulness, but paid her all that would have been due had she remained to the end of the quarter. I would have added more, but this she resolutely refused to receive.

Next day the governess went away quietly. Our carriage conveyed her to the station, where, we were informed, she took the train for London.

We had been careful to keep the whole distressing

XUM



AMY PALMER.

affair from the knowledge of the servants by pretending that her distress and sudden departure were the result of her having received some ill news; but, nevertheless, they guessed at the truth, as we afterward discovered.

Lady Harriet and Aunt Pettigrue remained with us some two weeks longer. On the day preceding their intended departure, my maid came to me in some excitement.

"Oh, mem!" she exclaimed, "there is a man a-lurking around in the scrubbery by the park-pales, and Jeemes says he looks for all the world like the gentlemen that he saw a-talking to Miss Palmer, mem, down in the dingle."

"Tell James to go and find out who the man is, and what he wants," I directed.

"Please, mem, that's what he tried to do, but the man walked away, and now he's back again. Jeemes is sure it's burglars, mem," she added, hysterically; "but cook's of opinion he's a'ter us—leastways after her and Martha, mem," she modestly concluded.

I simply repeated my order to James, and, as I went down to dinner, had the satisfaction of seeing that functionary crossing the lawn in the direction of the haunted "scrubbery."

Dessert was just being placed on the table when a sudden, sharp ring at the hall-bell startled us.

There were a few hasty words and a quick step in the hall, and the next instant the door was thrown open and a man stood before us, looking excitedly from one to the other without a word.

Aunt Pettigrue rose from her chair with an eager exclamation:

"George, my son—my dear boy!"

He did not advance a step to meet her. He was shabbily dressed and haggard-looking, and his eyes blazed with a sort of wild excitement.

Turning to my husband he demanded, sharply:

"Herbert, where's Amy?"

"Amy?" Herbert repeated, bewildered.

"Yes, Amy, my wife—the pure, innocent, noble-minded woman whom you branded with infamy, and turned an outcast from your door! By heaven, Herbert! I could kill you where you stand!"

"George, I beseech you to calm yourself, so that I can understand you. Is it of Miss Palmer that you speak?"

"Yes! How dared you treat her thus—you and the rest of you?"—glaring around on our wonder-stricken circle—"she, whose shoes you are not worthy to tie, whose company you are not worthy to keep"—this with a glance of bitter scorn at Lady Harriet, who actually quailed before him. As for Aunt Pettigrue, she sat speechless, staring at him. "Your menial has told me all," resumed George, with yet more violence—"yes, *your menial!* And she, my poor, injured darling, my self-sacrificing wife"—here his voice faltered, and tears rose to his eyes. "Where is she?" he added, fiercely. "What have you done with her?"

We tried, as well as our bewilderment would allow, to pacify him.

"George," his mother faltered, "do you mean to say that this girl—Miss Palmer—is your wife?"

"Yes, mother, the girl whom you tried to prevent my marrying, and my unworthiness of whom may God forgive. And you, mother, you have ruined her."

"I, George?"

"Yes, you—all of you! And now," he continued, with a sort of bitter vindictiveness, "that you may reap the bitterness of what you have sown, you shall know what both she and I had wished to spare you. It was I, mother, who was guilty of the crime for which *she* was made to suffer—of which she is innocent—and which, it seems, she took upon herself rather than betray me. It is *your son* who is the thief! yea, doubly a thief, and but for her would be *now* a fugitive from justice."

Aunt Pettigrue fell back in a swoon. I had her carried to her room, and we accompanied her thither, leaving Herbert alone with George.

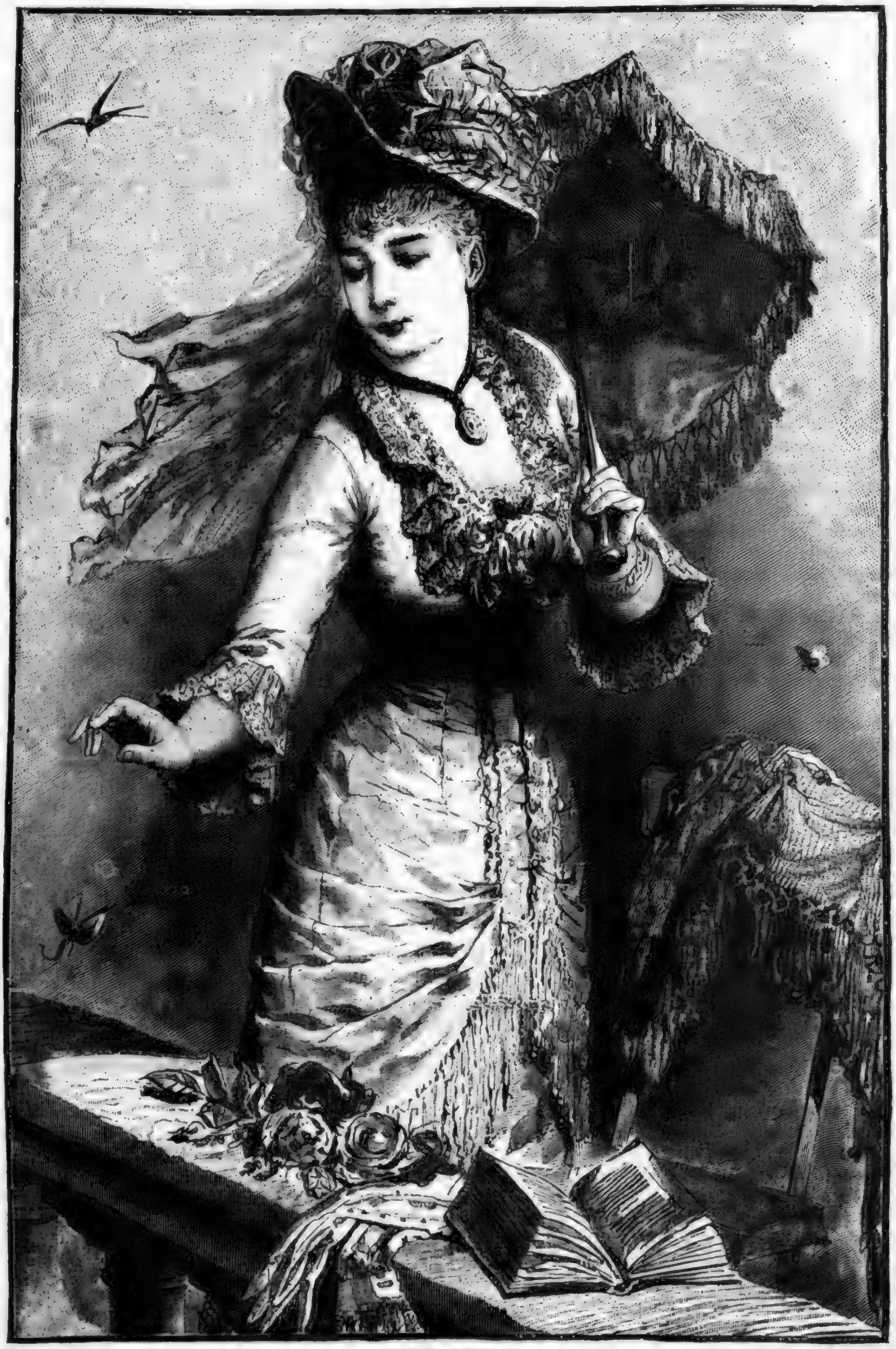
In less than fifteen minutes my husband came to me.

STATUE OF "RUTH," BY G. B. LOMBARD.

He was excited, but all that he said was:

"We have sorely wronged her, God forgive us! We are going at once to London to find her, if possible, and will bring her here. And," he added, "criminal as this weak boy has been, I find that things are not so bad with him as would appear from his own reckless words. Tell this to his mother, and that I hope to get him out of his difficulties."

Then followed the roll of the carriage as they were driven away. Three days after my husband wrote for



THE LOVE-TOKEN.

me to join him in London. They had found Amy, George's wife, in an humble lodging, where she had been very ill with brain-fever.

She refused to return home with us, and we took her to a pleasant little country nook near London, where I nursed her assiduously, and where Aunt Pettigrue came from time to time, bringing luxuries and presents, and making a great show of tears and repentance and affection to the woman who had proven herself a devoted wife to her favorite, though good-for-nothing, son.

Perhaps this term is too harsh to be applied to poor George, even at that time. Gay, generous and extravagant, he had been led astray by evil influence. Marrying Amy Palmer secretly, he had left her with her aunt, in order to seek employment which would afford them a means of living.

In his absence the aunt had died, and Amy had become our governess, never suspecting our relationship with her husband until his own mother came on a visit to the house.

Then, while hesitating what steps to take, she received a letter from George, explaining how he had found employment, but had been tempted, in the service of a friend, to appropriate money intrusted to him, never doubting but that his friend would fulfill his promise of paying it back before it could be missed. Finding himself deceived, he had fled in order to avoid arrest, and he now begged to see his wife and make some arrangement before leaving for America.

She had met him in the park one evening, and in that interview desired him to come on the following night, when she would meet him in the shrubbery and give him all the money she possessed.

To avoid being seen, she had slipped through the French window of the drawing-room. During this interview she discovered that she had left a part of the money in her room, and she went back for it, her husband accompanying her to the window to receive it from her.

While waiting here, the glitter of a stray moonbeam on the diamond ring on a table close to the window had caught his eye.

He recognized it as his mother's, and concluding that the portemonnaie was also hers, he had taken them, in the sudden thought that by means of these he might be enabled to return the whole of the money he had appropriated, and by the kindness of his former employers escape a criminal prosecution.

When this was accomplished, he would write to his mother and tell her what he had done. But on finding that his wife had given him every penny she possessed, he insisted upon her retaining a five-pound note which he hastily drew forth, little imagining what evil he was thereby bringing upon the young wife whom he most tenderly loved.

And she—had she not proven her devotion by taking upon herself the sin and shame of the crime which she had never suspected until the fatal words of his own mother and of Lady Harriet had brought the revelation like a death-blow to her spirit?

Anything to save and shield him; and yet she had sunk under the burden, and I do believe would have died had we not come in time to support and cheer her.

Many years have passed since the occurrence of what I have related. Away over in the New World there is a certain happy family—prosperous, loved and honored—of which my cousin George is the head. We hear from them frequently, and in one of his letters he asserts that the unfortunate affair of those missing notes was what cured him of his wildness, and sobered him into becoming a "new man."

WIGS AND THEIR WEARERS.

"Make wigs, make wigs, make wigs!" was the pointed injunction written by Voltaire upon the MS. of a peruke-maker who sent some verses for the opinion of the great philosopher and poet. The advice has since been employed as a sort of *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*—"Let the cobbler stick to his last"—proverb; it counsels men to adhere to their legitimate business, instead of entering upon strange and vain pursuits.

The business of wig-making is well worthy of attention. In these days, when nearly every industry and every institution is historiographed, it might even be made the subject of an interesting and curious volume.

Like many of our arts and handicrafts, its origin is of unknown antiquity. In both the British Museum and the Berlin Museum there are Egyptian hair wigs which are said to be four thousand years old. There can be little doubt, in short, that the use of false hair for the purpose of covering baldness has been familiar in every age and country.

The word "wig" itself has a well-defined and respectable pedigree. It is a contraction of periwig, the offspring of the French *perruque*, which came from the Italian *perruca*, and which again was derived from the Latin *pilucca*, a head of hair; *pilare*, to pluck off the hair; and *pilus*, the hair.

A general use of wigs began about the middle of the sixteenth century. Henry III. of France wore one to conceal the baldness occasioned by sickness; and his courtiers followed his example, like other imitators of big-wigs even in our own times.

Gradually the artificial covering came into use as an ornament. Instead of remaining a dexterously arranged imitation of locks that were no more, it became a structure at once marvelous, gigantic, ugly and uncomfortable. It was in the reign of Louis XIII. (1610-1643) that this fashion began to be rapidly and widely extended, first in France, and then throughout all Europe.

Wigs appear to have been known in England as early as the reign of Edward VI.; they are referred to in the wardrobe account of that monarch. Stow, however, affirms that the first periwig brought to that country appeared about the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew—that was in 1572.

For over a hundred years the dress of every gentleman of fashion was incomplete without a wig. The headgear, in course of time, became larger and larger, until it culminated in the enormous and ludicrous encumbrance—"large enough to have loaded a camel"—worn by gentlemen who flourished in the reign of the good Queen Anne, in which age the fashion may be said to have been at its height.

At that time a wig for a beau of the first water might cost about $700. An advertisement of the year 1724 preserves the various names of the article then in use.

The advertiser says that at his establishment "all gentlemen may be furnish'd with all sorts of Perukes, as Full-Bottoms, Tyes, Full-Bobs, Ministers'-Bobs, Naturalls, Half-Naturalls, Grecian-Fltyes, Curley-Roys, Airy Lavants, Qu-Perukes and Bagg Wiggs."

The first indications of the decline and fall of the wig were given in the reign of George III. It would appear that at that time the absurdity and unnaturalness of the headdress became evident to the public.

One of the chief signs of the dissolution of the custom is supplied by a petition of the peruke-makers of London to George III. in 1765. In it the petitioners pathetically set forth the distresses not only of themselves, but also of a large number of others who were dependent on them, arising from the almost universal decline of their trade in consequence of gentlemen wearing their own hair.

The subject of the petition led to the publication of a rather smart *jeu d'esprit*, which professed to be a petition of the *Body Carpenters* of London imploring His Majesty to wear a wooden leg.

Both wigs and powder disappeared from France during the great Revolution. After the Revolution in America, too, it is said that no fancy wigs were to be found among the free and enlightened citizens of the States.

However that may be, it is certain that toward the close of the last century the use of wigs had gradually become obsolete in England, being for a time superseded by the queue with hair-powder, which came down almost to our own time.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that nowadays wigs are only professionally worn by judges and barristers. Clergymen and other dignitaries of the Church ceased to wear them many years ago. The large wig of a judge is what in bygone days was known as a full-bottom wig.

But although wigs, as appendages of fashion, have gone from our midst, the trade in the real article, which is intended to hide imperfections, flourishes to a degree that must surprise those who pay little heed to minor industries.

Who could tell that the troubles between China and France were likely to raise wigs?—the price, not the hair. That such is in reality the case is clearly shown by a communication from a correspondent of the London *Times*, who says that wig-making in Marseilles has been seriously affected by the war. It appears that this trade forms one of the most important minor industries of Marseilles. By the hair-artists of that town female heads all over Europe are wigged. It is the chief hair market in Europe, and imports about eighty tons of hair every year.

THE CANOPY OF THE CAABA.

The Sultan of Turkey provides the Caaba of Mecca every year with a new canopy, and a new vail, or *portière*, for the entrance-door. The internal hangings of the Caaba are provided once only by each Sultan at his accession. This canopy, says Dr. George Bridwood, when completed, is shaped exactly like that profoundly interesting "canopy of an Egyptian Queen" which Mr. Villiers Stuart has recently described and illustrated—*i. e.*, like a cross. It consists of a central square about ten strides each way, and four lappets, one hanging from each side of the central square, also ten strides long and about three deep. The Caaba is almost a perfect cube of thirty feet every way, and the canopy covers the whole top of it, and each of its four sides to the depth of ten feet, without forming festoons at the corners, as it would if it were a square carpet. It is partly made up in the citadel of Cairo, but immediately after the close of the Ramazan, a great Mohammedan fast, and the Lesser Bairam, *Eed-ul-Fatr*, the "Festival of Breaking the Fast," it is carried in procession through the streets from the citadel to one of the mosques to be completed. It is carried through the streets in its five separate pieces—the central, square, and four lateral lappets, together with the *portière*. This is "The Procession of the Carpet." In this stage it is in no sense a holy carpet; indeed, it is quite the reverse, for it is made of silk, and silk, as an animal excrement, is unclean among Mohammedans until mixed with cotton. This is what is done at the mosque, its five parts being there sewn together and backed with cotton, while its surface is broidered all over with texts from the Koran affirmative of the unity of God.

When the carpet has been completed it is placed in charge of the leader of the Mecca pilgrims. They parade the streets of Cairo at starting in what is called the "Procession of the Litter." Some former ruler of Egypt —a usurping slave girl, I believe—made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and subsequent rulers, not wishing to be behindhand with her in this respect, and yet finding it impossible to attend in person, instituted the custom of sending their litter to represent them, just as in Europe we send our empty carriages to funerals. This litter is exactly like an enormous Indian bandy-box, covered with beautifully embroidered hangings, and is carried on the back of a tall camel, and is the symbol of the reigning Sultan of Turkey. The carpet is there, but still as an unconsecrated piece of furniture, carefully stowed away with the baggage of the leader of the caravan.

It is only after it has covered the Caaba for a year that anything like sanctity attaches to it. It lies on the Caaba for a year; then, about the end of the Ramazan, it is cut up in pieces, to be sold to the incoming pilgrims as charms. During this time the Caaba remains uncovered, and it is not until the arrival of the pilgrims from Cairo that it is re-covered with the new carpet sent by the Sultan. This takes place at the Greater Bairam, or *Bakari Eed*, the greatest festival of the whole Mohammedan year, held in remembrance of the miraculous substitution of a goat in the place of Ishmael, of whom (and not Isaac), according to the Mahommedan tradition, Abraham was about to make a sacrifice.

GUERNSEY, ALDERNEY AND SARK.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph.D.

It would have been pleasant to remain longer in Jersey, but "fresh fields and pastures new" were luring us away, and we thought it well to go on to the adjacent islands before quitting this part of Europe. The steamer which plies between St. Helier's and Southampton stops at Guernsey, and we availed ourselves of this opportunity to move our quarters to St. Peter Port, on that island. It is only thirty miles from Jersey to Guernsey, so that the transit was soon accomplished. As the weather was favorable, we found the sail extremely pleasant. The harbor of St. Helier's, with its fortress on one side and Elizabeth Castle on the other, is unusually picturesque, and as we proceeded further out to sea there were fine views of the Corbière Rocks, and as these were fading away, the cliffs of Sark, Herm, and Guernsey, began to appear on the horizon, so that we were scarcely out of sight of land at any time.

As we had made an early start, we reached St. Peter Port at half-past nine in the morning, and were soon comfortably quartered at Gardner's Royal Hotel, on the Esplanade. When we arrived, the hotel was full, and for a short time we obtained rooms in a cottage on the hillside, belonging to the "boots" of the inn. I mention it from this fact, as it is not often that the porter of a hotel resides in such elegant quarters that he can afford to

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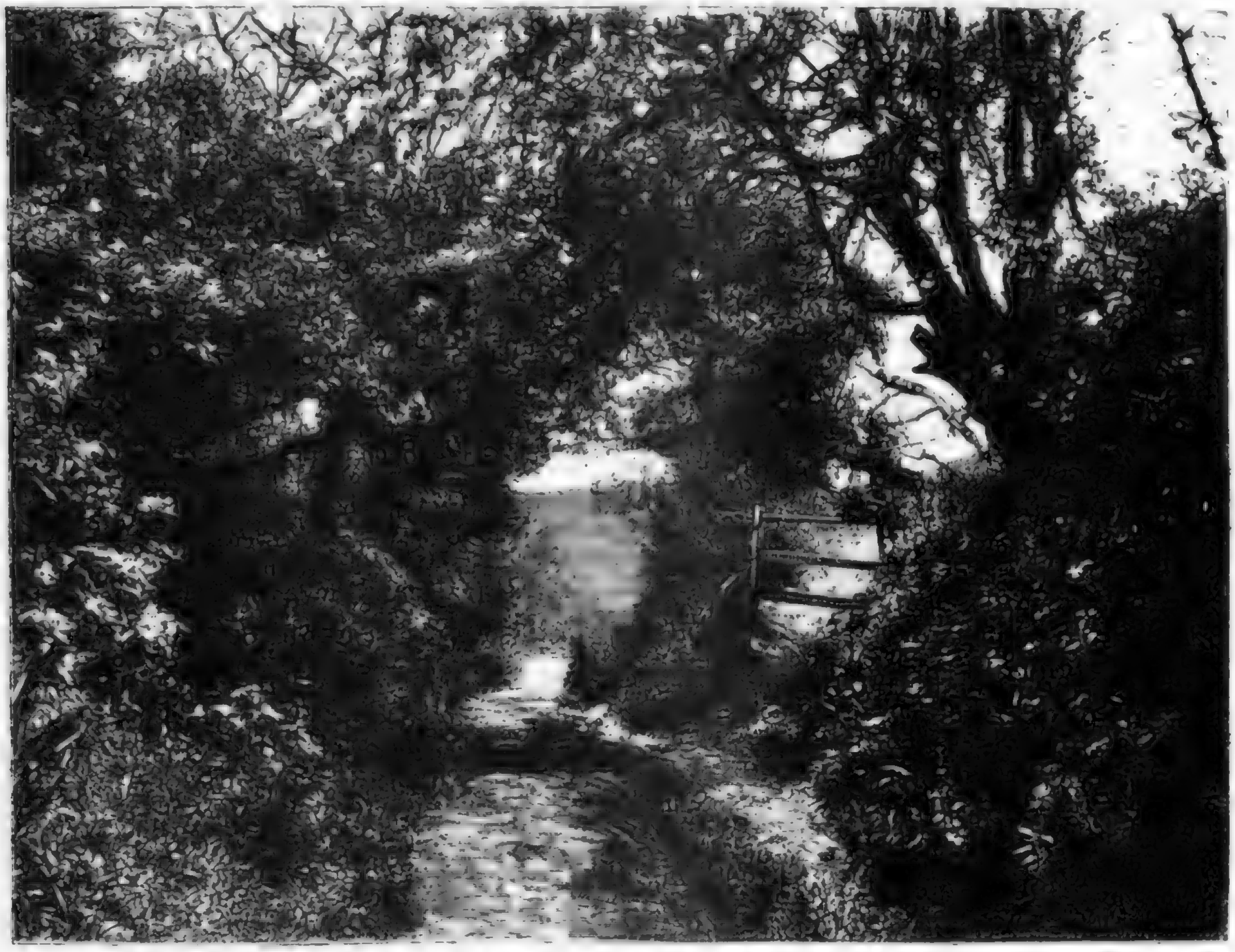
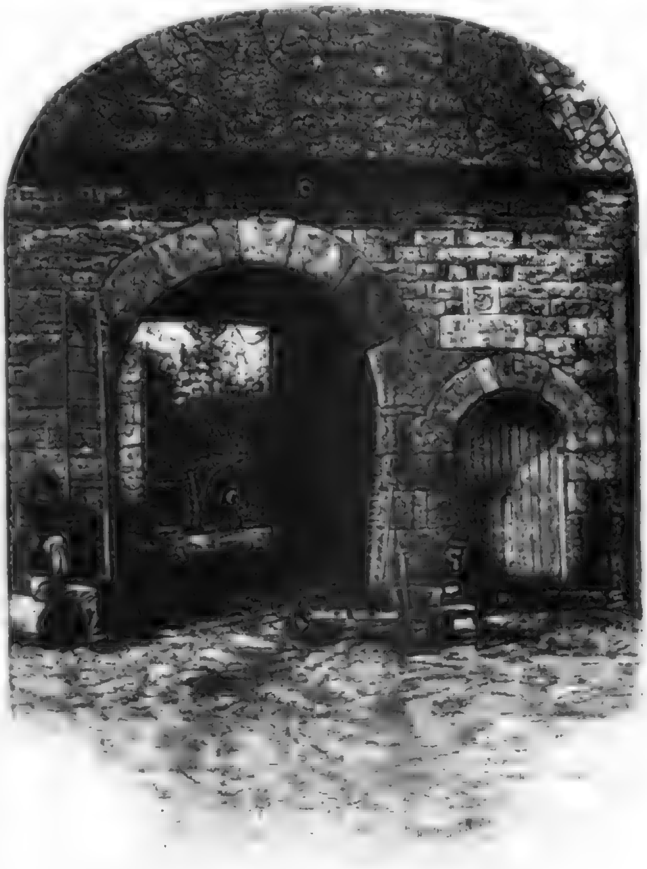


A WATER LANE, GUERNSEY.

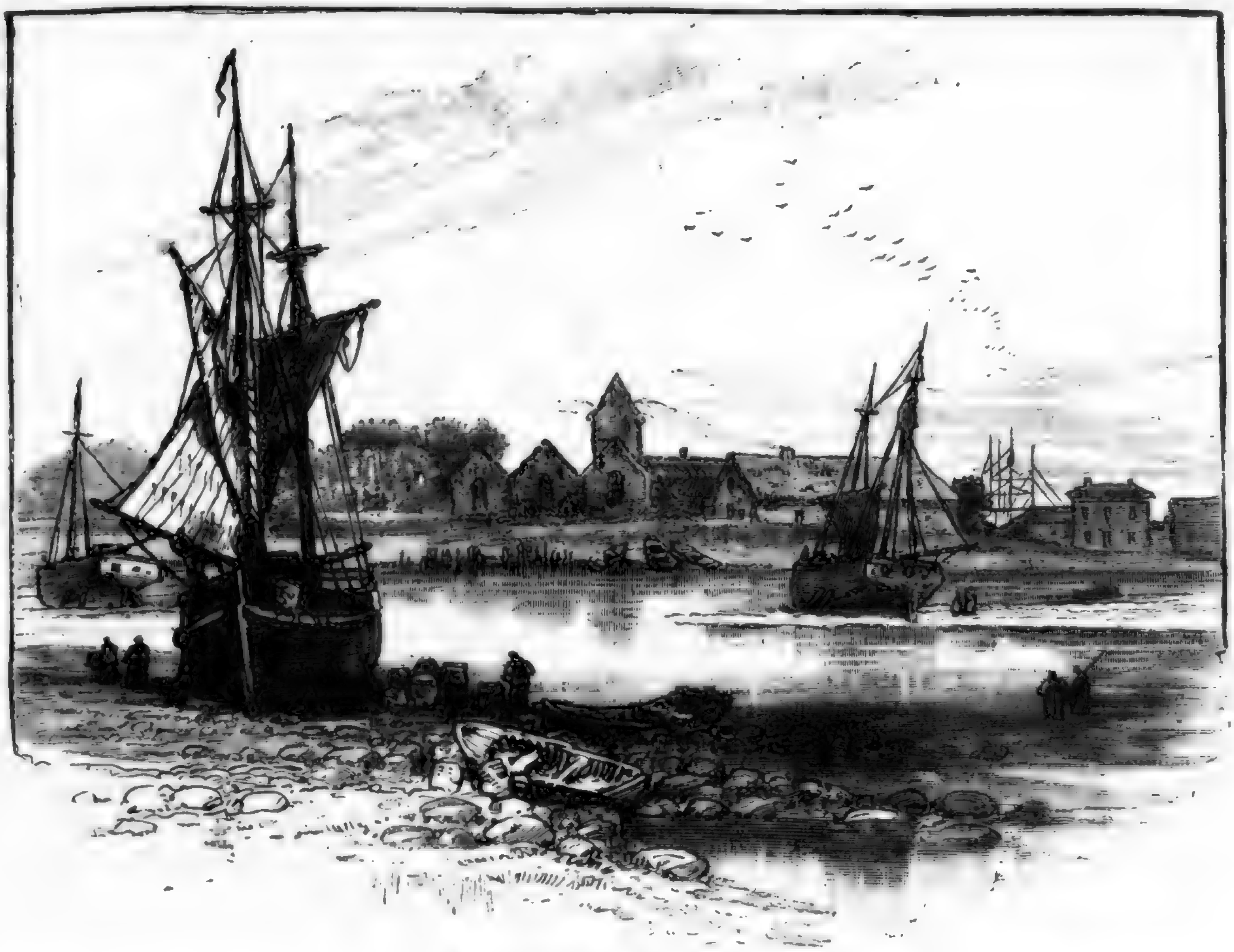
furnish rooms to strangers. After breakfast we began to look about us, and were soon on the top of an excursion-car bound for a tour around the island. As Guernsey is very near Jersey, it might be thought that it would be so similar as to render a visit to it or a description of it superfluous, but this hasty and natural conclusion would be erroneous.

Guernsey has a character peculiarly its own—its geology, fauna, flora, inhabitants, products, manners, and customs, are quite different from those of Jersey, and render a visit necessary to any one who would understand the Channel Islands in all their diversity. Thanks to the zeal of Dr. Hoskins, F.R.S., of St. Peter Port, accurate meteorological observations have been kept in Guernsey for many years, and from these very accurate conclusions in reference to the climate can be drawn. The character of the vegetation, even out of doors, in the Winter months, would confirm the accuracy of Dr. Hoskins's observations, and indicate that the mean annual temperature must be high. January and February are the coldest months in the year, and July is the hottest, but August is almost as warm, the observed difference being very slight. The Summer months are cool and bracing, while those of Winter, Spring, and Autumn, are mild and uniform. They have here in the Autumn our Indian Summer, which they call "Le petit été de St. Michel," or the short Michaelmas Summer.

The equability of the Autumn and its duration constitute peculiar features in the climate of Guernsey; this season is often remarkably fine and genial, extending even to the middle of December, and abridging most agreeably the duration of Winter. Frosts are of rare occurrence and of short duration, and Summer and Winter are not separated by the chasm which divides them in this climate of great contrasts, and the excessive degrees of temperature are almost unknown on either side of the thermometric scale.

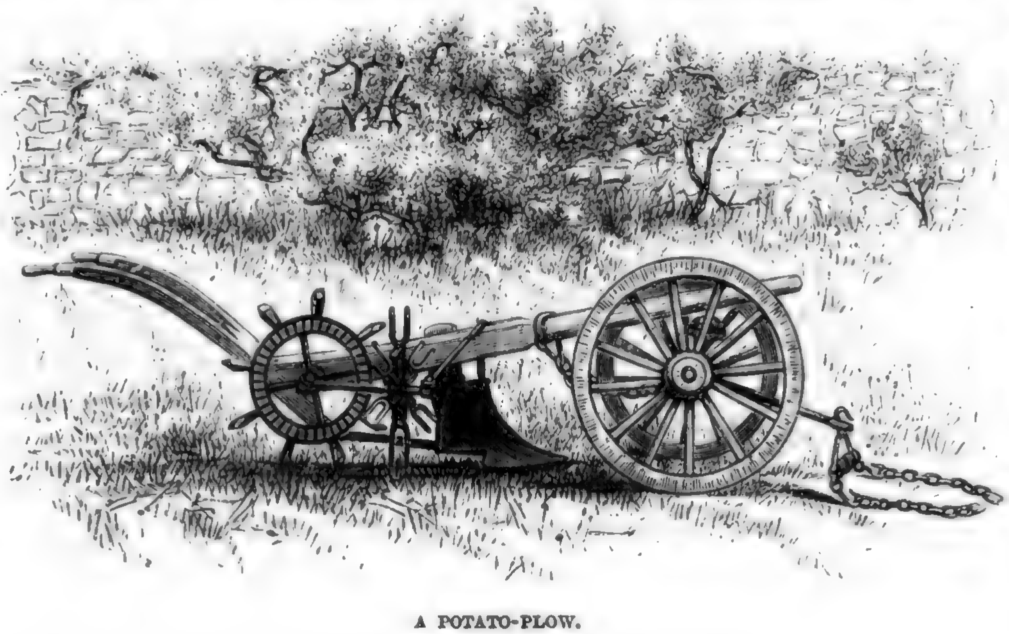


A GUERNSEY FARMYARD.



ST. SAMPSON'S CHURCH AND HARBOR.

We were not long in observing the influence of such a climate upon the vegetation of the island. As we were driving about, we saw many flowers growing in the open air, where they are left at all times, which in most countries have to be kept under glass the greater part of the year. We are indebted to Dr. Hoskins for more extended observations on this point than we could have made during our short stay. He calls attention to the frequency with which the aloe flowers; to the vast size of the hydrangea and profusion of its blossoms; the spread and vigor of the myrtle and Banksia rose; the hardihood of scarlet geraniums; the luxuriance of the camellia-japonica. The camellia flourishes in every garden and shrubbery, either as a standard or trained against the walls, and it is worthy of remark as showing the effects of acclimatization that these trees, which on their first introduction commenced flowering in October, remaining covered with blossoms throughout the Winter, have become more tardy in their period of inflorescence with each succeeding year, assimilating more and more to the habits of ordinary shrubs, which bloom in early Spring. We were given the dimensions of these camellias trained against a south wall, from which some idea can be obtained of the great size to which these trees attain. The lateral extent of the double white camellia is twenty-five feet six inches, the girth of its stem being two feet eight inches. The spread of the double red is twenty-five feet ten inches; the circumference of the trunk, two feet one inch. These trees are in full blossom from January to April, and flourish in spite of occasional frosts, snow, wind, hail and rain. Orange-trees also grow to considerable size, and ripen their fruit to perfection. We never before saw such aloes. Two of them were from twenty-five to twenty-eight feet high, and the leaves were already over eight feet high. Among the evergreen-trees we noticed the



A POTATO-PLOW.

Norfolk Island pine (the *Araucaria excelsa*) and the *Yucca aloifolia* of South America, and one which closely resembled the *Sequoia* of California, and very probably had been brought from the Pacific coast. The New Zealand flax grows vigorously in some spots, producing flowers and ripening seeds. Several varieties of the eucalytus or gum tree had been planted about the island, and had attained considerable size. Veronicas, Pampas-grass, all manner of bulb plants, and gladiolas, flourish luxuriantly. In fact, it is useless to attempt to mention all of the plants, shrubs, and trees, to be met with in Guernsey, for the place is simply one large horticultural establishment. and the late Douglas Jerrold is reported to have said, when visiting it, "One day or other this island must be put into a pot and sent over to Covent Garden to be sold."

We drove through Fort George to Fermain Bay. From the fort is a superb view over the harbor of Peter Port, and far out to sea. Fermain Bay is one of the gems of the island, and affords a retired beach for bathing, which is much frequented. In returning from it we visited the grounds of Rev. Mr. Watson, to whom we had cards, and who politely showed us through his extensive greenhouses, in which he raises large quantities of grapes, figs and peaches for the London market. We can testify to the delicious flavor of the figs and peaches. The latter were some of them very large and luscious, but it seemed strange that they could not be raised to better advantage out of doors. As the Rev. Mr. Watson is an extensive farmer and grower of cattle, we were glad to embrace the opportunity of visiting his herd. The Guernsey cattle are of a much larger size than the Jersey breed, so that after they have ceased bearing they can be advantageously fattened for the butcher. The oxen are also large and strong. They have none of the delicate organization and deer-like appearance of the Jerseys, but are said to yield large quantities of rich milk, from which butter of the best quality can be made. There is now a Guernsey Herd Book, and prizes are annually offered for the best animals. By keeping the breed pure and establishing a pedigree, it is believed that the standard can be raised in Guernsey as much as it has been in Jersey. The Guernsey cattle may not be so handsome and ornamental as those coming from Jersey, but if their milking qualities are equally good, their greater size ought to add to their value as beasts of burden, and as supplying much more meat for the market. It was evident, outside of Mr. Watson's herd, that no system had been observed in breeding, and that the island was overrun by a mongrel race of cattle, greatly to the detriment of the former and to the injury of the reputation of the place. By judicious selection and survival of the fittest, the Agricultural Society ought to be able to remedy this evil before the lapse of many years.

Near Mr. Watson's residence is a high column erected to the memory of Sir John Doyle, formerly Governor of the island, in testimony of the gratitude of the inhabitants for his valuable services in erecting defensive works, but chiefly in causing the construction of fine roads. The latter service can be appreciated when it is considered that, previous to his time (1810), nothing had been done toward the improvement of the island. According to a contemporary account: "There was not a road, nor even an approach to the town, where two carts could pass abreast. The deep roads, only four feet six inches wide, with a footway of two or three feet, from which nothing but the steep banks on either side could be seen, appeared solely calculated for drains of water, which, running over them, rendered them every year deeper and narrower. There was not a vehicle, scarcely a horse, kept for hire; no four-wheeled carriages existed; and all travelers who came to the island were glad to leave it in haste and disgust." The column is ninety-six feet high, and four hundred feet above the level of the sea. When we first saw it from the deck of the steamer we took it for a lighthouse, and it certainly does "serve the purpose in the daytime of a beacon for mariners."

After leaving this town, we drove to a water lane near Moulin Huet Bay. These water lanes, as they are called, are a peculiar feature of Guernsey, and they are certainly very beautiful, on account of the luxuriance of the foliage about them and the character of the streams of water running through them. They are not accessible to carriages, but a rivulet contends for the rustic pathway, and trees, laden with ivy, contrast their deep shade with the golden gleams of sunlight which glitter amid a thousand shadows on innumerable ferns, luxuriating on the banks of the brook." It is often difficult to descend these slippery lanes, but it is very rewarding to do so, especially when they lead to such fine scenery as is afforded at Moulin Huet Bay.

The cliffs forming the sides of this bay are, in many places, perpendicular, and smooth as a wall. Ledges of uneven rocks project into the water at intervals of a few yards, leaving little creeks and narrow passages of great intricacy; but it is not prudent to penetrate among them when the tide is rising, as any one might then be intercepted and surrounded by the flood.

"At Spring tides, however, the sea retires to a considerable distance, and here, at low water, abound beautiful rock pools, scattered about in every indentation of the generally submerged rock, some half-hidden amid deep recesses and opening to the sea through a vista of dark, rocky masses, still wet with the waters which for ages have been polishing down their once rugged surface. In these pools beautiful zoophytes display their flower-like arms, with pink, brown and blood-red hues, making beautiful the gray rocks on which they rest. The seaweeds there also have their variously-colored foliage, some green, some red, but mostly of an olive tint. Limpets abound on the rocks at their edges, and in the fissures are to be found microscopic shells for a whole day's study and delight."

It was a place for Agassiz to revel in and for Morse to gather forms of life showing the similarity between the fauna of the present age and that of the ancient, seas which were destroyed when these masses of granite rose to the surface. Here would be the spot to organize a Summer School of Science, for nothing would have to be collected, as everything has already been lavishly stored up by Nature's hand. The Island of Guernsey has long been celebrated for its stone quarries, and immense quanties of rock have been sent to the Continent and to England, sometimes reaching 150,000 tons in a year. The whole island belongs to what are called the primitive rocks, but these present themselves in a number of varieties. The upper portion contains gneiss, while the lower part is syenite. Other sections have pure granite much resembling the Aberdeen. The red or feldspathic granite is used in combination with the hornblendic syenite for building purposes with very good effect, and the mullions of windows are occasionally made of the green-stone trap.

The principal quarries are at St. Sampson's Port, where a great trap dike, exactly similar to that of the Palisades on the Hudson River, has penetrated the original formation. In this trap, or diorite, open quarries have been excavated to a great extent, and at the present time the sound of the drill in this neighborhood fills the whole air and gives token to the large number of men who are here constantly employed in getting out stone for exportation to England. From an eminence near St. Sampson Port I counted three hundred men who were breaking up stones to a size suitable for use on the macadamized roads, and there were twenty-five large vessels in the harbor loading with stone.

In order to keep the water out of the quarries great numbers of windmills are constantly pumping, so that the landscape hereabouts recalls certain portions of Holland.

It was at St. Sampson's Port that Victor Hugo laid the plot of his celebrated novel, "The Toilers of the Sea." It was from here that the little steamer *Durande*, then a great novelty, made its voyages to the town of St. Malo in France, and on the rocks near the coast she was purposely wrecked by the wretched Clubin. We procured a copy of the book while here, and greatly enjoyed tracing out the places which are so accurately described in the text. We saw at Peter Port the square called the Carrefour du Bordage, where Victor Hugo says sorcerers were at one time put to death. "Between 1565 and 1700 eleven sorcerers thus suffered at this spot—as a rule, the criminals made confession of their guilt—and it was here that heretics under Queen Mary were brought to the stake." We hoped to be able to visit Hauteville House in Peter Port, Guernsey, where Victor Hugo resided during the many years that he was an exile from France, but, on application at the door, were informed that it was not now shown to strangers, as the family had arrived from Paris.

Victor Hugo had arrived a few days previously with a retinue of eighteen persons, including servants. Since the death of his two sons some of the grandchildren reside with him, and his late wife's sister takes charge of the household. This lady came to the door when we rang the bell, and was "desolated" not to be able to show us through the house; but "monsieur" could very well understand that as M. Hugo was "ici," it was quite out of the question to admit visitors, as had been done last year.

We caught a glimpse of a wide hall hung with tapestry and furs while this parley was going on, and the granddaughters peered at us out of the windows. An ugly dog took advantage of the open door to make a rush for some of that liberty for which his master is such an advocate, and we had to open the gate to let him return.

The house is a very large and ugly one as seen from the outside. There are two windows each side of the entrance, and the front must be at least fifty feet, and there are three stories and a low basement. The top is surrounded by a plain iron railing, and as the roof is flat, it is possible from here to obtain a magnificent view. The great charm of the place is its garden and this view, which takes in nearly every place mentioned in the "Toilers of the Sea." One can imagine that the author drew a plan of the scene of the novel from his study window before sitting down to write it. We found that the inhabitants of Guernsey did not fancy the gruff resident of Hauteville House, and that there was very little social intercourse extended to him—quite as much, no doubt, as he desires at his time of life, when rest and quiet are what he seeks in Guernsey. This is the first visit that Victor Hugo has paid to his former asylum since the days of the Commune, and he comes now rather feeble from age and care. The death of his wife and the loss of his sons has affected him painfully.

We were sorry to hear that one daughter, who married an English officer against his wishes, and who is now a widow with children, and very poor, is not recognized by him, or assisted in any way. It would be pleasant to be able to record that the old man's heart had mellowed with years, and that the daughter and her brood had found shelter in the great mansion, where there is manifestly plenty of room

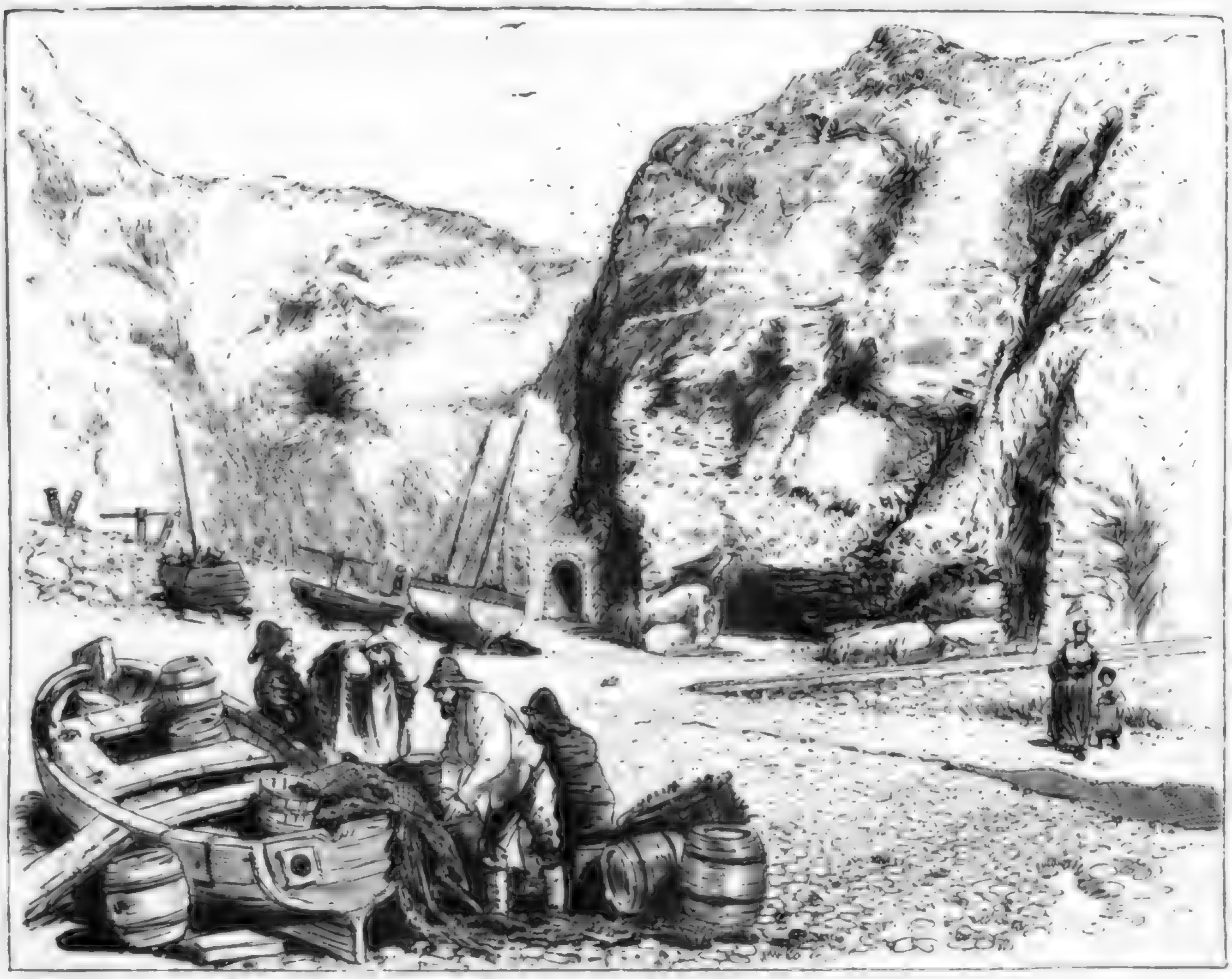
While at Guernsey we took advantage of an excursion steamer, and went to spend the day on the Island of Sark. The Guide Book says: "For a person who comes to the Channel Islands for purposes of pleasure, to omit paying a visit to Sark would be like a foreigner going to England without seeing London, for it is unquestionably the gem of this insular group." It would be difficult to find anywhere in so contracted a place such a mixture of the sublime and beautiful; such rugged majesty of rocks and grandeur of mysterious caves; such smiling valleys and frowning precipices; such drives, studded with loveliest wild-flowers, and rendered vocal by the song of birds; such a variety of landscape and sea-view; such a combination of the grandest forces of Nature with her gentlest moods, as are to be found on the Island of Sark. It is a very little island, only about three miles and a half long and one and a half in breadth, and even these small limits are reduced by the wasp-like narrowing of one portion about a mile in length, which is separated by a causeway so narrow, that formerly only persons of the most steady nerve could venture to cross the giddy height. This natural bridge, called the Coupée, is 450 feet in length, 384 feet above high-water mark, and from five to eight feet wide. One side is nearly perpendicular, while the other, although practicable to hardy and experienced climbers, is extremely difficult of access.

Alderney is only about ten miles from Cape La Hogue, twenty to the northeast of Guernsey, and fifty-seven miles to the nearest English coast. Until it became an important naval and military station very little was known about it, and even at the present time it is rarely visited, and is not supposed to possess many points of interest. The inhabitants formerly carried on extensive smuggling of English manufactures and tobacco into France by means of open boats, making the passage in the night; but the expenditure of $5,000,000 in the construction of public works, and the presence of great numbers of workmen and soldiers, have wrought a change in the character and habits of the people, and they now find enough to do in honest avocations.

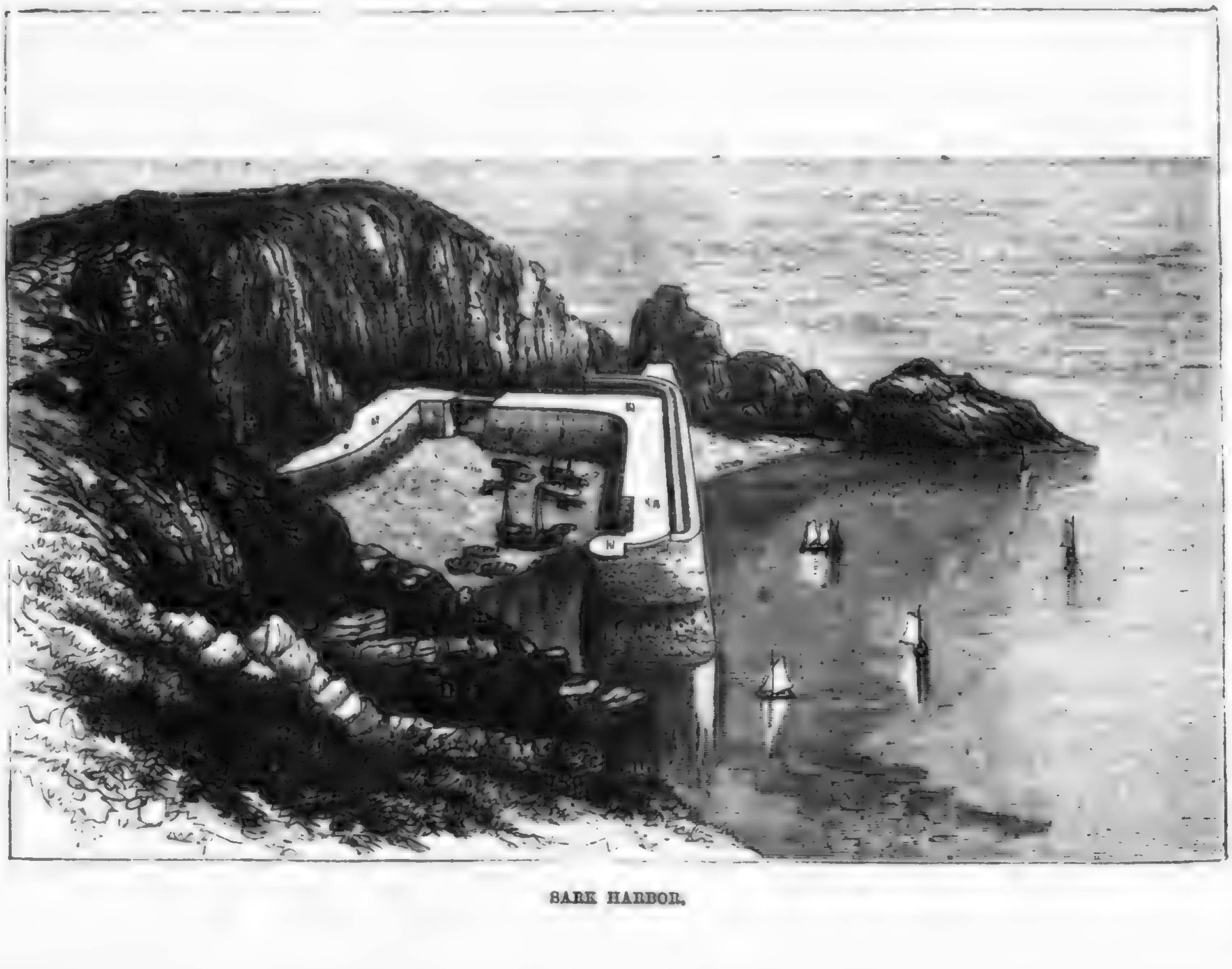
In crossing over from Plymouth to Cherbourg in the Hamburg steamer we distinctly saw the Casket Rocks, with its solitary lighthouse, which has been constructed there to replace the three lights by which the place was formerly marked. It was not until 1723 that any light was shown on these rocks, and previous to that time they were the terror of all navigators, and many a vessel has been wrecked upon them, leaving no survivor to tell the tale. At one time the population consisted of the keeper, his wife, and six children, each one of whom resided here eighteen years without once quitting the rock. A lady visitor gives this touching picture of this group:

"Other companions had they none, save the seabirds waiting on the sea; and other occupations and amusements had they not, save their household cares, and fishing, and the cultivation of the little sandy plot which grew a few cabbages and potatoes. It was very strange to witness the ignorant wonder of the little children, who had never left the rock up to the period when the writer's sister visited the Caskets, in the year 1816. They

XUM



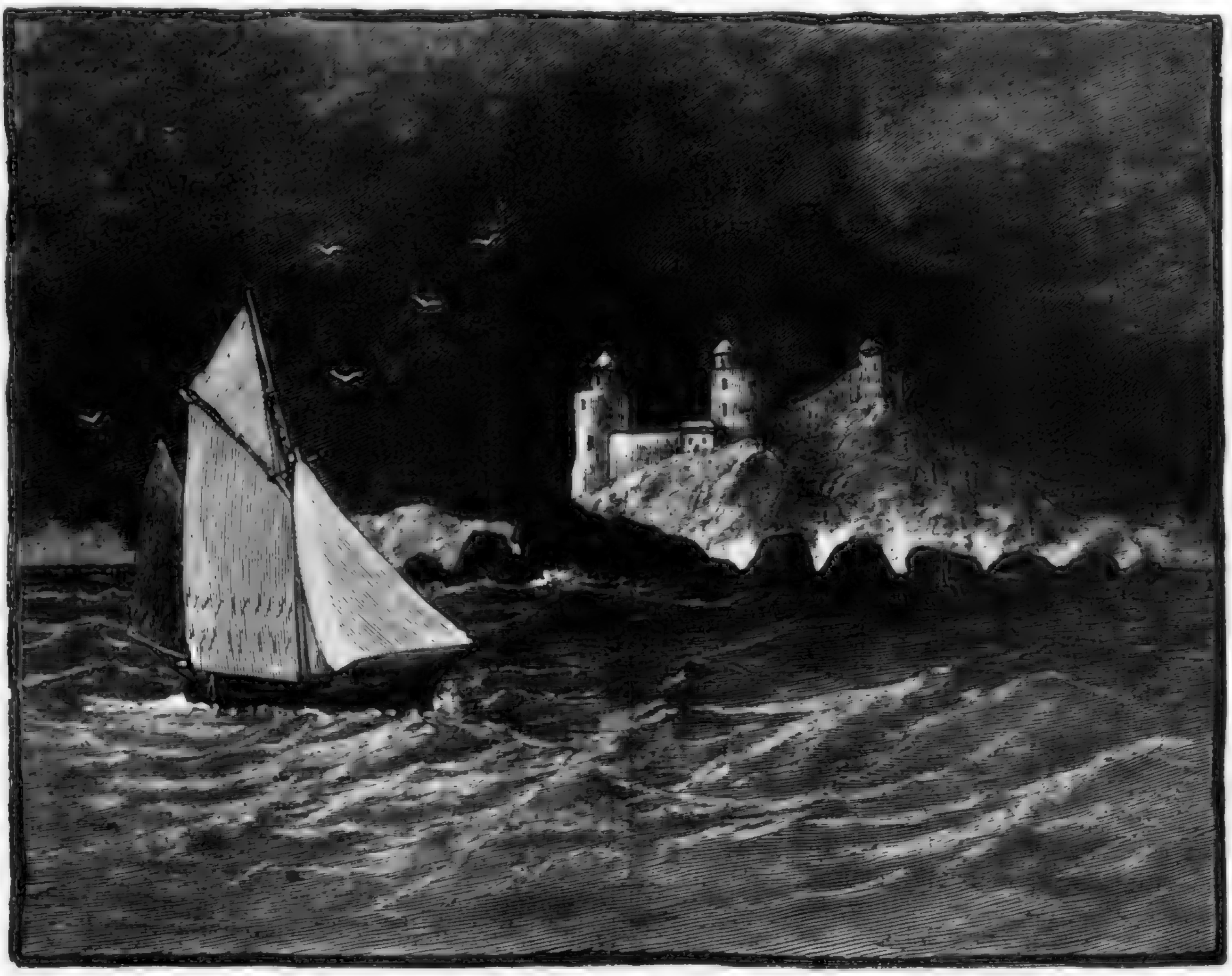
LANDING-PLACE AT SARK.



SARK HARBOR.

gathered around her, examining her dress, gazing at the picture-books which she brought them, and a doll, such as they had never seen before. The sight of a pictured cow and a donkey much delighted them; for milk they tasted once a month, when the provision-boat came with supplies, and this luxury made the cow a very interesting beast. Upon one occasion, when the eldest daughter was induced to pay a visit to her relations in Alderney, then a very secluded place, she soon grew weary of its life. 'The world,' as she called it, 'was too full of trouble and noise,' and at the end of a few days she joyfully returned to the rock, whence, however, she was allured to Alderney by a young carpenter, who had gone to the Caskets to work on the lighthouse, and whom she married."

The Caskets are seven miles to the eastward of Alderney, and eight or ten miles from Cape La Hogue, France.



THE CASKETS.

We have thus completed our "Rambles through the Channel Islands," and if we have conveyed to our readers a small part of the pleasure we enjoyed in visiting these marvelous places, we shall feel that our task has not been in vain.

THE LYRE-TAILED GOATSUCKER.

This beautiful bird is a native of Colombia, and is notable for the extraordinary development of the outer tail-feathers. Although the bird itself is by no means large, very little exceeding the common English nightjar in dimensions, the total length of an adult male lyre-tailed goatsucker is nearly three feet. Indeed, the general contour of the body and plumage remind the observer strongly of the resplendent trogon—the royal bird of Central America.

The general color of this species is the mottled dark and light brown which is universal among the goatsuckers, but is diversified by a band round the neck of rich chestnut. The primaries are nearly black, with the exception of a few chestnut spots scattered irregularly upon their necks. The extremely elongated tail-feathers are deep brown-black, edged with a warm band of pale-brown upon the inner web. The outer web is scarcely a quarter of an inch wide, while the inner is almost an inch and a half in width. Several feathers of the tail project for some distance, and lie upon the base of the elongated feathers.

The Ink Plant.—It is stated that there is in Colombia a plant (*Coryaria thymifolia*) which might be dangerous to our ink-manufacturers if it could be acclimatized in this country. It is known under the name of the ink plant. Its juice, called *chanchi*, can be used in writing without any previous preparation. The letters traced with it are of a reddish color at first, but turn a deep black in a few hours. This juice also spoils steel-pens less than common ink. The qualities of the plant seem to have been discovered under the Spanish administration. Some writings intended for the mother-country were wet through with sea-water on the voyage; while the papers written with common ink were almost illegible, those with the juice of the plant were quite unscathed. Orders were given in consequence that this vegetable ink was to be used for all public documents. It may yet become an article of general use.

XUM

AN UNHEARD SERENADE.

By W. Waterfield.

The soft petunia's blossom snow
With hymns of fragrance holds the night;
The bats like shadows come and go,
The owlets wing their noiseless flight;
Hushed is our garden, herb and tree;
Rest peaceful, love, and think of me.

Beneath the lamps of heaven I lie,
(And heaven for us is still the same;)
Deep in the silver-clouded sky
One great star burns with steadfast flame;
Shut close, sweet eyes, from trouble free;
Sleep soft, my love, though far from me.

The sweetest star above the rest
Watch o'er thy sleep with influence mild;
The breezes hastening from the west
Bring thee glad dreams of home and child;
May all unrest thy pillow flee;
Dream on, my heart, and beat for me.

The dawn is come, the channels flow,
The bindweed shows her purple sheen;
The flame-acacia* takes the glow
With all her arms of waving green:
Light of my life, where'er thou be,
Wake happy, love, and pray for me.

WHY I.?

By Jane G. Austin.

The clock was on the stroke of twelve, and the rooms of the Smallhours Club were filled with the usual crowd of exquisites on their passage from one reception to another, of ennuyés who preferred this lounge to any reception at all, of whist or euchre-players, of smokers and dreamers and gossips and idlers.

Joining first one and then another of these groups, and turning from each with an intensely bored expression, wandered a good-looking young man whom the others addressed as Old Guard, Young Guard, Gardiner and Mr. Gardiner, as their acquaintance ranged from that familiarity bordering on contempt to ceremonious politeness.

Good-looking and well-dressed, in style betokening a sacrifice to society either made or contemplated, with the air of education, inherited good manners and wealth, this man carried about with him such an appalling expression of weariness, of apathy and of cynicism, that he seemed to shed a chill over every group in which he mingled, every person whom he addressed, without the faculty of receiving in return the slighest relief to his apathetic gloom.

As the clock began to strike, he stood idly pulling on the white gloves he had carried crushed in his right hand, and staring down at a chess-board where two of his acquaintances were just finishing an exciting game, lost as he looked, through the nervous consciousness of the elder player that those dreamy eyes were fixed upon his play.

"Checkmate!" quietly remarked the younger, placing his queen in position as the last stroke of the bell vibrated through the room and seemed to continue itself, and to mingle, with the silvery strains of a fresh young voice singing the opening words of the ballad of the hour.

"Confound that girl!" angrily exclaimed the losing player. "What business has she here? Where's the janitor? She shall be put out."

He rang the bell as he spoke, and Gardiner turned, not so much to see the cause of disturbance as because his way to the door led in that direction; but having turned, he allowed his eyes to rest upon the intruder with a shade more of interest than he had hitherto bestowed upon anything. And certainly it was a peculiar appearance enough upon which he looked to have demanded a second glance from the most *blasé* eyes.

A childish, supple figure, full of untaught grace and energy, and promising rich development, a well-shaped head covered with a tumbled mass of burnt-gold curls, neither short enough for a boy's or long enough for a girl's wear; a clear, pale skin, slightly shaded with the violet tints of late hours and untimely exertions; a merry mouth for ever expanding into the smile that brought out the loveliest dimples imaginable; a saucy nose, and great eyes shaded with thick dark lashes and eyebrows, the iris of a pale, transparent gray, but with pupils so expansive as often to give the effect of black eyes.

The dress of this poor little wandering princess was tawdry and soiled, and yet it was put on with a certain amount of originality and taste, and the string of cheap blue beads twisted among her yellow curls suited them far better than some of the headgear Gardiner had that night seen worn by some very aristocratic ladies.

In her hand she carried a guitar, or, more correctly speaking, a banjo, which she touched with a wild freedom evidently of only nature's teaching, while her voice, young and untrained as it was, suggested promise of wonderful power and sweetness in the future.

As Gardiner stood silently watching and listening to this strange child—for she could not have been more than twelve or fourteen years old—the janitor, having received his instructions from the defeated chess-player, approached and rudely laid his hand upon her shoulder, giving it an impulse toward the door. The song ceased instantly, and the great eyes, black as midnight in their anger, flashed up into the man's face.

"What you touching me for? what you want?"

"Want you to get out of this, you young street-walker! Who gave you leave to come in here disturbing respectable gentlemen this way? Come, walk!"

"If they can stand you, I reckon they can me, you Paddy-from-Cork!" screamed the child, as the man rudely pushed her from the room, and in the hall was proceeding to yet rougher measures, when his arm was lightly tapped with a head of a cane and a languid voice remarked:

"That will do, Burke; let the child alone, and tell me if Mr. Marsh was inquiring for me to-day."

The obsequious porter at once obeyed, for Mr. Gardiner's dollars slipped through his fingers with wonderful ease, and his voice, although so languid, was always attended to in the house-committee. So Burke released his prisoner, answered the question, and she slunk out of the door, and five minutes later was followed down the steps by Peyton Gardiner, who could not but feel a little startled when his hand was seized in the darkness and a kiss and a tear simultaneously deposited upon it.

"Who is it?" murmured he, his eyes still blinded with the glare of the hall-lamp.

"Only me! It was real good of you to make that fellow leave go of me; and if you hadn't, I should have gone for him, and then I'd've been sent to the lockup—and I do hate the lockup so!"

"Do you, indeed, my dear? Do you often go there?"

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* The Flamboyant, or Gold Mohur-tree (*Poinciana regia*), the glory of Indian gardens.

"Oh, no—only twice; but, you see, I'm getting bigger now, and so it's worse.'

"Why worse?"

"I know more of what they're talking about, and I'd get bad acquaintance."

"You are very select in your acquaintance, then? quite exclusive, I suppose?"

"I hate to have people talk that way, as if they were so pleased that they knew a lot more than I do, and had to show off, even to a little tramp like me. You were the right sort to stand up for me just now—and now I'm going."

"Stop a minute—here's a little present for you, because you didn't get anything in the club-house. Do you sing round town every night?"

"No; sometimes I get a chance at one of the theatres to go on as supe in a pantomime or such, because I'm so pretty, you know; and sometimes I sell flowers; and when I get enough money at once, I buy some fruit and a basket and peddle it round; and sometimes I get a chance to pick up a stray dog, or maybe a child, and then take it home and get rewarded. Oh, there's lots of ways to make a living when a feller's young and lively!"

"Indeed! Have you parents?"

"Not that ever I heard of."

"Where do you live? who takes care of you?"

"I take care of myself and live where I can. I used to be with old Mother Wilson till she scratched under one day, and since that I've been on my own hook. I most generally hang out at a house down Canal Street way, though; anyway, I have half a room there, but there's lots of other places where I go when I feel like doing so."

"What an odd little Bohemian! What's your name?"

"Well, I think they call me Singing Sue oftener than anything else. Mother Wilson sometimes called me Fan, but oftener it was Young Limb. I reckon on the whole that's the name I'm most used to; anyway, it suits me first-rate."

"And didn't Mother Wilson tell you anything about your mother, or where you came from, or give you any clew to your history? Don't you really know what name you have a right to?"

"Divil a bit of it, mister; but I don't much believe I've any right to any name, and haven't got any history. Anyhow, there ain't any strawberry mark on my left arm so I ain't your long-lost sister."

"You go to the theatre sometimes, I infer?"

"You what? Never mind, though. Yes, I do go to the theatre just as often as I can get the stamps to get a gallery ticket. It's bully to go to the theatre, ain't it?"

"Well, now, look here, Fanny; I'm going to give you some advice, and as I haven't troubled myself to do such a thing in a good many years, I hope you will appreciate the effort, and profit by it accordingly."

"There you go again with your big words! Well, I reckon I know what you mean. Go ahead!"

"The advice is simply to change your mode of life before it is too late, for you are too pretty and too bright to go to the bad, as you're in the sure way to do. Now, I have a whim to try the benevolent dodge, as you would say, as a relief to the general stupidity of life, and, if you say so, I'll try it on you. I'll give you clothes, put you to school, and, as soon as you are old enough, have you taught music, if you turn out to have a voice, as I think you will; and, if not that, I will set you up as a milliner, or something of that sort. What do you think about it?"

"Um! Go to school? Sort of slow, isn't it?"

"You can't learn music or be a first-class milliner, or indeed much of anything, without education."

"Milliner be blowed! I sha'n't never be a milliner."

"Indeed! Feel above it, perhaps?"

"No; but it's so darned slow to sit still and sew. I'd rather do something larkier."

"See here, my dear child, I have a favor to ask of you. Will you grant it?"

"Go ahead!"

"It is that you will never use the word 'darned' again; likewise the word 'blowed'; likewise—— But these two will do to begin with. Do you promise?"

"Are you one of them City Mission folks? Because, if you are, here's your stamps back again. I ain't the sort to be converted, and go to night-school, and that."

"I suppose, Fanny, that in all this large city there is no man of respectable standing less like a city missionary, or a converter, or a preacher, or a light to anybody else, man, woman or child, than I. I simply object to hearing such coarse and low expressions from a very pretty feminine mouth—a matter purely of taste, not in the least of morality. Do you understand?"

"Well—yes, I reckon I do. Some folks give money when they see old Tom's sore arm, and some are mad as fire 'cause they happened to see it."

"Precisely. You are quick as well as original. Now come with me, and I shall tell my man, who is married, to take you home and give you a bed for the night, and to-morrow I will ask you not to go out until I have seen you."

"A sort of a rum start, but I reckon I'll see it through," replied the child after a moment's hesitation, and as Gardiner walked down the street she tripped thoughtfully beside him, until, of a sudden, she said:

"I see now. You're like the *Marchioness* in 'The Daughter of the Regiment,' and you wouldn't like I should go with the trainers and rattle the drum and sing with a flag. You want I should be pretty behaved like she was when the old woman was about, and talk right smart, like a book, you know."

"For instance," replied Gardiner, much amused, "your last sentence was, this was a rum start, but you reckoned you'd see it through; now, in talking like a book, you would put it——"

"High hevings, what is this wonder that I hear? Let me consider it," broke out Fanny, striking an attitude, and glaring up with her great eyes at the gaslight they were just passing.

"An actress, a singer, a prima donna!" muttered Gardiner, contemplating her. "She cannot fail to amuse me enough to pay for the trouble."

And, without comment, he led the way to his lodgings, where, in the dressing-room, sat Hugaly, prince of valets, hypocrite, pilferer, panderer, sleekest and most respectful of servants, never absent, never weary, never cross, indispensable to the master, who thoroughly knew his faults, and tolerated them for his own convenience.

"Hugaly, you see this child," began Gardiner, with a yawn; "she is the future Lind, Grisi, Lucca—what you will. Take her home to your wife, see that she is well treated, and to-morrow let her have a bath, and get her hair untangled without cutting. Get her a dark-blue blouse and petticoats, with new underclothes, and have her here at my breakfast-time."

"Very well, sir," replied Hugaly, as quietly as if all this were the ordinary routine of life. "Will you undress now, sir?"

"Yes, the evening is spoiled, and I may as well go to bed with a book."

"Will the young lady remain here, sir, while you undress?"

"No, Joseph, she will not. Put her in the drawing-room. Fanny, you won't run away?"

"You bet—No, my lord, I will not."

"Overdone, my pet. No is enough."

"This way, if you please, Miss Fanny," said Hugaly, obsequiously, while his sharp black eyes inventoried the child's face, and made an indelible record in his methodical memory of every feature.

The next morning, about twelve o'clock, as Gardiner lounged in his little sitting-room, his eyes fell upon a pretty sight. A small, round table, glittering in the morning sunlight with crystal, silver and transparent china. A delicate little breakfast, just sent up from the *café*, a comfortable chair, with a stand beside it, holding a glass of bitters, a case of cigars and the morning paper, a cage in the window, wherein a canary trilled until he shook every golden feather with his ecstasy, and, standing looking and listening to him, a slender, graceful figure, jauntily dressed in the blue sailor-shirt, with linen collars and cuffs, the bright, yellow hair thoroughly neat and yet waving loosely over the shoulders, and a face whose beauty shone out from its new surroundings like the sun emerging from a cloud.

"Good-morning, Fanny," said Gardiner, quietly.

Fanny looked astonished, this being the first time she had been thus addressed in all her life; but, with quick powers of imitation and intuition, she bowed, smiled, said good-morning, and advancing, laid her small, hard, and still grimy hand in the soft white hand of her patron. He looked down at it critically, then glanced over the whole costume.

"Hugaly's wife is a good and well-meaning woman, but she is not a lady," said he, with a gentle sigh, and he then turned to the table.

"Will you take some breakfast, Fanny?" he inquired.

"Cracky! There now, that slipped out, but I'm getting the hang of it; I'll be all right in a few days. I was going to say we had grub—we had breakfus at six."

"Breakfast, my dear, not breakfus."

"All right, I'll remember. Do you think I'll ever sing like that dicky-bird of yours?"

"That canary, do you mean? I hope you will be more wonderful in your degree than he is in his."

"When will I begin to learn?"

"To-day. I have thought the matter all out while I was dressing, and my plan is laid. First of all, how much do you care for a promise?"

"I never make 'em."

"Very good. That is better than I hoped, for that shows that you feel them binding. Now, I wish you to make me a very solemn, a very binding, promise, before I begin upon my plan with regard to you. It is that you will not run away from me."

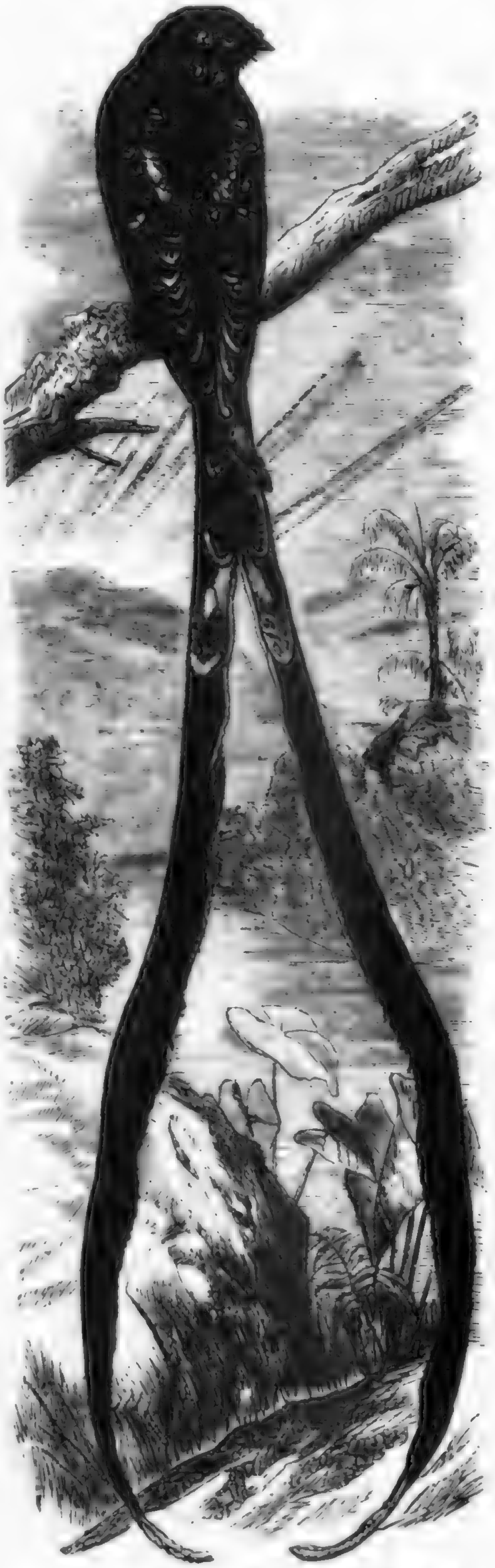
"When?"

"Ever. You will find a school stupid and slow after the wild freedom of your life thus far; you will miss the flavor of wickedness and peril; nothing is so monotonous as virtue, especially among unformed minds; but it is necessary that you should be trained in manners, style, and the usual branches of education for young women. This will take some years, and must be a stupid and laborious process, but you shall pass the vacations with me in as much amusement as we can contrive for each other, and so soon as you are old enough we will go abroad, and you shall study for the opera. After that you will not complain of lack of excitement, or admiration, or power; that is, if you turn out what I expect."

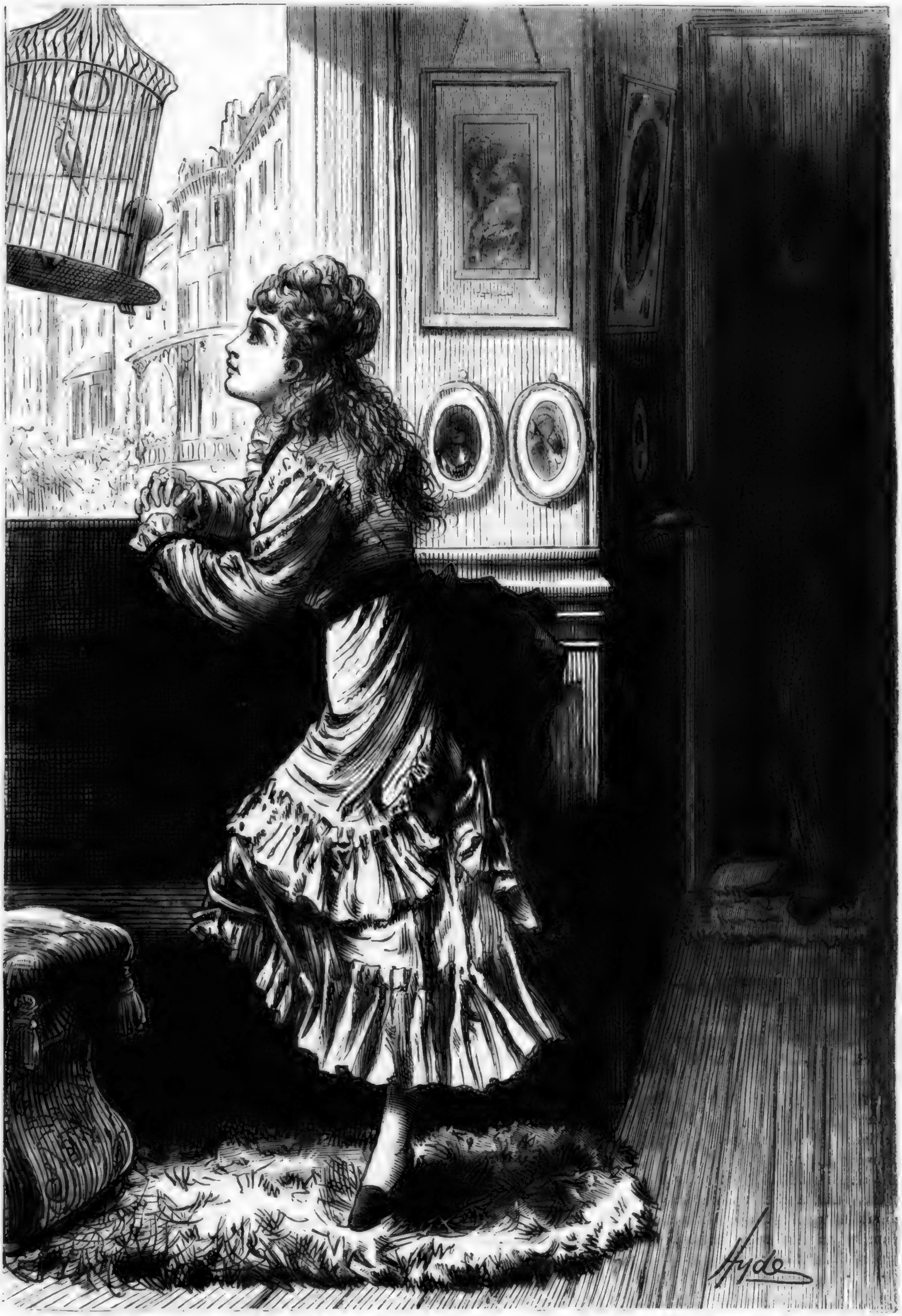
And once more the eyes of the *blasé* man of the world critically traversed and judged of every detail of the face and figure before him.

Fanny listened breathlessly.

"I twig. Oh, I'll bite my tongue out, but I'll cure it," and she stamped passionately, while a tinge of loveliest pink rushed over her pale cheeks. "I understand what you mean, and I'll do it. Lord alive, I can work, and I can pretend, and I can wait, with the next one, and if you'll pass your word that there's a good time coming, I'll pass mine that I'll play on the square, and wait for it."



THE LYRE-TAILED GOATSUCKER.—SEE PAGE 173.



WHY I.?—"A CANARY TRILLED UNTIL HE SHOOK EVERY GOLDEN FEATHER WITH HIS ECSTASY, AND, LISTENING TO HIM, A SLENDER, GRACEFUL FIGURE, JAUNTILY DRESSED IN THE BLUE SAILOR-SHIRT."—SEE PAGE 174.

XUM

"Very good. I promise as good a time at the end as money and education can give, and as many lesser frolics all along as you have vacations ; here's my hand on it."

"And here's mine that I'll hold on and wait for it, and never cheat you any way nor how."

"That's understood ; and now, Fanny—No, I don't like the name of Fanny, it is too dubious. I will name you as the naturalists do their discoveries. Let me see, Avis, that means a bird ; since you wish to emulate my canary there, yes, Avis I. Gardiner ; there's a name for you. How do you like it ?"

"I don't know. Avis I. Why I.?"

"Why I.? Well, a fancy of mine I will explain when the time comes. It may never come, but I have a presentiment that it will, and if it does, I will certainly tell you why I.; but if it should not, you will never know."

That afternoon Miss Avis I. Gardiner was enrolled among the pupils of a certain convent-school celebrated for its firm yet gentle discipline, and the certainty with which all eccentricities, rudeness and insolence of manner disappear in the course of a year or two under the silent and subtle manipulation of the Sisters.

In five months came a vacation, which Avis spent in traveling through Canada with her guardian, as Mr. Gardiner was understood to be, and this programme, varying, of course, the scene of amusement, was carried out for four quiet years, at the end of which period Mr. Gardiner, presenting himself at the convent upon the first day of the Summer vacation, was joined "at parlor" by a tall, fully formed, elegant girl, the startling beauty of whose face still bore an oddly close resemblance to the pretty, dissipated little visage of the child so ignominiously ejected from the Smallhours Clubhouse four years before.

"My dear girl, you are wonderful !" exclaimed the guardian, folding the rounded figure in his arms, and kissing the lips eagerly upraised to his. "Are you glad to see me ?"

"Oh, so glad, guardy!" was the heartfelt response. "I am so utterly weary of the *rôle* of Goody Twoshoes! Do take me out and give me some champagne, and carry me to the theatre."

"Upon my word, mademoiselle ! And that is convent training, is it ?" exclaimed Gardiner, half shocked, half cynically amused.

"The trouble is, you see, that there was a good deal of training before I saw the convent," replied the girl, recklessly. "I was twelve or thirteen years old when I first saw you, and a child brought up to that age on strong drink can't go back to bread and milk with a relish."

"Twelve or thirteen," repeated Gardiner, musingly. "Then you are about seventeen now, Avis, and a mighty handsome girl. Let me hear you sing and play."

Avis rose, and with a skillful backward sweep of her draperies walked across the room, displaying her elegant and fully developed figure, and her graceful gait, to great advantage. Seating herself at the piano, she played the brilliant prelude of one of Rossini's most intricate cavatinas, and sang it through in a hard, clear voice, brilliant to a degree, but perfectly unsympathetic.

Gardiner, a musical critic, listened eagerly, and was about to speak his applause, with the suggested criticism, when his ward, with a mischievous smile, interrupted him with :

"Wait a minute, guardy ; here's something more in your style"; and rattling her fingers over the keys like lightning, she burst into the sauciest, sprightliest, most audacious air of a certain opera-bouffe, and gave its rollicking strains and dubious phrases with such a mixture of skill and fun, that Gardiner sprang to his feet and ran to close the door before he laughingly clapped his hands, crying:

"Splendid ! capital ! But in the name of all the holy nuns in Christendom, where did you learn that ?"

"Read about it in a smuggled newspaper, and sent for the music through one of the New York girls. Oh, we have a good many little amusements here of which the dear little Sisters know nothing !"

"I should think so ! Well, I remember the old story of the princess shut up in a tower from her birth to keep her away from men and the wickedness of their ways, and how the birds of the air carried the prince's letter to her, and all that ; and I suppose there is no such thing as keeping the rosebud closed until one can watch it open beneath his own eyes, and solely for his own benefit. Avis, tell me the truth ; or, don't you do that ?"

"What, tell the truth ?"

"Exactly. Do you do it ?"

"Oh, yes, to you."

"Thanks. Well, have you a lover ?"

"Guardy, I have never seen a man to be compared with you in any respect, consequently I have loved no man but you so far."

"Again, thanks. And now, my dear, we will bid good-by to the Mother, and start for our usual holiday. I do not believe you will come back to school."

"Why, what are you going to do next ?"

"I think, Avis—yes, I actually think—I shall marry you. I feel like it now, at least."

"Then marriage is a bargain needing only one bargainer, is it ?"

"What ! won't you marry me ?"

"*Cela dépend !* I have not been asked yet."

"Nor won't be to-day, my dear. I want to see a little more of you. We are going yachting, and I shall study you diligently."

So Mr. Gardiner took his ward away, fetching a perfectly proper middle-aged help-lady to the convent to receive her, and to accompany her on her voyaging.

Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Dustan was a little deaf, a little purblind, and not a little harassed and tormented by poverty and the fear of an almshouse in her old age, so that nothing was easier than for Avis to persuade her that night-air was bad for her, that she actually was pining to go to bed, or to remain in the cabin alone, while guardian and ward spent the long moonlight hours upon deck, or rowing in a little skiff, or wandering on shore.

The two months of the vacation flew like a dream, and at its close Mr. Gardiner received a letter from the Superior of the convent. One of the Associate Sisters, a woman of experience and judgment in worldly matters, was to take six of the elder pupils abroad to perfect their French and German accent, and to study the antiquities of the elder world in their own sphere, and the object of this letter was to inquire whether Mr. Gardiner would like Avis to join this company as a finishing touch to her education, already, as the stately Superior hoped, of a degree and nature satisfactory to Avis's guardian.

Gardiner read this letter, mused a while, frowned, bit his lips, and finally tossed it over the table to Avis, as she lay luxuriously upon some cushions, skimming the pages of a French novel.

"You shall tell me how to answer it, my darling," said he. "Will you go to Paris, or—will you stay with me and be my little love, my wife, by-and-by ?"

Avis read the letter, and sprang up with sparkling eyes and heightened color.

"Oh, guardy! of course I will go to Paris!"

"But, Avis—you know that you are and must be mine alone. We are lovers, and no man can step between us now."

The girl regarded him impatiently, and with an angry black heightening her wonderful beauty.

"Well, what of it?" demanded she, harshly. "Who speaks of any other man or any other destiny? You bought me body and soul when you picked me out of the gutter five years ago; but the contract of sale is not signed and sealed before the world yet, and I don't want always to feel the shackles!"

"Avis! Avis! what words are these? Do not I love you? Have not I promised to make you my wife as soon as you are a little older? What shackles but those of love have I ever put upon you?"

"Upon my word, guardy, you are quite a tragedian! you should go upon the stage and outshine Booth!" laughed Avis, in her hard, bright fashion; and Gardiner relapsed into his ordinary cynical *bonhomie.*

"So you had rather have a demure outing with this party of wise virgins than to wait until I take you to Paris on our wedding-tour?" asked he.

"Yes; I go with them to improve my mind and learn the accent of the Faubourg St. Germain; with you I shall strengthen my morals and study the dialect of the Mabille and the Quartier Latin."

"Indeed, no, mademoiselle; I assure you that, as my wife, you will lead a very different life from that you do as my——"

"Ward? I dare say, and for that reason I intend to see as much of the world on my own account beforehand as possible, even in such a poky way as the proposed one."

"Very well, Avis I., you shall have a year abroad, and when you come back we will be married, and settle down into respectable people."

"But, once more, what does this I. mean in my name? I should like to know exactly under what flag I am to sail in this my first independent voyage."

"Why I.? No, my dear child, I will not tell you yet. This journey will decide the question of your right to the initial. If you come home safely, and we are married, you shall drop the initial for ever, since it shall no longer be possible of application. If worse happens, and the bad jest becomes a terrible reality, I will explain it to you as my parting gift and endowment. But, pshaw, Avis, what a gloomy and ridiculous strain we are falling into! Of course you will return all right! Of course we shall be married and be happy as two lovers in a comedy! What else is possible?"

"Ah, what else is possible!" echoed Avis, with a gloomy glance at her guardian, and then, snatching her guitar, she struck its strings in a wild, irregular accompaniment of her own improvising, and recklessly trilled a drinking-song from one of the French operas, while Gardiner, leaning upon the table, watched her critically through half-closed eyes.

"Avis I., you are really a magnificent creature," said he, at length. "Let us have some of the generous *vins d'or* that you celebrate."

And ringing the bell, he ordered wine, cake, and Mrs. Dustan, who thought she best obeyed the summons by pleading a headache and remaining in her stateroom.

The next morning the bows of the *Siren*, named for Avis, as her guardian informed her, were turned homeward, and a few weeks later, Miss Avis I. Gardiner's name appeared upon the passenger-list of one of the Cunard steamships in company with that of five other young ladies, and the devout and astute Associate Sister having them in charge.

For eight months, letters dated at nearly every usual station of travel in Europe reached the guardian, who replied, with brevity, as he had relapsed into his usual course of busy idleness, and who, moreover, found himself in an attitude of sullen expectancy toward his ward, whom he did not doubt deceived him more or less with regard to her occupations and sentiments. Still, her material beauty dwelt in his memory so glaringly, and the drama of love and life, in which they, too, had briefly acted their parts, was so fascinating, and as yet so incomplete, that he always resolved to forgive very much, to shut his eyes as closely as possible, and to receive back his wandering bird, if she would come, without too keen inquiry into whither her wayward wings had carried her during her absence, so that they were not too singed to permit of her return at all.

Ten months had passed in this fashion, when Gardiner received at his club, among other letters, the following from his ward:

"MY DEAR GUARDY: I propose in this letter to tell you the truth—rather an unusual luxury for me, and an unusual treat for you, as I have not dealt largely in that commodity in our recent correspondence. For instance, I omitted to mention in my descriptions of Alpine scenery that two gentlemen friends of mine helped me to admire it, generally by moon or starlight, or at odd times when dear Sister was otherwise engaged, and supposed me to be.

"These gentlemen followed us into Italy, and very agreeably diversified the monotony of picture-galleries, ruins, and temples, by dodging our party at every corner, and mingling with it occasionally under various disguises. Now we are all in Paris, and as I promised both gentlemen a reply to their petitions on arriving at this point, whence we are to return home, I have seriously devoted myself to the task of making up my mind, and naturally turn to you for advice.

"These two friends of mine differ as widely as possible in every respect, except in both being enormously wealthy and excessively in love with me. The first is a French peer, a vicomte of aristocratic family and position, not very young - but I am accustomed to a very mature lover, you know—and unfortunately married, and the father of grown-up children. He cannot, of course, offer me his title or hand, but he offers a magnificent establishment, horses, diamonds, clothes, everything in the world that need make a woman happy, and my only trouble in the matter is that these arrangements are so temporary, and that one scarcely knows how to dispose of the tiresome remainder of one's life. To be sure, I could employ the time in studying for the stage; I know that I could shine in French opera, and possibly in the classic, although that would be a bore, but in the *bouffe* I should be inimitable, and create a perfect *furore.*

"Here is one prospect; now for the other: Mr.—Ahem—is an American, son of one of our 'best families,' richer than the vicomte, young, handsome, and devoted. To be sure, he is rather a goody-goody sort of boy, and amuses me immensely by giving me credit for all sorts of virtues and scruples scarcely known to me by name; but, do you know, guardy, there is really a sort of piquancy in this contact with virtue which attracts me. It is so new to me, you know; for, except the nuns, who are beyond my comprehension and sympathy altogether, and the girls, who are mostly idiots, and Mrs. Dustan, who is a sycophant and hypocrite, Mr. Ahem is the first virtuous person I was ever acquainted with, and I think that, as his wife, I should feel a certain professional pride in keeping up the *rôle* which he assigns me, and playing it to the end.

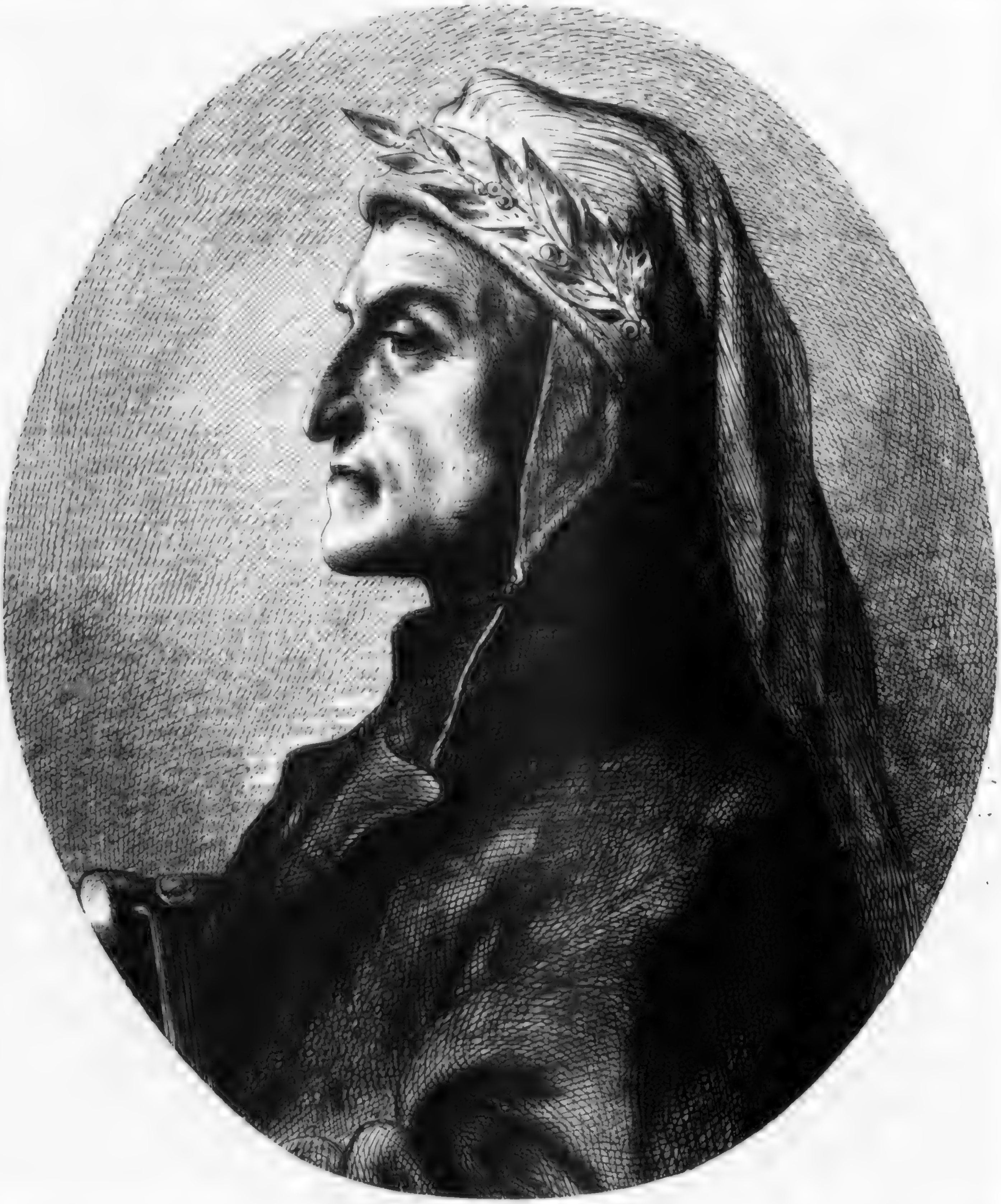
"Of course this dear child never thought of offering me less than his hand, and as I have confided to him that I shall probably be forced by a 'cruel parent' (do excuse me, guardy, for thus depicting you) to be married immediately on my return home, and as I am far too obedient, docile, meek, and timid, to resist this authority, he has persuaded a married sister residing at present in Paris to offer me an asylum with her, and to matronize our wedding at the American Embassy.

"This sounds rather tame when compared with the vicomte's 'glittering generalties,' but somehow it seems to more attractive. You will certainly laugh at me, but it is nevertheless true that I quite fancy the idea of respectability, virtue, and, by-and-by, a leadership in society; and, believe me, I shall be a terribly strict censor of female virtue and masculine morality.

"And now, guardy, I do not deny that, after all, my chance of trying this experiment lies very much in your hands. If you choose to telegraph to the American Minister to forbid the marriage of your ward, no doubt suspicion would be roused, and although I think I have influence enough with my dear innocent to carry out a private marriage elsewhere, his family, and the proposed *éclat* of my bridehood in New York, are lost. But I do not think you will serve me so mean a trick, nor do I think you ought, in justice. I acknowledge all that you have done for me from the night we first encountered in the hall of the Smallhours Club until this brilliant morning in Paris, and against the kindness and the money lavished upon me, I put all that I have given you—the first love of my heart, the possibility of a life different from its beginning, and some faith in God and man.

"Our five years' connection has consumed all these as if with fire, and I count them, after all, as a longer contribution to our common stock than your careless kindness, thousands of dollars, and lessons in love-making. Will you cry quits and let me alone if I marry this boy, or will you drive me to accepting the offers of the vicomte, with whom my antecedents will do no particular harm?

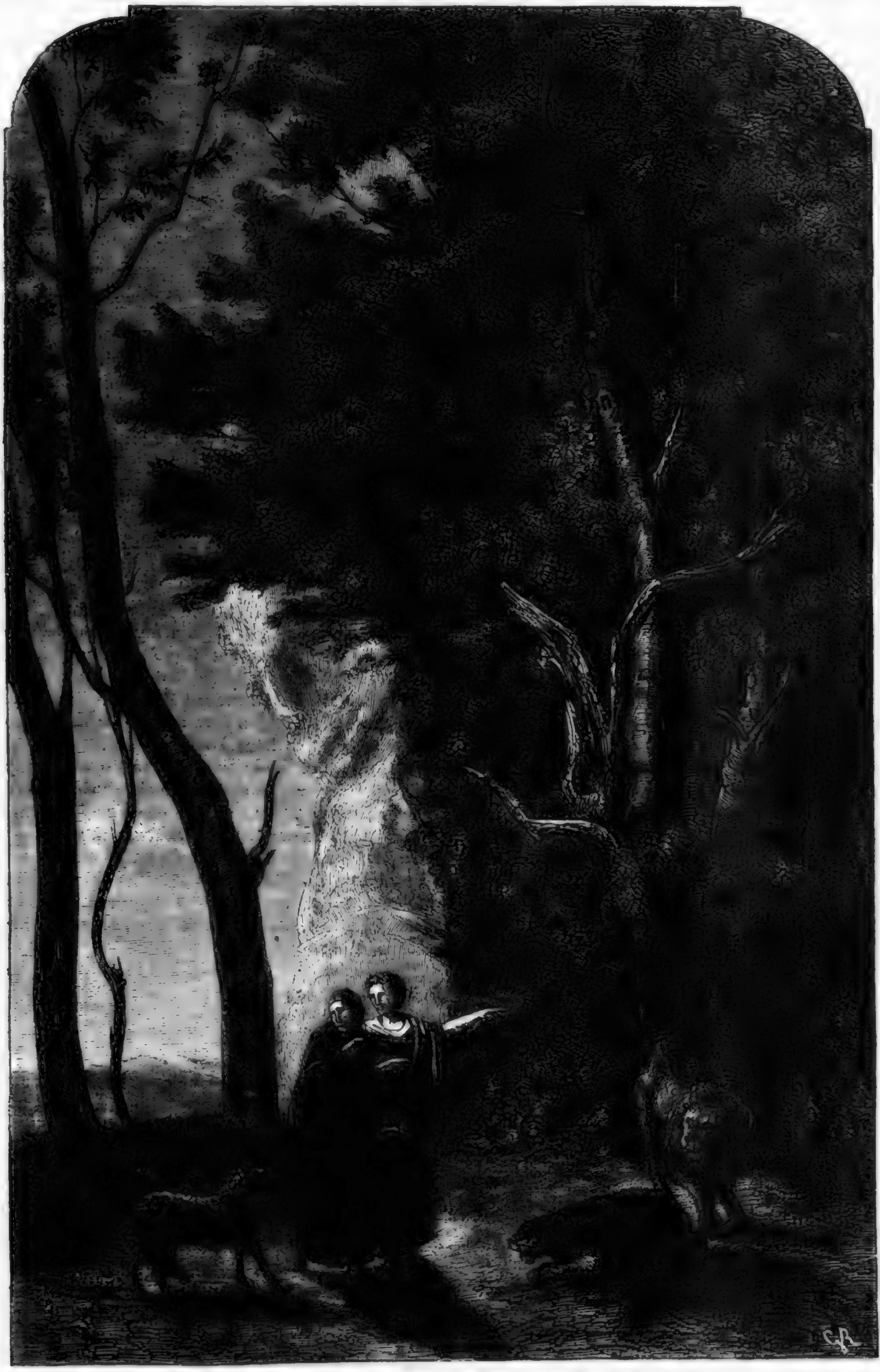
"Awaiting your answer, I remain affectionately yours, Avis I.—and once more tell me why the I.?"



DANTE ALIGHIERI.—SEE PAGE 183.

Gardiner's astonishment and rage on reading this letter were those of a virtuous parent whose carefully trained child suddenly breaks away from all law and rule to pursue a course of independent wickedness.

He should have been prepared for just this result, say you? Of course he should, and of course he was not, for when were any of us prepared for the logical result of our own follies and weaknesses?



DANTE RESCUED BY VIRGIL FROM THE WILD BEASTS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY COROT.

In his first indignation he rushed to the telegraph office, fully resolved to pursue the course Avis had foreseen, and forward a dispatch to the American Embassy; but, with the pencil in his hand, he reconsidered the impulse.

Avis, as mistress of a French vicomte, was even more wholly lost to him than as the wife of an American, moving in the same circle with himself in his native city; and as the thought of the constant meetings probable between Avis and himself rose in his mind, an evil scheme of revenge sketched itself with it before his mental vision, and it was with a smile upon his lips and a light in his eyes, such as only devils ought to wear, that he threw down his pencil, and went home to write:

> ' I ought to have expected precisely what I have received as the reward of my quixotic attempt to change the leopard's spots or wash the blackamoor white. But I cannot trouble my digestion with anger, and revenge is gone out of fashion. Marry your dear innocent, as you call him, and as, lamblike, he is probably well provided with wool, pull it well over his eyes.
>
> "Yes, I will tell you now, why I. It is the initial of *infernis*, a word whose meaning you will not be at a loss to understand when joined to Avis; and do but see how much more brutal our English tongue is than any other. Avis *infernis* is quite a pretty phrase, while Bird of —— is not at all so.
>
> "I believe there is nothing more to say except good-morning, and that I am always obediently yours, GARDINER."

In due course Avis received this letter, read it twice through, and turned pale as death while she slowly tore it to atoms.

"He means mischief—terrible mischief," murmured she. "I will go on, but I will be on my guard."

A month later, Gardiner read the announcement of a marriage in the Chapel of the American Embassy at Paris between Avis Gardiner and Malcolm Fortescue Blake, Esq., both of New York, and smiled unpleasantly as he laid down the paper, muttering to himself:

"Oh, it's that fellow, is it? And she wants to drop the I., eh? Well, it will be my work to remind her of it. Wonder when they'll be home?"

Not for many months, as it proved, and when they did come, Mrs. Blake received no company on account of her health.

Gardiner waited two months more, and called again. The servant took his card, and returned to usher him up-stairs to a charming boudoir dimly lighted, where in an invalid-chair sat, or rather reclined, Avis, her beauty intensified, yet purified, by illness, and holding a little baby upon her lap.

She held out a thin, white hand, and raised her eyes, with such a piteous appeal speaking from their soft depths, that Gardiner turned away, and sat down without speaking, and in a sort of angry bewilderment.

This was not the scene, not the woman, not the circumstances, he had pictured through a year of patient waiting and he knew not how to take up the new *rôle* so suddenly thrust upon him.

Avis saw her advantage, and seized it desperately.

"You are the first gentleman I have seen, Mr. Gardiner, but I could not refuse one who has stood to me in place of a father for so many years. Besides, I wanted to show you my son, and to ask a favor of you with regard to him. Will you be his godfather? I am sure you will be a faithful and honest one."

Her voice trembled upon the last words, and Gardiner looked her steadily in the face.

Never had she looked so beautiful, but the intense suspense, the agony of doubt thrilling her every nerve, was printed in each line so painfully, that once more Gardiner averted his eyes, and for a long minute communed with his heart in silence.

Then he slowly said:

"You have conquered, Avis. It was an audacious experiment, and by its very audacity has succeeded. Yes, I will spare you; I will only remember that I was in place of a father to you rhelpless childhood, and I will give bonds for my future by accepting the position of godfather to your boy, and I will try to be a faithful and honest one—at least, no blight shall come upon his life through word or deed of mine. You are a brave woman, Avis, and I hope you are and will be a happy one. Good-by."

He was gone, and when next she saw him, and whenever she saw him afterward, he was the genial, courteous, mildly cynical man of the world, whose generosity had protected the childhood of his orphaned "relative," and who now had transferred his interest and affections mainly to the boy, of whose education and prospects he began to talk before the aforesaid boy was out of long clothes.

That is the story so far. The sequel remains in the future; but we may have faith that it will be a fortunate and happy one; for, with an adoring husband, lovely children, health, wealth and position, Avis finds her path so well hedged in, that she could scarcely wander from it if she would, and is wise woman enough—at least we will hope so—to would not if she could.

FRENCH DUELING.

MR. H. R. HAWEIS, in a contribution to an English journal, on the subject of French dueling, writes: One of the liveliest little duels we have lately heard of is that which took place in October last between the journalist, M. Rochefort, and Captain Fournier. It appears that the gallant captain felt himself aggrieved by some free expressions in the *Intransigeant*, challenged the editor, and both belligerents went out with swords, whereupon Rochefort pinked Fournier, Fournier slashed Rochefort, both lost a teaspoonful or so of blood, and honor appears to have been satisfied.

In the eyes of the average Briton there is always something absurd about a duel. He either thinks of the duel in "The Rivals," or as it is occasionally witnessed at Toole's Theatre, or of Mark Twain's incomparable "affair" with M. Gambetta; but it seldom occurs to any one in this country to think of a duel as being honorable to either party, or capable of really meeting the requirements of two gentlemen who may happen to have a difference of opinion.

The Englishman kicks his rival in Pall Mall, canes him in Piccadilly, or pulls his nose and calls him a liar at his club. He is then had up for assault and battery, his grievance is well aired in public, he is consoled by the sympathy of an enlarged circle of his friends, pays a small fine, and leaves the court "without a stain upon his character." If, on the other hand, his rival is in the right, the damages are heavy, and his friends say, "Pity he lost his temper and made a fool of himself," and there the matter ends. In either case outraged justice or wounded honor is attended to at the moderate cost of a few sovereigns, a bloody nose, or a smashed hat.

We think, on the whole, it is highly creditable to England that this should be so. The abolition of dueling by public opinion is a distinct move up in the scale of civilization.

Perhaps we forget how very recent that "move up" is. When it ceased to be the fashion to wear swords in the last century, pistols were substituted for these personal encounters. This made dueling far less amusing, more dangerous, and proportionately less popular. The duel in England received practically its *coup de grâce* with the new Articles of War of 1844, which discredited the prac tice in the army by offering gentlemen facilities for public explanation, apology, or arbitration in the presence of their commanding officer. But previous to this "the duel of satisfaction" had assumed the most preposterous forms. Parties agreed to draw lots for pistols and to fight, the one with a loaded, the other with an unloaded, weapon.

This affair of honor (?) was always at short distances and "point-blank," and the loser was usually killed. Another plan was to go into a dark room together and commence firing. There is a beautiful and pathetic story told of two men, the one a "kind" man and the other a "timid" man, who found themselves unhappily bound to fight, and chose the dark-room duel. The kind man had to fire first, and not wishing to hurt his adversary, groped his way to the chimney-piece, and placing the muzzle of his pistol straight up the chimney, pulled the trigger, when, to his consternation, with a frightful yell down came his adversary, the "timid" man, who had selected that fatal hiding-place.

Another grotesque form was the "medical duel," one swallowing a pill made of bread, the other swallowing one made of poison. When matters had reached this point, public opinion not unnaturally took a turn for the better, and resolved to stand by the old obsolete law against dueling, whilst enacting new by-laws for the army, which, of course, reacted powerfully, with a sort of professional authority, upon the practice of bellicose civilians.

The duel was originally a mere trial of *might*, like our prize-fight; it was so used by armies and nations, as in the case of David and Goliath, or as when Charles V. challenged King Francis I. to single combat. But in mediæval times it got to be also used as a test of *right*, the feeling of a judicial trial by ordeal entering into the struggle between two persons, each claiming right on his side.

The judicial trial by ordeal was abandoned in the reign of Elizabeth, but the practice of private dueling has survived in spite of adverse legislation, and is exceedingly popular in France down to the present day. The law of civilized nations has, however, always been dead against it. In 1599, the Parliament of Paris went so far as to declare every duelist a rebel to His Majesty; nevertheless, in the first eighteen years of Henri Quatre's reign no fewer than 4,000 gentlemen are said to have perished in duels, and Henri himself remarked, when Creyin challenged Don Philip of Savoy, "If I had not been the King I would have been your second." Lord Herbert, Ambassador at the court of Louis XIII., wrote home that he scarcely ever met a French gentleman of repute who had not either killed his man or meant to do so, and this in spite of laws so severe that the two greatest duelists of the age, the Count de Bouteville and the Marquis de Beuron, were both beheaded, being taken *in flagrante delicto*.

Louis XIV. published another severe edict in 1679, and had the courage to enforce it. The practice was checked for a time, but it received a new impulse after the close of the Napoleonic wars. The dullness of Louis Philippe's reign and the dissoluteness of Louis Napoleon's both fostered dueling. The present "opportunist" Republic bids fair to outbid both. You can scarcely take up a French newspaper without reading an account of various duels. Like the suicides in Paris, and the atrocious railway assaults in England, duels form a regular and much appreciated item of French daily news.

It is difficult to think of M. de Girardin's shooting dead poor Armand Carell—the most brilliant young journalist in France—without disgust, or to read of M. Rochefort's exploit the other day without a smile.

The shaking hands in the most cordial way with M. Rochefort, the compliments on his swordsmanship, what time the blood flowed from an ugly wound, inflicted by him as he was mopping his own neck, are all so many little French points (of honor ?) which we are sure his challenger, Captain Fournier, was delighted to see noticed in the papers. No doubt every billiard-room and *café* in Paris gloated over the details, and the heroes, Rochefort and Fournier, were duly *fêted*, and dined together as soon as their respective wounds were sufficiently healed.

Now, admitting that there are some affronts which the law cannot and does not take cognizance of, in these days such affronts are very few. That terrible avenger, public opinion, is in this nineteenth century a hundred-handed and a hundredfold more free, powerful and active than it used to be, before the printing-press, and, I may add, railways, telegraphs, and daily newspapers. But of all cases to which dueling, by the utmost stretch of honorable license, could be applied—a mere press attack is perhaps the least excusable.

Here are the French extolling the freedom of the English press by imitating—or trying to imitate—English independence, and the right to speak and act and scribble *sans gêne*—and it turns out that an honorable member in the Senate cannot lose his temper, or a journalist write a smart article, without being immediately requested to fight. "Risum teneatis, amici!" And this is the people who think themselves fit for liberty, let alone equality and fraternity (save the mark!).

The old town-clerk at Ephesus in attempting to compose a dispute of a rather more serious character some eighteen hundred years ago, between a certain Jew and a Greek tradesman, spoke some very good sense when he appealed to both disputants thus: "If Demetrius have a matter against any man the law is open, and there are deputies; let them implead one another."

Next time M. Rochefort pokes fun at Captain Fournier in the *Intransigeant*, we advise the captain, instead of pinking that witty but scurrilous person, to try the law of libel. If he wins, he will get money in his purse, which is better than an ugly gash in his side; if he loses, he will go home to consider his ways, and perchance amend them, under the stimulus of a just public rebuke —a sadder and perhaps a *wiser* man; that, indeed, both he and Rochefort might easily be.

DANTE.

By John B. Tagliaferri.

Dante Alighieri was born at Florence, the principal city of Tuscany, in Italy, on the 27th of May, 1265. His family was ancient and illustrious. In manuscripts of the fourteenth century, even in the same manuscript, the orthography of the family name varies, but the form we follow has been exclusively used from time immemorial.

Upon the occasion of a family festival and entertainment, in 1294, when he was nine years old, Dante beheld for the first time Beatrice Portinaci, the daughter of an opulent citizen of Florence, a girl but one year younger than himself. The impression made upon him by that sight was not only indelible, but of such a character as to work a change in his being. From that instant he conceived a pure, ardent, inextinguishable love for

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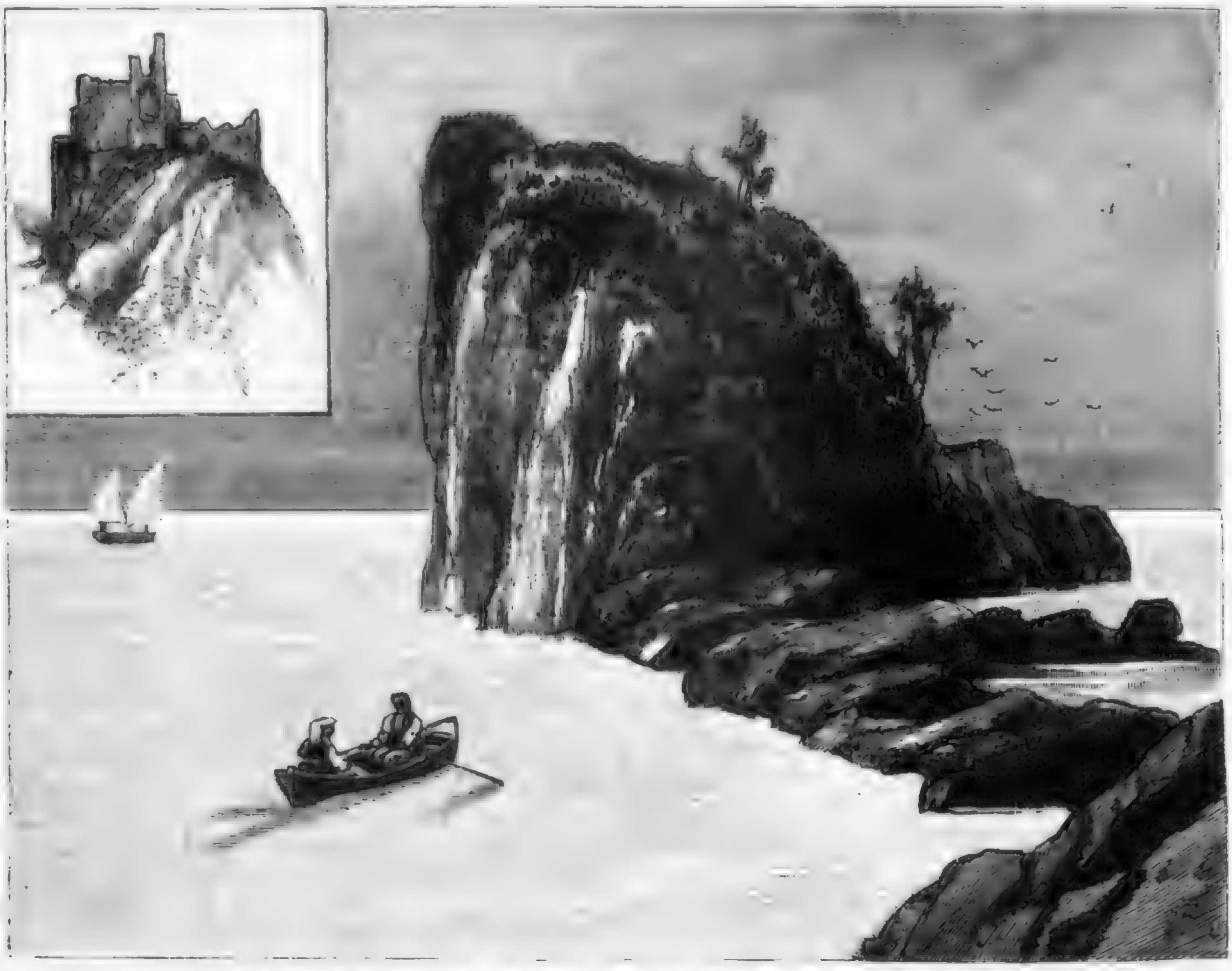


DANTE'S ROCK AT DUINO, ON THE SHORE OF THE ADRIATIC, WITH THE RUINED CASTLE.

Beatrice, and this love was the source from which emanated the poetical inspiration of his life.

The effect wrought upon Dante by the first sight of Beatrice, he himself, in later years, characterized by saying that it awakened in him a *new life.* And "Vita Nuova" is the title of his first work, which became generally known by the multiplication of manuscript copies about the year 1300. It is a collection of "Canzoni," or *songs*, breathing forth his love for Beatrice. Of each song he gives a minute analysis, besides the history of its origin—when and under what circumstances he had written it. But he has immortalized her name in a monument beyond comparison more magnificent than the "Vita Nuova." Yet the love was purely platonic. Beatrice was married to Simeone de' Bardi, a nobleman of Florence, and died very early in her life, about 1290.

Dante was quite young when his father died, and the care of the boy's education thus devolved entirely upon his mother, whose personal name was exceedingly uncommon—Bella. She discharged that delicate and responsible duty of parents with strict fidelity and sound judgment, availing herself of the counsel of Ser Brunetto Latini, who then enjoyed in Florence the deserved reputation of a great statesman, scholar and poet. As such is he known to posterity also. The members of the Crusca Academy, deputed to compile the most correct vocabulary of the Italian language, quote frequently from Ser Brunetto's Italian works, as examples of standard correctness. We make these remarks incidentally to show that at the time of Dante's birth the Italian language had already been brought almost to its perfection. To its further progress, however, chiefly in abundance and variety of expression, Dante himself, as well as the writers of his age, and of the two next succeeding generations, contributed largely.

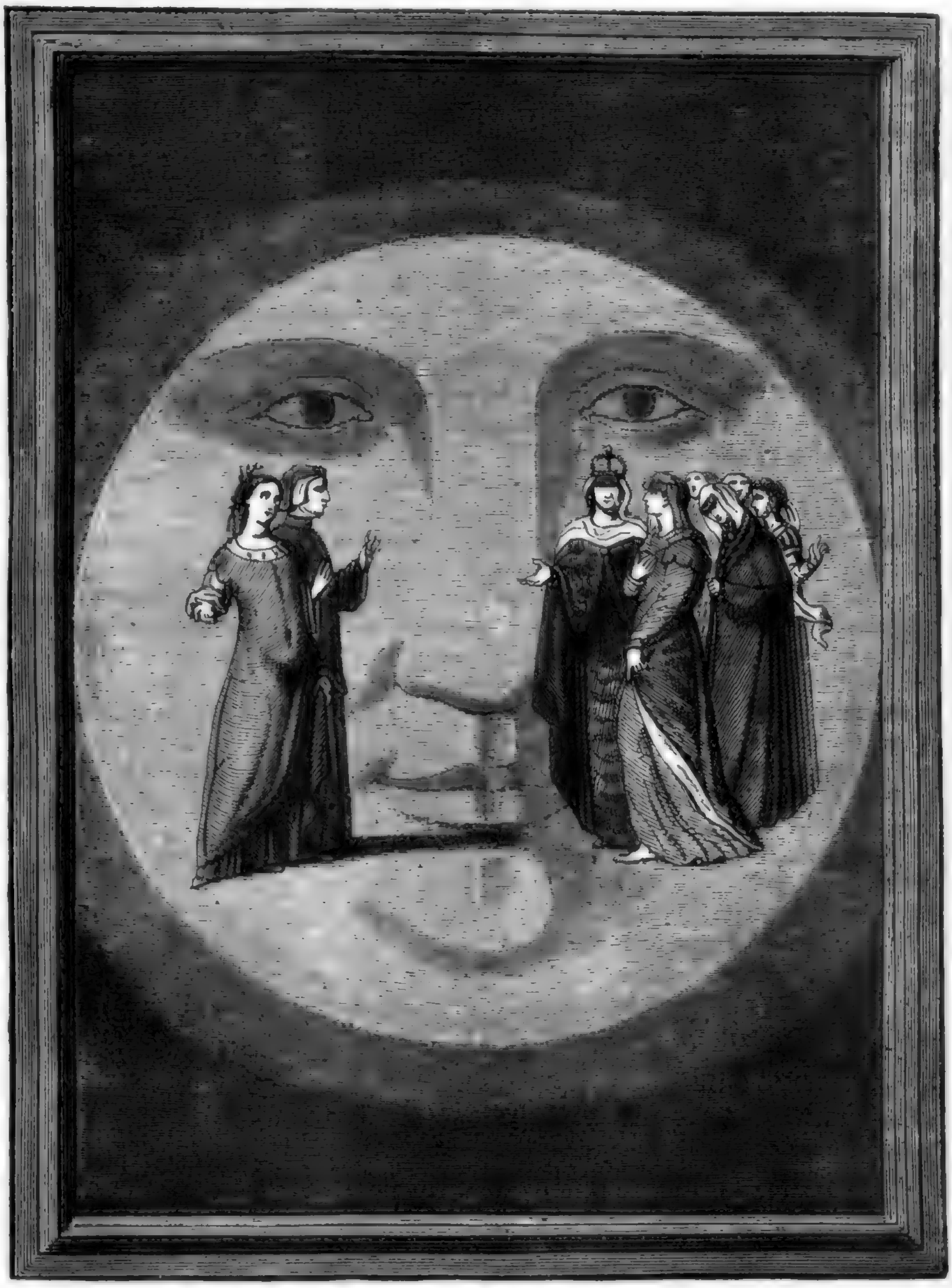
The literary education of Dante in Florence was probably confined to the rudiments of knowledge. The higher branches and philosophy he studied in riper years at the flourishing Universities of Bologna and Padua.

His literary and scientific studies, however, did not prevent Dante from fulfilling the duties of a citizen in peace or war. He personally fought in the Florentine ranks against the citizens of Arzzeo, at the successful battle of Campaldino, in 1289, and the next year he was at the taking of the fortress of Caprona.

In the various departments of the public administration at home or abroad, in times of peace, Dante was intrusted even more frequently than other citizens, as his personal high qualifications could not fail to be seen, and raise him in the estimation of the people *generally.* He was esteemed to possess a special fitness for the diplomatic service, and was often called upon to negotiate with foreign sovereignties on behalf of the Republic of Florence.

Politics may be said to have formed the chief ingredient of Dante's individual character. He devoted heart and soul to politics, which absorbed the whole man; it was the subject of his meditations; the principal motor of his outward actions. He warmly desired by honorable actions to distinguish himself in the proper discharge of the duties of a citizen, so as to gain the goodwill and respect of all; the ultimate object which he aimed at being to forward the interests and power of his country, or of the party to which he belonged, not forgetting his personal exaltation and aggrandizement. Neither can we marvel at this when we consider that Dante lived in an age when all Italy was convulsed, and when Florence was, perhaps, the most turbulent spot on the peninsula.

During the thirteenth century, shortly after the middle of which Dante was born, as also during the twelfth and the fourteenth centuries, a large portion of the Italian territory was parceled into separate little sovereignties, dukedoms, principalities, republics, or otherwise. In every one the educated class was divided into two antagonistic parties or factions, named *Guelphs* and *Ghibellines*—the Guelphs professing to support the interests of the Pope against the German Emperor in state matters, the Ghibillines favoring the German Emperor against the Pope. When fortune gave either of these parties the upper hand, the victors laid Italy waste, and spread confusion, disorder and misery through the land.



DANTE AND BEATRICE.—FROM A MINIATURE BY GIULIO CLOVIO.

The City of Florence was the focus of the general strife, the evils arising from political antagonism being there more frequent, more lasting, and more calamitous; as if the two contending parties within her bosom had been actuated against each other by fiercer animosity and more insatiable thirst of revenge than elsewhere. Open tumults and conflicts were frequent, leading even to bloodshed: although the ordinary end of such disturbances was ostracism inflicted on the leaders of the defeated party. They were banished from the city, and thus forced to live abroad, wherever they could find a refuge.

The City of Florence may be said, on the whole, to have been Guelph rather than Ghibelline; but the dominant party itself was there subdivided into two branches—the Neri and the Bianchi (*Blacks* and *Whites*); the Neri being the unconditional supporters of the Pope's interests; the Bianchi supporting him under certain conditions—which, in the eyes of the Neri, gave them a more decided Ghibelline leaning. Hence these two branches, although both of them Guelph, opposed and persecuted each other with more unrelenting hatred and deadlier enmity than mere Guelph and mere Ghibelline, as originally formed, might have done. Dante belonged to the Bianchi; and most zealous was he in promoting the interests and power of his faction.

The names of Guelph and Ghibelline appear to have been derived from the names of two powerful German families—*Welf* and *Waiblinger*—the representatives of which, in the twelfth century, were the chiefs of two rival parties in the German Empire, and whose feuds became afterward embodied in the principles for which they respectively contended. The first actual assumption of these names in Germany is commonly fixed on the day of the great battle of Weinsberg, in Suabia, fought in 1140, between the two claimants for the German Empire—Henry, of the house of Welf, Duke of Saxony, and surnamed the Lion, and Conrad of Hohenstaufen, Duke of Franconia. In this battle the followers of the rival princes were led to action with the respective war-cries, "*Here Welf!*" "*Here Waiblinger!*" As the German Emperor had then large possessions in Italy, and the competitors for the Empire usually fought their battles on Italian soil, it was perfectly natural that the Italians who sided with either one of the rival princes should assume his name; hence those German names were Italianized, and softened into *Guelfi* and *Ghibellini.* But how the word Guelph came to signify a party devoted to the interests of the Pope, is not easy, perhaps not possible, to discover.

The names Guelph and Ghibelline, though employed by the two parties as rallying war-cries in their fierce conflicts, which cost Italy so much blood and suffering, had in reality no solid foundation. The Popes, with few exceptions, publicly condemned the use of the names, and finally ended in abolishing them altogether.

As early as 1272, when Dante was seven years of age, Pope Gregory X. reproved the Italians for their dissensions and sanguinary strifes for the sake of names, the import of which few, if any, among them could understand or explain. And Benedict XII., who sat on the Pontifical chair in the next century (1334-1342), in the very first year of his reign practically disavowed the reality of any grounds of division between Guelph and Ghibelline, and under the measures of the Church forbade any further use of those two names. The object aimed at by Benedict XII. in this edict was in time realized, as with the closing years of the fourteenth century the famous names vanish as titles of political parties actually existing in Italy.

Dante belonged to the *White* branch of the Guelphs, and whether actually in or out of office, at home or abroad, most zealously promoted the interests and power of the Bianchi. Without inquiring into the civil offices held by him at Florence, or the foreign missions in which he was employed as ambassador in his early life, it is quite sufficient to point here at the fact that in 1300, when yet a comparatively young man of thirty-five years, Dante was made one of the Priori of Florence; that is to say, raised to the highest dignity in the line of civil offices which the Florentine Government ever had in its power to bestow on a citizen, either as a reward for services in the past, or in the hope and expectation of benefiting by his services in the future, or both. To provide for the internal government of the city, Florence was distributed into Sections, numbering at first four, called *Quarters*, to which, on the city limits being enlarged, two more Sections were added, and all named "Sesti," *Sixths*, one of these being formed of the part situated beyond the River Arno. Each of the Sections was governed with almost absolute power by one of the Priori, all of whom might thus be regarded as so many little sovereigns within their respective jurisdictions.

But if the office of Priore exalted Dante so high, it was also the beginning, if not the direct cause, of the misfortunes which pursued him during the rest of his life.

It happened that the leaders of the Neri raised a tumult in the city, were defeated, and banished. They hastened to Rome, to lay their grievances before the Pope—Boniface VIII.—but the Bianchi sent Dante as their representative to counteract the schemes of the Neri, charge them with the responsibility of the late tumult, and assure his Holiness that as foes of the peace the Neri had been justly expelled. Boniface VIII. is accused, and on good grounds, of having acted in concert with the Neri from the outset. He sent Charles de Valois, brother of Philip IV., King of France, to Florence, ostensibly as a peacemaker, to restore tranquillity and public order; but the peace effected by the prince consisted in recalling the exiled Neri and in giving up the houses and property of the Bianchi to be plundered by their adversaries. Then he banished many of the Bianchi, Dante being one of the exiles.

"He had left Florence for Rome on a political pilgrimage, never more to enter the gates of his native city. They were closed against him for ever. But in the words of Michael Angelo—

> 'Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates
> To whom his country refused to ope.'

Being at Rome, he heard the sentence pronounced against him; perpetual exile, confiscation of his property, and death by fire, should he ever again set foot in Florence."

An exile, restlessly tossed hither and thither, he was forced to pass his days at Arezzo, at Padua, at one place after another, under the protection of some powerful individual. As he was generally known and highly esteemed everywhere, we may indeed believe that he was in all places heartily welcomed and honorably treated, publicly and privately; but to a man of such sensibility, self-respect, lofty mind, and we may say, pride, we may also imagine how deeply painful must have proved this life, passed far from his home and depending entirely upon the goodwill of strangers — as it were, at their mercy.

After their banishment in 1300, the exiled Bianchi attempted more than once to return to Florence, even by force of arms, but always unsuccessfully. Their last struggle was made in 1304, and that, too, proved a failure.

It was in consequence of this miscarriage that Dante, having before him no prospect of his returning home, left Italy and went to Paris, where he spent several years. There he also studied theology at the University, which was then at the pinnacle of its fame, especially in the sacred sciences. Shortly before Dante's birth St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventure, called respectively the Angelic and the Seraphic Doctors, had been conspicuous figures as students and as lecturers at Paris.

In 1308, the son of Henry, Count of Luxemburg, was raised to the Imperial dignity by the suffrages of all the six Electors—his selection being the first example of unanimity in such elections. On ascending the throne he assumed the name of Henry VII. In 1310 this Emperor passed into Italy at the head of a formidable army, his object being to put an end to the public disorder, devastations and other misfortunes caused in that country by the fierce animosities and persecutions which the Guelphs and Ghibellines inflicted on each other in turn. He marched to Rome, and was forced to enter the gates of the Eternal City as an enemy, sword in hand. He was crowned by the Pope at the Lateran Church in 1312. This Emperor's visit to Italy, and his march into Rome, were too favorable opportunities for Dante to let them pass unheeded. He set out from Paris and returned to his native land, where he exerted all his energies in forwarding the Emperor's cause, which he identified with his own. With this purpose in view, he was indefatigable in addressing ardent letters to the princes of Italy, urging them to join in aid of the Emperor. To this end, and at this time, he is also said to have written his work "De Monarchia." But all his endeavors proved fruitless. The siege of Florence was unsuccessful, and the death of Henry VII., in August, 1313, scattered the last hopes of Dante to the winds.

Under these circumstances he took refuge at Ravenna, where he passed all the remaining years of his life, under the protection and at the court of Guido Novello da Polenta.

This prince had a high personal regard for Dante, admitted him into his confidence, and took counsel with him about the affairs of his principality, thus showing that he considered the refugee not as a stranger but as a friend—nay, as one of his household. Of this he gave an unmistakable proof in 1321, when, knowing, or having reason to apprehend, that the Venetians intended to make war against him, Guido Novello clothed Dante with the dignity of his ambassador, and sent him to Venice to negotiate with the rulers of that republic a treaty of alliance or of amity. From this mission Dante returned in shattered health to Ravenna, and died in that city on September 27th, 1321. Some ascribe this mission of Dante to Venice as the immediate cause of his death, asserting that he sank under the indignity with which the Venetians treated him.

"Striking is the closing scene of that eventful life; when, his work on earth accomplished, the great poet lay down to die in the palace of Ravenna, wrapped in the cowl and mantle of a Franciscan friar. By his side was his friend Guido Novello, the nephew of that lovely Francesca, whose passionate desires and cruel death have become immortal in the poet's song. It was the day of the Holy Cross, and perhaps a solemn anthem was the last sound that reached the ears of the dying man, when, between life and death, 'he beheld eyes of light that wandered like stars.'"

After his death the cowl and robe was removed, and he was clothed in the garments of a poet, and his friend pronounced his eulogy in the palace.

"Thus died the great Italian poet, and it may be truly said that the gloomy forests of Ravenna seem still to breathe forth the sighs of the dying man, so intimately associated with his spirit are all the places that knew him upon earth."

Politics, to which Dante devoted all the faculties of mind and body, entailed on him all his misfortunes—in fact, the utter ruin of social position, and the enjoyment of a tranquil life in the city he loved so well; but yet, to his political career and to the treatment he experienced at the hands of political opponents, and to his consequent sufferings, the world is indebted for the incomparable poem of "Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso," which Dante never would otherwise have been inspired to write; certainly not in the form in which it has come to us.

During the whole course of his political career, Dante condemned the distorted views of the opposite party, as well as the unfair means employed to carry them into effect and to thwart the measures of his own party; and he suffered keenly from the injuries personally done him by his antagonists, but more especially at the catastrophe in 1300, when the Neri gained possession of the Florentine Government, and openly abused their ill-gotten power. The feelings of hatred and resentment awakened in his soul by personal wrongs account for the extreme severity of Dante's lines where his political adversaries are judged. As he was unable to revenge himself by force, he distilled into his immortal poem the quintessence of his high-wrought feelings. He hurls the keenest shafts of satire on his political foes, designating the most exalted by name, and thus covering them with eternal infamy.

He gave his poem the title of "Commedia," not so much because it begins with the torments of Hell and ends with the joys of Paradise, as because he wrote it, not in the Latin language still generally used by persons of literary culture, but in the Italian spoken by the common people, the vulgar: although the vernacular, especially in Tuscany, had already attained almost to perfection.

To the name "Commedia," by which Dante designated his poem, the admiration of posterity has added the epithet of "Divina," the two words being now inseparable.

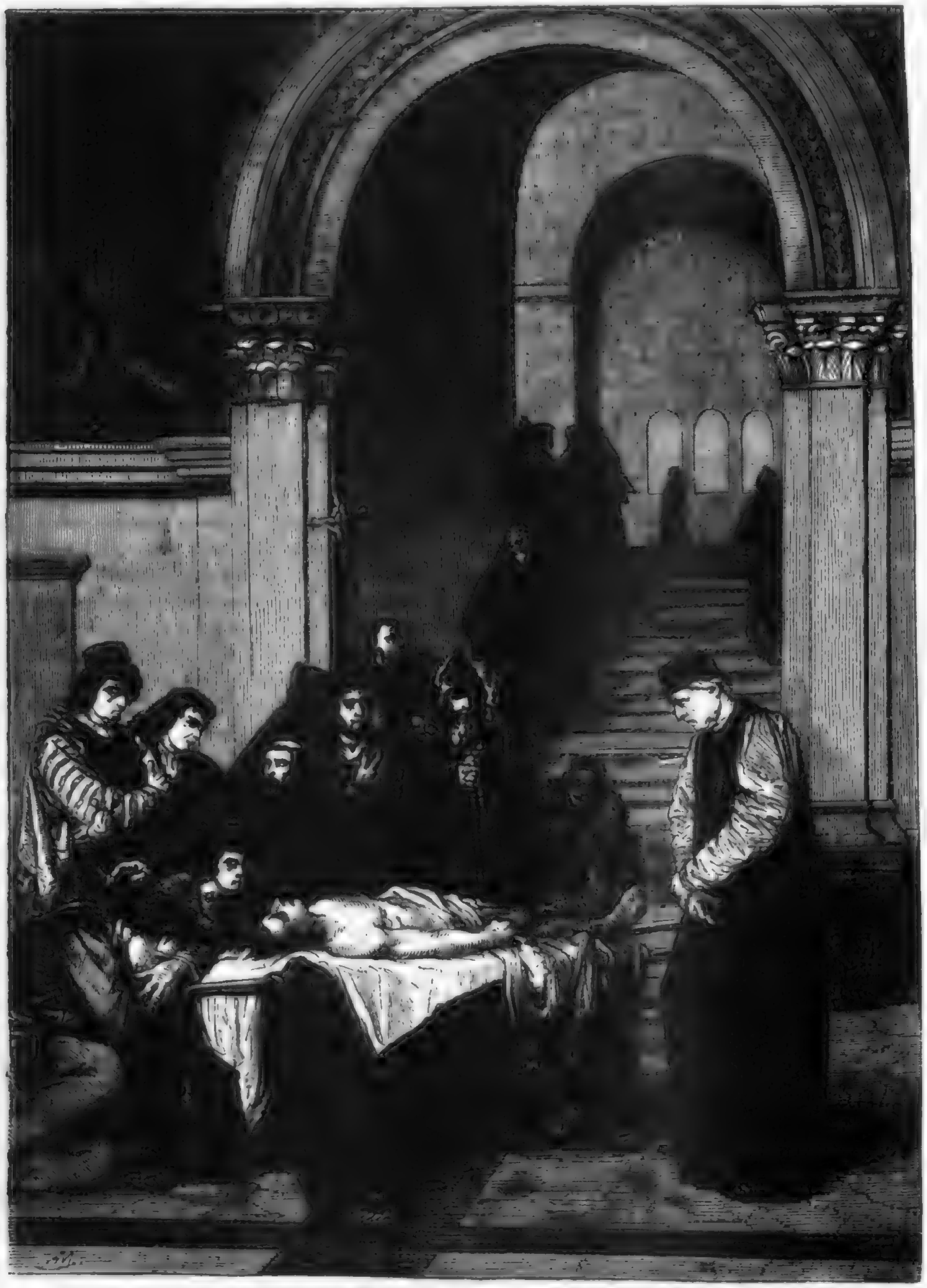
The infinite variety of the matters that enter into the "Divina Commedia," the apparent obscurity of many of them, render it impossible to give the contents of the poem, even in a short and summary way; but a general idea will best serve and interest the reader.

Under figurative language, Dante represents himself in the thirty-fifth year of his age, or in the middle of the longest course commonly run by men on earth. He finds himself in a dark wood where the right path is lost; signifying the vices and errors of man's life, and his own. He resolves, however, to save himself from so perilous a situation, and sees no other way of escape except by ascending a little mountain which rises before him from the end of the dark wood, its summit already illumined by the first rays of the sun; but the ascent of the mountain is barred by three wild beasts—a panther, a lion, and a most meagre she-wolf—which guard the foot and slopes of the hill, watching his every movement, evincing a great eagerness to attack and devour him if he dares to climb it. The little mountain symbolizes the ordinary course of human life, the three wild beasts which beset it signifying the three vices whereby almost every man while passing through life allows himself to be insnared, thoroughly possessed, and finally lost for ever—namely, the panther, sensual appetites, or lusts; the lion, pride or vanity; the lean she-wolf, avarice, the cravings of which are never satiated. These force Dante to remain below in the dark wood, and he begins to despair of safety. In this strait he descries at some distance the figure of a man, whether real or spectral, he knows not. To this figure he appeals for aid to save him from the fangs of the three beasts. The figure thus appealed to proves to be Virgil, the great Latin bard, who declares that he is there to extricate Dante out of difficulty; that he has come at the request of Beatrice, who, warned of Dante's perilous situation by two other heavenly spirits, had left her blessed abode and come to bid Virgil go and liberate her friend. Thus Virgil takes Dante under his guidance, tells him that it would have been certain destruction to attempt to climb the hill, and not a way of escape, as he had supposed; but that he will lead Dante by another path, enabling him on the way to behold the eternal torments of Hell and the temperorary sufferings of Purgatory. Then Virgil, not being permitted himself to ascend higher, because while on earth he had not known the one true God, but worshiped false gods, will place Dante in the hands of a more worthy guide to lead him up to the heavenly mansion.

In the "Divina Commedia," Hell is represented as a funnel-shaped hollow, in whose gradually contracting circles are punished men who on earth were addicted to special vices; the circle, and the torments endured in it, corresponding to their respective vices. The lowest and narrowest circle is at the centre of the earth; and Satan himself occupies it. Purgatory is a mountain rising solitary from the ocean on that side of the earth which stands opposite to ours. It consists of a succession of terraces, in which are detained the souls of men who sinned and *duly* repented, but had not entirely removed during life the stain of past transgression which has to be cleansed away by the fire of Purgatory: for only in the condition of perfect purity can the soul of man be admitted into the immediate presence of God. At the summit of the mountain of Purgatory is the Terrestrial Paradise, which was the first abode of man while innocent, and from which he was expelled by his disobedience. From the Terrestrial Paradise begins the ascent toward the Celestial; the gradual steps being formed by the Seven Planetary Heavens, the Heaven of the Fixed Stars, the *Primum Mobile*, and the Empyrean, which is the fixed seat of God.

XUM

Dante makes his poetical voyage through Hell and Purgatory under the conduct of Virgil, as the representative of Sensual, or Human, Reason; Virgil then resigns him to Beatrice, as the representative of Revelation; and Beatrice commits him to the care of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, by whom he is led up through the several Heavens, until he beholds the Triune God.



AN EPISODE OF THE WARS IN THE TIME OF DANTE.

Before actually entering on his journey, Dante passes some places, among them the "Limbo," where he shows, assembled in distinct groups, the most famous personages of the ancient world, who rose above their fellow men in letters, sciences, arts, useful knowledge, or whatever is generally admired by mankind—poets, philosophers, mathematicians, orators, warriors, and others. Their condition is free from pain, but devoid of pleasure, with a constant yearning for a better state, for which they can entertain no hope.

While passing the three regions into which the "Commedia" is divided, Dante introduces short conversations with distinguished personages, who had passed from earth shortly before his time. And while safely passing over Hell he does not forget to place in its different prisons some of the most renowned of his political enemies. These he designates by name, giving the special torments which they endure, and their feelings under their chastisement, thus making the reader listen to their words and witness their despair.

It is not easy to present the beauties which adorn, or, rather, constitute, the "Divina Commedia"— the sublimity of ideas, the inexhaustible fund of imagination, the wide extent of general knowledge, unequaled wit, ardor of sentiment, keen satire, fire of expression, purity of language. As one reads the poem, beauties are met not singly, but in clusters.

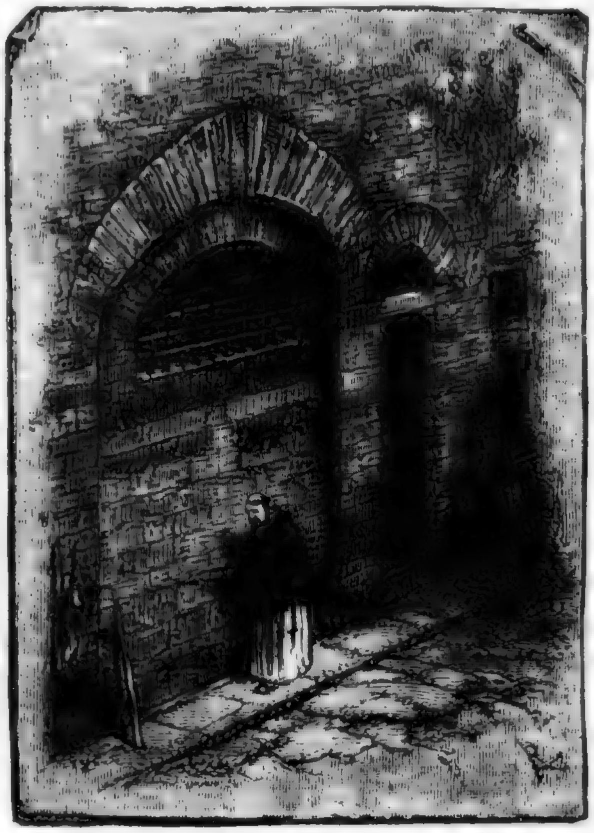
"We are to consider the Divine Poem as the mirror of the age in which the poet lived. He was wandering about homeless as he composed, almost borrowing the ink he wrote with! As we read, we follow him in all his steps and feelings. When he approached a city's gate he could not but be reminded that into the gates of Florence he could go no more. When he beheld the towers of feudal castles cresting the distant hills, he felt how arrogant are the strong, how much abused the weak. Every brook and river reminded him of the Arno, and the brooklets that descend from Casentino. Every voice told him by its strange accent that he was an exile; and every home he saw said to him, in its sympathies even, 'Thou art homeless!'"

"All these things found expression in his poem, and much of the beautiful description of landscape, and of the morning and evening, bears the freshness of that impression which is made on the mind of the foot-traveler who sits under the trees at noon, and leaves or enters towns when the morning or evening bells are ringing."

Goethe read the "Divina Commedia," and did not like it. A recent writer says of Goethe's judgment on the three principal parts of the "Divina Commedia": "One would have scarcely thought that Dante could be reproached for such a failing" as dullness, "by a great brother-poet; but Goethe is said to have told a young Italian that he thought the Inferno *abominable;* the Purgatorio, *doubtful;* and the Paradiso, *tiresome.*"

Nor can we wonder at such a judgment if we reflect on that all-pervading and all-absorbing quality of Goethe's personal character. "The thing that jars upon the mind throughout Goethe's life, in his letters, in his books—in everything he said and did," says a critic, "is the absence of anything like devotion to any being, *human* or *divine,* morally above himself."

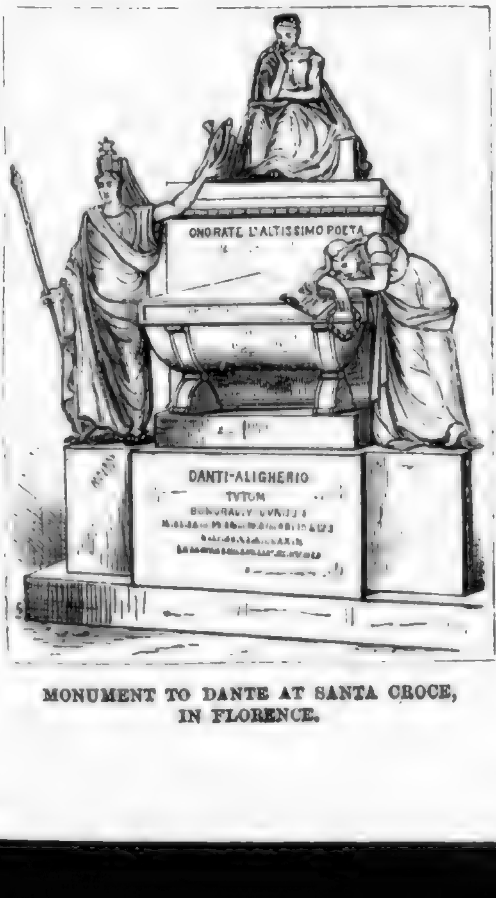
One may very properly ask whether Goethe understood Dante.



DANTE'S BIRTHPLACE, FLORENCE.

The Italians of the cultivated classes, and those among them who are most famous in literature and science, understand the "Divina Commedia" with difficulty, and many parts of it not at all, even when they have read and reread it. And this is the case with the learned Italians of the present day as much as it has ever been with those who have lived during the centuries since Dante's death.

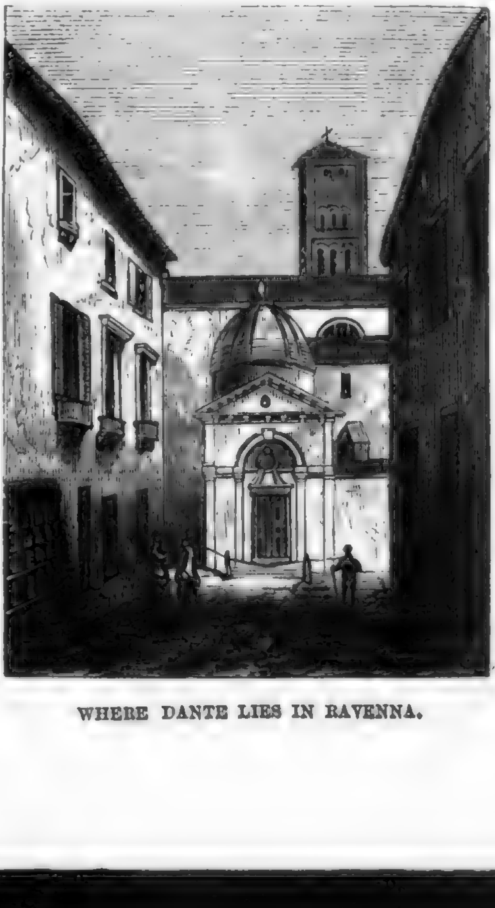
The "Commedia" became generally known while the poet was living. The precise time when it first appeared cannot be absolutely determined. Franco Sacchetti, who was forty years old when Giovanni Boccaccio died, and who, next to Boccaccio, is the greatest Italian novelist, assures us that Dante was personally present, and living peaceably with his fellow-citizens in Florence, at the time when his poem was commonly known, not only to the learned in the city, but also to the vulgar; so much so that artisans and all sorts of workmen knew portions of it by heart, and sang its verses while attending to their avocations. In two of Sacchetti's novels Dante is introduced sharply rebuking a cartman in the street, and a smith at the anvil, because the poet heard them sing his verses incorrectly. Some infer from this that Dante published the "Commedia" before his banishmrnt. But if this was really the case, the poet during his exile must have added powerful passages to his poem, especially those where he consigns to the Inferno his chief political enemies, for many of them were alive when he was banished, in 1300; as, for instance, Pope Boniface VIII., who died in 1303.



MONUMENT TO DANTE AT SANTA CROCE, IN FLORENCE.

But whether the "Divina Commedia" appeared early or late in the poet's life, or even after it, the fact is that, as soon as it appeared, learned men, finding many passages and whole parts of it unintelligible and obscure, began to write commentaries, to interpret and explain it. The multitude of these glosses and comments prove that the perusal of the "Divina Commedia" was a repast of no easy digestion, even for readers belonging to the most cultivated classes in literature and science. Some of these commentators were contemporaries with Dante. Such was the anonymous author of the "Comento" which the compilers of the Crusca Dictionary distinguish with the honorable epithets of the "Antico," the "Buono," and the "Ottimo." Men who lived in 1333—as Giotto, the celebrated Italian painter, who died in 1336, and historical events which occurred in 1323, as the fall of the Pontevecchio, or Old Bridge, into the River Arno—are mentioned by this anonymous commentator as living and occurring at the time when he wrote.

A splendid and correct edition of the "Divina Commedia," with the "Ottimo Comento" on each page, appeared at Pisa, in 1827, in three volumes. The necessity, or ability, of explaining Dante's poem, on account of its apparent obscurity, was acknowledged not only by the learned, but also by the Italian communities at large, which established professorships for elucidating the poem in public lectures. Fifty-two years after Dante's death Florence appropriated an annual sum for that purpose, and



WHERE DANTE LIES IN RAVENNA.

appointed as the first lecturer the celebrated Boccaccio. These lectures were delivered in a church, and on Sundays. We are informed by Boccaccio himself that the first of his lectures was delivered on Sunday, October 23d, 1323. He addresses his audience by saying that these his lessons are intended for the service and instruction "chiefly of men of high understanding and of admirable perspicacity—such as you gentlemen of Florence generally are."

Boccaccio devoted himself with great zeal to the task imposed on him as Dantean lecturer, and pursued it up to the sixteenth chapter of the Inferno, inclusive. Failing health obliged him to resign his office. His "Comento on the first sixteen chapters of the Inferno of Dante" was preserved in a public library, and finally published in 1724. Boccaccio also wrote the "Life and Manners of Dante Alighieri."

In other communities of Italy, and about the same time, chairs were erected for explanatory lectures on the "Divina Commedia," to be delivered to public audiences. More than one translation of the "Divina Commedia" has appeared in almost every language of Europe. There are two Latin translations of the whole poem—that of Carlo d'Aquino (1728), and that of Piazza (1848).

The German translations are numerous, and such as no other modern language can equal in faithfulness. Kannegiesser translated the whole poem in the measure and rhyme of the original; but the translation by Prince John of Saxony is said by some to be the best. The chief English translations are Boyd's, Carey's, and Carlisle's, all in blank verse; Wright's, in triple rhymes; and Cayley's, in the original ternary rhymes. The most recent is that of Longfellow.

THE KING AND THE PEASANT.

A PLEASANT story is told of King Humbert of Italy, who is a skillful and enthusiastic sportsman, and who often goes out alone, gun in hand, in search of game, with two setters for attendants.

During one of these solitary excursions he was met by a peasant, who was amazed and delighted at the skill with which the King winged a covey of partridges. He complimented the sportsman on his shooting, and told him if he would come to his farm the next morning at daybreak, and kill a fox that had been stealing his chickens, he would not mind giving him a couple of francs.

King Humbert kept the appointment, killed the fox, ate breakfast with the family, and received his two francs, delighting the humble family with his good-nature and affability.

Two days afterward the peasant was amazed by the visit of an officer in a gorgeous carriage bringing presents to the family from the King, and was greatly confused on learning that he had employed the King of Italy to rid his hen-roost of a thief.

IT is not known where he that invented the plow was born, nor where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world than the whole race of heroes and of conquerors, who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage and education have been handed down to us with a precision precisely proportionate to the mischief they have done.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

EMBOWERED in all its native green,
Half hidden 'mid the trees,
A sweetly rural sylvan scene
Of quietude and ease,
The village stands, where once my feet
Oft roamed in careless play,
And just as innocent and sweet
It seems to me to-day.

Old Time hath gently laid his hand
And poured his balmy hours,
Soft as the hour-glass' trickling sand,
Upon its pleasant bowers.
They still remain as fresh and bright,
From care as far and free,
As they in youth's glad morning light
First seemèd unto me.

The glistening lime-trees shed perfume
As sweet to passers-by;
The chestnuts are as full of bloom,
The oaks as broad and high;
The cawing rooks as thickly crowd
Above the elm-girt pool;
The joyous urchins shout as loud
When they come forth from school.

I hear the drowsy hum of bees
Just as I heard it then;
The twittering birds upon the trees,
The busy sounds of men;
And fancy links them to the past
With Memory's subtle chain,
And makes me, while they briefly last,
Feel like a child again!

The shadows glancing 'neath the trees
Seem playmates blithe and gay,
That still my dreaming spirit sees
Around me at their play;
I hear their voices in the breeze,
So soft and sweet and low—
Glad echoes whispered through the trees
From the time of long ago.

'Twas here we played in childhood's home.
'Tis here our hearts come back,
Though widely now apart we roam
On life's divergent track;
'Tis here the Present and the Past
Are joyfully entwined,
And later days of sadness cast
Their darkness all behind.

Sweet village! Sweet sequestered bower.
Peaceful and bright and free!
Our weary hearts in weary hour
Shall turn full oft to thee;
And kindling memories shall flow,
When youth and strength decay,
To where thy blossomed branches throw
Their shadows o'er the way!

ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS.

LITTLE as it may be regarded as such by the casual observer, the trunk of an elephant is one of the wonders of Nature. It is estimated to contain something like forty thousand muscles, strangely interlaced and curiously arranged so as to give it the fullest diversity of movement. It communicates with the head by a system of nerves which give it almost the precision and delicacy of the human finger.

The elephant breathes through his trunk, and when wild it is not an unfrequent thing for it to take to the water and swim for some distance completely submerged, with nothing but the tip of its trunk visible

In those great forest fights that one reads about, this lord of the woods, even when most severely pressed, takes care to fight with its trunk aloft.

The elephant's tusks, however, are almost as remarkable in construction as the trunk. Apart from their great value, they have a most curious interest. Hard as we all know ivory to be, the roots of the tusks are a sort of ever-growing pulp, which, as the tusks wear out from year to year, gradually pushes forward and hardens. It is no uncommon thing to find bullets thus embedded in the solid ends of these tusks—bullets which originally lodged, during some hunt, in the pulp at the roots, but which have, in the course of years, been steadily pushed forward and forward ,until, in the end, they would have been thrown off altogether.

The great Darwin was for some time considerably exercised in his mind as to the real use of these tusks. Finding, however, that they were only present in the male species, he decided that they were intended as weapons.

It may be stated that, if the elephant's tusks happen to turn downward, the animal will take wild beasts, such as tigers, and endeavor to pin them to the ground; whereas, if the tusks grow outward, it will use them as a cow does its horns.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM A MONSTER PINTADO-MURRAY.

Around Palmerston Island and neighboring groups a long reef has been built up by the little coral zoöphite. Indeed, the islands themselves are coral. The reef, made of many kinds, is nowhere more than fifteen or twenty feet under water, and at low tide not more than three or four feet from the top of the coral to the surface. It presents the appearance of an immense garden; the trees, flowers, and shrubs, are all found, and even the birds are represented by fishes of gorgeous hue. Near the edges of the channels that cut into the reef grow the delicate branch corals, rising up in innumerable points like an army of bayonets.

In between these jagged points craws, starfishes, sea-porcupines, and other curious creatures, find homes, safe from the large fishes that prey upon them. Darting in and out are the beautiful fishes called angels, from the wonderful tints of yellow, pink, blue, and red, that streak them. From their back protrudes a long spine, waving to and fro, and even their eyes flash blue and gold in rich imitation of the body shades. Others are entirely blue, while the red-snapper and the green-parrot fish form strange contrasts. The latter has a bill of bone, almost exactly like its large-billed aerial namesake.

In the large crevices we might find a fish with an enormous mouth and short, heavy body, weighing, perhaps, two hundred pounds—the jew-fish. A pair of green eyes, nestled in the midst of a mass of snakelike arms, that move about in nervous waves, tell of the hideous octopus, or devil-fish, whose arms, lined with suckers, possess terrible power.

These and many more infest the tree-like branches of this submarine forest. Near by beautiful fans, called gorgonia, spring from the sand, shaped like a fan, and composed of a network of minute coral animals. Some are rich pink, others brown, and again they appear in rare yellow, purple and black, waving to and fro in the restless tide; tipped with bright-colored shells, crabs and crimson sponges, they are, indeed, the ornaments of these gardens of the sea.

The most striking corals of these reefs are called head or brain corals, or, scientifically, *Meandrina;* they grow in great ovals, ten or twelve feet high, and often fifteen in circumference. They extend along the reef in a chain not unlike submarine islands, and growing near together, often form innumerable caverns, in which is found one of the most dreaded fish of the southern seas—the murray. They are in reality eel-like fishes, of the family *Murænædæ*, but more properly sea-snakes, having all the qualities that characterize the serpents of land, only more aggressive.

In Captain Cook's third voyage, made to these islands, he says: "One called the Pipiro by the natives, instead of shunning its pursuers, came fiercely toward them, raising its head out of water and attempting to bite them."

They are not confined to the Pacific Islands, but are found in our southern waters, and the writer was once severely bitten by a green murray while wading over a reef in Florida.

The pintodo is the most vindictive. Its color is black, covered with white spots; the mouth is armed with savage teeth, and its whole aspect is like the typical sea-serpent of which we hear so much and see so little. They rarely exceed four or five feet in length, and only within a few months has one been found that reached over fifteen feet, almost equaling the monster boas that infest the southern jungles.

In Palmerston Island the reefs are belted with ridges of huge heads, and at low tide the tops of them are quite shallow. The natives are in the habit of wading over them spear in hand, and harpooning the fish and craw-fish that live in the crevices formed by them. In the afternoon crowds of natives start out in their canoes, cross the narrow channel, and make for the great heads, one generally remaining in the boat, while the others wade on the rocks from one to another, jumping where they can, or swimming when the space is too great. The dark holes are inhabited by crawfish, much like our lobsters, only having no claws. It was during a search for them that the monster murray was seen.

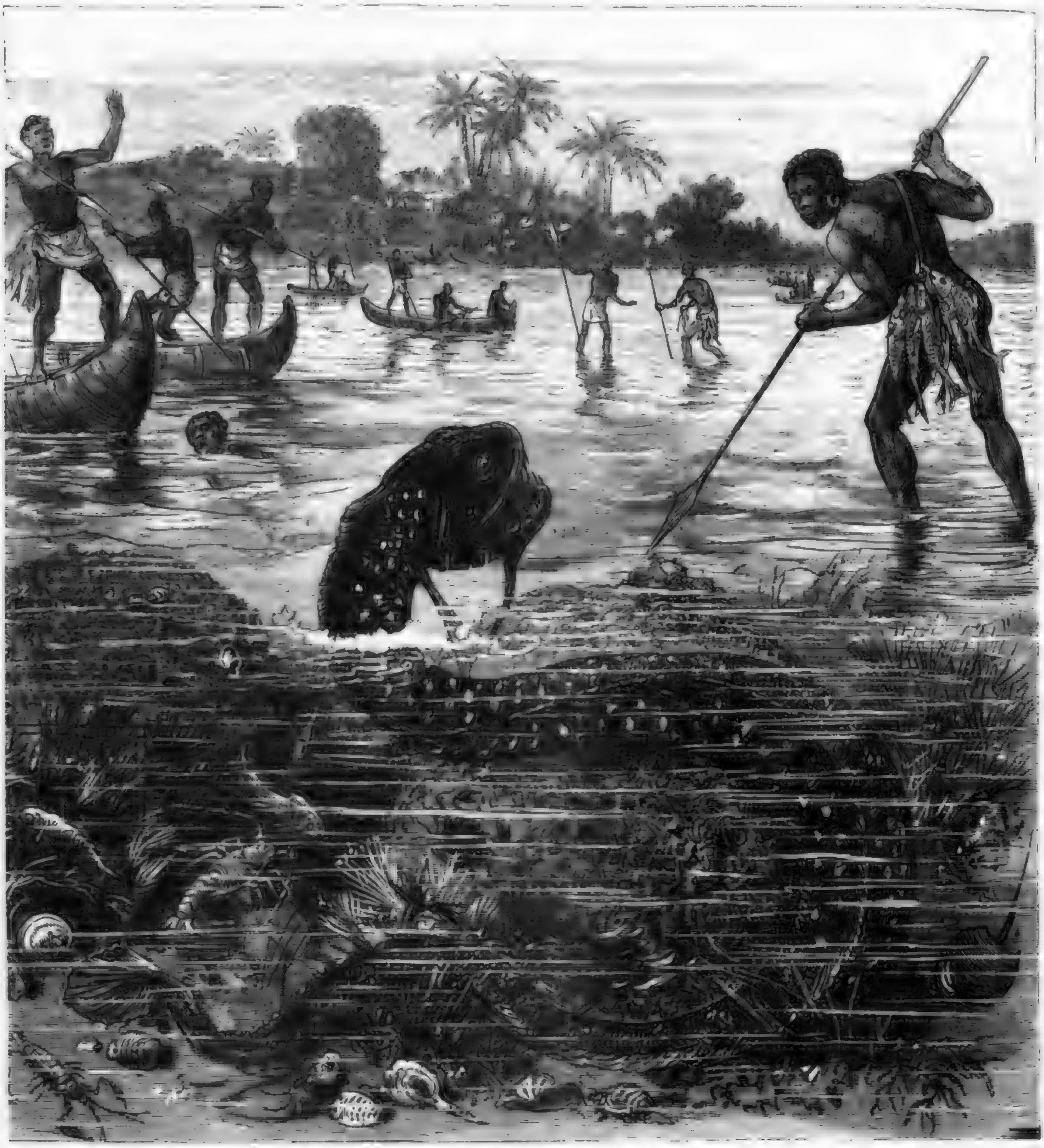
The men had left the canoe some distance behind, and were wading along, occasionally singling out a crawfish, and dragging him from his resting-place. They had just reached some very large heads skirted by a branch of coral, when one of the men, giving a cry of terror, sprang off into the water. The cause of this sudden action was immediately apparent, as right under the second man's feet arose the head of a gigantic murray, its eyes glistening with rage and its head moving to and fro in a savage manner; the first man had stepped right upon the terrible creature. The poor native was paralyzed with horror, and for a moment was unable to move, but luckily the pintado was lying twisted across the head, so that it could not strike at the moment. Recovering himself with a cry for help, he buried the small spear in the enormous neck of the monster, who, seizing it in his mouth, crushed it like a cornstalk, and wild with pain and rage, threw itself at the poor native. Diving into the foam caused by the terrible writhing of the animal, the man succeeded in reaching the canoe, and was dragged into it more dead than alive.

The spear-point, or grains, was still sticking in the animal, who was lashing the water with his immense tail, the white spots glistening in the sun, giving him a ghastly appearance, and the snake-teeth coming together in its agony in a manner that forbade approach.

For over an hour the canoes hovered around, not daring to draw near, but finally the convulsions of the

XUM

animal ceased, and some of the more daring approached. It was seen lying in the large inclosure between the weeds, the water all around it dyed with blood.



"WITH A CRY FOR HELP, HE BURIED THE SMALL SPEAR IN THE ENORMOUS NECK OF THE MONSTER."

One of the best shots took the grains, and venturing within twenty feet of it, hurled the weapon with unerring skill. It struck home, as a great coil of the monster shot out of the water, carrying a cloud of foam; the savage head would appear at one moment, then darting at the wounded part, it would fairly rend itself in its wild rage. As soon as it ceased another spear was hurled, striking it in the head, and another its back. The water was dyed with the blood, and although the animal was evidently disabled, not one of the natives would venture near. Spear after spear was lodged in the black mass long after it had ceased to move, and even then it was left until the next day.

When the news of the monster was spread, crowds of canoes drew around the spot, and spears were hurled, but no movement being seen, all drew near, and it was found the great snake was indeed dead. It was hauled up, a rope passed around it, and, amid the yells of the crowd, towed ashore and pulled up on the sands. It was found to measure nearly sixteen feet; its body was larger than that of a man's, and the fangs were three inches long. A terrible creature, and in reality, a serpent of the sea.

Who can tell but that larger murrays yet exist in the deep waters of the great oceans, appearing at odd times to frighten the men who go down to the sea in ships!

Mail-coaches were first set up in England in 1784.

TROPHIES FROM THE FIELDS OF SPRING.

THE DEATH-MARK.

By GARRETT WALKER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A HEAVY knock upon the outer door, in the over-excited state of every one's nerves, reverberated through the room with the intensity of a peal of thunder. At a glance from the chief, one of the men hastened to answer the summons, and after a short parley opened the door, and admitted the Juge d'Instruction and Leon Dantan. In the meantime the body of the murdered woman had been lifted from the floor and placed upon the counter, and the second gendarme had just lighted a large brass lamp, which hung by chains from the ceiling, as the

XUM

newcomers, conquering the feeling of repugnance which was aroused within them at the sight of the blood-stained floor, approached the group gathered around the counter.

The light of the lamp fell full upon the face of the corpse, and all the horror of that ghastly sight broke upon them at the first glance. The pale face and clinched teeth of Claude Duquesnay revealed the agitation which he struggled to master; but the emotion exhibited by the mayor astonished every one. His face rivaled that of the dead woman in its pallid and ashen hue; large drops of perspiration stood upon his clammy forehead; he reeled, staggered backward, and would have fallen to the ground, had not Duquesnay and Henri caught him in their arms.

"*Mon Dieu*, Leon!" said the judge. "Bear up, man, bear up. *This* is a terrible sight, but our duty is not to weep and lament the dead, but rather to strive, if possible, to avenge them."

Dantan, who had concealed his face upon his nephew's shoulder, looked up at these words from his friend, revealing as he did so a countenance in which was stamped the look of such agony, in the wild staring eyes and quivering features, as sent a chill to the heart of every one.

Gazing on the agitated visage of the mayor, Aristide suddenly remembered the strange conversation between Leon and himself upon the occasion of his first visit to that gentleman's house.

Could the old idea, the old suspicion which had evidently caused such uneasiness to Monsieur Dantan, and which seemed to have been partially allayed when the Argus-eye of justice fixed upon Stephanie Marrois as the agent of her husband's death? Could this old suspicion now have returned in the presence of another corpse, which bore upon it the fatal sign-manual of Marrois's assassin?

Studying the faces of his companions to see if he could read in any of them thoughts similar to his own, his eyes suddenly fell upon Charles Guimand, the agent of police from Paris.

The man was watching the mayor with the utmost closeness and attention, with a keen, inquiring expression in his gray eyes that to Vis seemed very like the glance of suspicion.

Aristide had but a moment for his observation: for, as if by some mesmeric influence, the eyes of the detective were suddenly attracted to him. It was like the removal of a mask; the keen, suspicious look disappeared as if by enchantment, and the man's face resumed its habitual expression.

While this was passing, Leon Dantan had managed by a vigorous effort to regain his calmness, though his countenance still bore traces of the violence of the struggle that had been required to accomplish this conquest of his emotion. His voice was low and tremulous when he spoke.

"*Mon Dieu*, Claude!" he said. "What does this mean? Is our unfortunate town accursed? I say again, what does this mean? You spoke of revenge, of jealousy, when I asked you this question before; but who could entertain feelings of revenge or jealousy against this unfortunate? Poor Pauline Robert! Poor woman!"

The tears gathered in his eyes as he said these words, and grief rendered him silent for the moment.

"It does indeed seem inexplicable," replied the judge. "Everything about this place appears undisturbed. This could never have been the work of a robber."

He looked inquiringly toward the chief of police, who hastened to answer the implied question.

"Certainly not, Monsieur le Juge. As you say, everything is undisturbed. Nothing has been carried away; and indeed these people were too poor to attract the attention of even the most sordid thief. But, *ciel!*" he exclaimed, suddenly, striking his forehead with his clinched fist—"but, *ciel*, we are forgetting that two women lived in this house! Poor Madame Robert! Can she, too, have fallen a victim to this brutal assassin?"

"The mother and daughter lived behind the shop, did they not?" asked Duquesnay.

"Yes; in there."

The chief pointed to a small arched doorway behind the counter.

A curtain of dark calico hung before the entrance, revealing the room beyond.

For a moment a universal feeling of hesitation, a dread of what *might* be concealed behind that dark curtain kept every one motionless, until the judge said, firmly:

"Come, let us see the end of this, be it what it may."

These determined words inspired renewed activity in the search.

As the chief of police pushed aside the curtain, and the light from the lamp penetrated into the chamber beyond, a groan broke from the lips of every one, as a single glance satisfied them that the dismal forebodings of the chief were about to be realized.

The little room bore unmistakable traces that the murderer had been there, too. The uncarpeted floor was tracked with blood, and the sheets hanging from a bed at the furthest side were streaked with the same fatal stain, though what might be within the bed was hidden by the tight-drawn curtains. With the exception of these blood-stains there was no evidence of any unusual disarrangement of the apartment. Several pieces of common furniture stood against the walls, and in the centre was a large round table, which supported a shaded lamp and a basket of needlework. Two or three rush-bottomed chairs, one of which was drawn close up to the side of the table, completed the furniture of the room, which bore in every part the unmistakable imprint of poverty. The condition of the bed seemed to indicate that his worst fears were about to be realized; the chief hesitated no longer, but firmly crossing the room, pulled apart the curtains of the bed.

"Come, messieurs," he said, in a hollow voice, beckoning to the others to advance; "come, here is another."

It was a piteous sight, indeed, and one that might have softened the hardest heart.

This second victim was an old and decrepit woman. The few strands of hair that straggled out from under her tight-fitting cap were white as the driven snow, and her thin, attenuated features, bore token not only of advanced age, but also of the wasting hand of want and suffering. The eyes were closed, and the general expression of the face was one of calm repose; but upon the wrinkled forehead was that same terrible cross; and a deep cut across the shrunken neck had severed the life-giving arteries. The lower part of the body was shrouded in the bedclothes, and these as well as the pillows were soaked and saturated with the blood of the unfortunate victim.

"*Sacre bleu!* that accursed woman again!" the growling voice of the gendarme, breaking the deep silence, made every one start nervously and instinctively. All glanced in the direction of the speaker.

The man had pushed away the trailing bedclothes, and there, distinctly stamped upon the bare planks of the floor, was the impression of that same beautiful foot. Nor was this the only revelation made by the disarrangement of the sheets. Close beside the delicate footprint lay a hideous and frightful object—an object from which the gendarme recoiled with an exclamation of disgust. It was a large knife, such as the butchers use in the abattoirs, the broad blade and coarse wooden handle smeared and clotted with gore.

"Woman! woman!" excitedly cried the mayor. "No, no! No one shall ever make me believe that a woman could have committed such a deed as this! Is that a woman's weapon?" he continued, pointing with a shudder to the blood-stained knife. "Claude Duquesnay, I yielded to your arguments before, even against the conviction of my own mind. I tell you again, *this* was not the act of a woman. No, it is the work of an exterminating fiend, called from the very depths of hell, for our destruction."

"Compose yourself, compose yourself, my friend," said the judge, observing the expression of astonishment depicted on the features of all the hearers at these wild words. "You can have no idea what strange things you are saying. I agree with you, it does seem almost impossible that this could have been the work of a woman."

"There can be no question, Monsieur le Juge." The usually quiet voice of the police-agent, Guimand, was unchanged, and the numbed expression of his face did credit to the firmness of his nerves. "There can be no question," he went on; "this murder was committed by a man."

"But what do you make of that footprint? What do you make of this hand upon Captain Dantan's sleeve?" said the chief of police, speaking rather sharply, and fixing his eye upon the agent with an expression in which a slight admixture of jealousy was plainly discernible.

"Oh, I do not say that a woman was not present when the affair was done. There can be no doubt of that; but in my mind there can be still less doubt that the killing was done by a more powerful arm than that of a woman. See, Monsieur le Chef, look at the gash in this throat"—he pointed to the throat, and went on collectedly: "Observe the depth of the cut. It would require more strength than any woman is possessed of to inflict such a wound as this; and *that* upon the throat of the other victim is even deeper."

"But how is it," broke in Duquesnay, "that the man has left no trace of his presence behind him? You have found the footprints of the woman—where are those of the man?"

The sharp eyes of the chief seemed mutely to ask the same question. The agent was busy with reflection for a few moments, and then said, abstractedly:

"It was undoubtedly a man. Yes, there can be no reason to disbelieve that. Look, monsieur," he continued, more decidedly, as if he had suddenly discovered the link necessary to complete his chain of thought, "this is how it all happened: The old woman had retired to bed, and had probably fallen to sleep; her daughter was here seated by the table, employed with her needlework, when she was suddenly disturbed in her occupation by the sound of some one entering the shop; she had her work upon the table here, and hastened to attend the customer. See, here is the garment upon which she was employed, with the needle still sticking in it. Come now to the other room, and you shall see what happened there."

In silence they all followed the speaker, who led the way into the little shop. Passing around to the front of the counter, the agent went on with his narrative.

"As I said, the poor young woman, hearing the noise, came out to attend her customer—and, messieurs, that noise must have been very slight, for it was evidently insufficient to awaken the mother. When she entered the shop two persons were standing here, just in front of the counter. One was a woman, the other a man; a tall man, about the size—well, about the size of Monsieur le Maire."

Leon Dantan gave a start at the man's words, which was unobserved by all except Aristide, for the eyes of every one were fixed in breathless interest on the face of the speaker.

"The remainder of the affair is very simple. The woman customer asked to look at some linen. It was on one of the shelves, and in order to reach it Mademoiselle Robert was forced to turn her back to her customers. While she stood in this position, with her hand raised for the desired article, the man suddenly dealt her a terrible blow on the back of her head which instantly brought her senseless to the ground. Do you need confirmation of my word, messieurs? If so, you have but to examine the back of this poor woman's head, and you will see that the scalp is broken and the skull fractured, and there upon the floor lies the roll of linen which the unfortunate dragged down with her in her fall. The blow was an awful one, and must have been inflicted with some wooden instrument—a large mallet, for instance—and that the man was tall, is proved by the fact that it was struck from above downward. Such a blow could only have been dealt by a very strong man, and one much taller than his victim."

They all crowded around the agent, as he verified his words by exhibiting the wound which he had just described on the head of the dead woman.

"You paint your picture vividly, Monsieur Guimand," exclaimed Claude de Duquesnay, gazing with evident admiration upon the detective.

"I paint it truthfully," Monsieur le Juge," the man replied, with unmoved calmness. "Here is the wound as I said. And look at this face! Every feature indicates that this woman was struck down as if by lightning. Observe the open mouth, and the wild, staring look in the eye. The blow came so suddenly as to paralyze the cry for help, whose traces you can read but too plainly in this distorted countenance."

He paused.

"Go on, monsieur, go on!" cried the judge, unable to control his interest.

"Well," continued Guimand, with a slight smile, "that is the end of it. The first victim lay insensible upon the floor, while the man hastened to penetrate the inner room. The sleep of the old woman was still undisturbed. It was but a step to the bedside, a single effort of the vigorous arm, and the other unfortunate was dead in a moment—dead! without even realizing a sensation of pain. You all saw how placid was her face and how natural the attitude in which she lay?"

"But can you tell us, Monsieur l'Agent, how it is we see no marks of this man's feet, although it would seem impossible for any one with all this blood not to have left behind him some tracks, as did the woman?"

"It is plain, Monsieur le Chef. There was no blood here when the murderer passed through this room. You look surprised; but it is the simplest of things. As I told you, having rendered the first victim insensible, he immediately entered the inner room, severed the throat of the old woman, and returning, did the like for her daughter."

"But the knife—the knife?" interrupted Duquesnay. "The knife was in the inner room."

"Exactly, monsieur. The woman remained here after

XUM

her accomplice had left, and that is why you find the marks of her foot. It was she who left the knife in the inner room. It was she who locked the front door, and finally it was she who dropped the bloodstained key at the corner of the Rue Magenta."

"But, *grand Dieu!* for what purpose could she have remained?"

"Perhaps, Monsieur le Juge, to make those curious marks upon the foreheads of the dead. A woman did as much for Monsieur Marrois."

"No, no! a thousand times no!" burst in the mayor. "I tell you it was not a woman; it was a fiend, a devil, a legion of fiends, for aught I know! Oh, Claude, my friend! I know I am speaking wildly, but have compassion upon me. I can endure this sight no longer. Henri, for God's sake give me your arm, and let us leave this awful place!"

The depth of emotion which was rending the breast of the strong man was indelibly imprinted on his convulsed and quivering features. He tottered, and leaned for support upon his nephew's shoulder as he moved toward the door.

Aristide followed his friend He was obliged to pass close to Charles Guimand.

The detective leaned forward, and glaring in the direction of the retreating form of the mayor, said, in a low whisper:

"That man holds the clew to this crime."

Chapter XIX.

The little town of Abois awoke the next morning a prey to the wildest excitement.

The news of the crime had spread from one end of the place to the other, and this second mysterious murder, coming as it did before the memory of Marrois's death had passed from the minds of the populace, stirred into renewed flame the smoldering embers kindled in the breasts of every one by that horrible deed.

There could not be the slightest doubt that the three victims had perished by the same hand. Indeed it did not appear that there was any desire to conceal this fact. The assassin rather seemed to glory in his work, and had as it were in those bloody crosses placed his signature with a feeling of pride to his handiwork, as if to say, "I did this deed."

No other topic of conversation could be heard throughout the entire town. The affair was discussed in the *cabarets*, on the public streets, over the family board, and in the silence of the bedchamber.

Abois seemed smothered beneath a pall, which cast a gloom over every thing and every one. At first the citizens spoke in low and bated whispers, like those who wait around the door of a silent house from which they know a funeral is soon to issue.

Even the heavens seemed hung with crape, the bright sunlight giving place to a dark, lowering cloud which overhung the firmament.

As the hours went by the murmurs, at first barely audible, gradually swelled louder and louder, until they grew into a roar.

What was the meaning of all this? Where was the mayor and the city officials?—the chief of police and the judges? Had these officers been chosen for no other purpose than to sit idly by and allow the honest citizens of Abois to be slaughtered in their homes? What had the mayor been doing in all the time that had elapsed since the murder of Pierre Marrois? Had Abois a police? Where was Monsieur Duquesnay, the Juge d'Instruction? If these gentlemen had done their duty this second crime would never have taken place. Did they, perchance, intend to sit back enjoying themselves, until the mysterious murderer was satiated with the blood of his victim? The chief magistrate was a fool! the police—idiots, donkeys, blockheads, with eyes like a bat in the full glare of the midday sun, and no eyes at all at night. This would not have happened at Marseilles, at Paris, at Lyons—in short, anywhere save at Abois; and not even here had the authorities possessed the faintest glimmer of intelligence.

A crowd gathered around in front of the Hotel de Ville, an excited crowd, a wild crowd, which was constantly dispersed by the gendarmes, and as constantly returned, talking at the top of their voices with that volubility and gesticulation which the French alone possess. They hung around the entrance, and gazed and gazed at the wide doorway as if they expected to see issue from its portals the assassin of Abois himself.

Yes, it was no longer the murderer of Pierre Marrois, the slayer of Mère Robert; this criminal had lost his individuality, had become public property, and, as it were, a local celebrity. He was now, indeed, the "assassin of Abois," and strange as it may seem, there really was an expression of pride in the way that this name was pronounced by the citizens!

United in their denunciation of the authorities, the populace was broadly divided on one point. This was the sex of the mysterious murderer. And bitter were the arguments and contentions which this difference of opinions gave rise to. Friends, the dearest and truest, became the deadliest of enemies, and the domestic peace of many a happy family was shipwrecked in this contention.

The men declared in the most positive manner that the assassin was a woman, that no man could have done so cruel and cowardly a deed; and the women were equally as positive that the very brutality of the murder proved it to be the handiwork of a man.

"Woman! woman indeed! Well, then, yes, a woman—a woman, of course—go along, then! I say a man, a man, a man—a mean, low, brutal assassin of a man!" cried Jean Aglae Marie Seraphine Pichaud, leaning on the broom with which she had been busily employed in washing off the banquet, and hurling these words at Père Rideau, as he tramped along on his way to his morning's work.

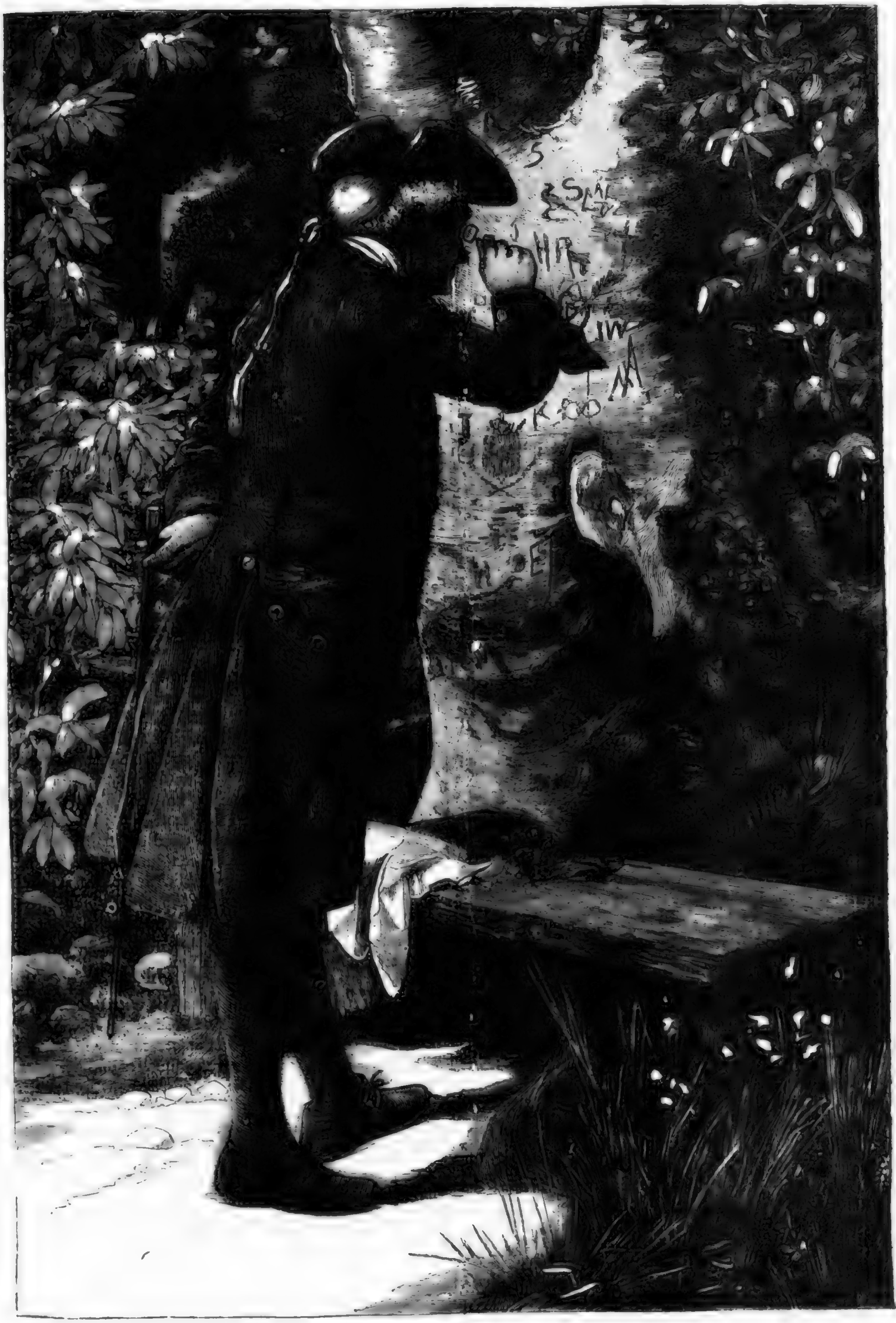
Aglae was but the reflex of public sentiment, not only amongst her own class, but even in the highest ranks. Society was split from top to bottom, and as is usual in such cases, sought relief in a flow of words.

In the meanwhile the mayor and authorities of the town were doing everything in their power to solve the insoluble mystery, and taking preparations to prevent a repetition of such horrible deeds. A large addition was made to the police force, and all night long the streets were patrolled by parties of gendarmes and soldiers, for the colonel of the hussars having proffered the assistance of his men, his offer had been eagerly accepted.

Among those in the higher rank of society no one was more voluble in expressing an opinion than Madame la Baronnne d'Aubrac.

The effect of the second murder was for the time, at least, to put an end to all amusement. No one had the heart to indulge in gayety in the face of this mysterious and awful visitation. Who could think of balls, receptions, when each one felt that he himself might be the next victim? The result was that Angelique's *salon* was almost deserted. Moreover, Henriette had been detained

XUM



TENDER MEMORIES.

at home by the indisposition of her uncle; and Captain Dantan also, for some reason, had failed to make his appearance. The baroness was angry—angry with herself, angry with everybody. Angry with herself that she should have come to that miserable little Abois, angry with her friends that they should hide themselves away like so many rats at the first sound of alarm. Oh! it was a horrible place! She was disgusted, unnerved; she would go back to Paris the next day. Why, already she had the *migraine!* If this went on she would be as pale as a ghost; as pale as Mademoiselle Zortichoff; and there was Henriette—Henriette had deserted her.

It was no use for Aristide to say anything about the indisposition of the uncle; Madame d'Aubrac absolutely refused to accept this as an excuse for the absence of the niece. She succeeded, with very little difficulty, in working herself up to a high pitch of anger, and as she was not accustomed to control her feelings, the vials of her wrath were freely poured down upon Vis's devoted head. He meekly faced the storm, and sought to allay the tempest by suggesting "that there was really nothing to keep madame at Abois, and if she wished he could arrange for her return to Paris as soon as she desired." But instead of quelling the storm, he only succeeded in turning it in another direction.

"What did he think? Could he suppose that she, Angelique, would be so heartless as to leave her friend when she was surrounded by so much danger and trouble? Was that like her? Was that the opinion he had formed of her character after all the years of their acquaintance? Desert her friend thus basely? No, never! Henriette might forget, but she, Angelique d'Aubrac, *she* would never desert a friend in affliction! No; she would remain in Abois; she would console Henriette."

Aristide muttered an expression of admiration at this heroism, of which the lady took but little notice, continuing even in a more grandiloquent tone:

"It was her duty, only her duty; and when had a D'Aubrac ever failed in his duty? It was fixed. She would remain at Abois; she would force that idiotic Monsieur Duquesnay to discover this annoying murderer. It was necessary to Henriette's peace of mind, to the comfort and happiness of her friend, that this wretch, this dreadful wretch, should be discovered; and discovered he should be"

Aristide's smile at this extravagance only transferred the storm again to himself.

"Did he mean to sit idly by and do nothing? She had always considered him a man of some intelligence. Had he suddenly lost what little intellect he once possessed? Why did he not put an end to all his trouble—this trouble which was torturing her friend and emptying her *salon* of all its *habitués?* Oh, he need not lift his eyebrows or shrug his shoulders in that stupid manner! If he was half as wise as he looked, he would find that *misérable*, and have him guillotined, then all would be at peace again, and she and Henriette enjoy themselves as they had before the town had become insane, and no longer be obliged to go to bed every night, tormented by the thought that when they awoke in the morning they would find themselves with their throats cut from ear to ear. And now, my dear fellow," continued the lady, as with a gesture of royal dismissal she extended her little white hand to be kissed, "go and find me this wretched assassin as soon as possible."

Aristide could not help smiling to himself, as he made his adieux. at the nonchalance with which his sovereign spoke of the capture of this unknown criminal, who had so far successfully baffled the efforts of the police, and whose capture Madame d'Aubrac seemed to regard as the simplest of things.

"Alas!" thought the young man, "how little had this intellect for which she gave him credit been able to accomplish toward the solution of the mystery? He had thought himself very wise indeed, and had aired his opinions in a most lofty manner. He could remember how much he had felt his imaginary superiority when Leon Dantan and Jean, the brigadier of gendarmes, had hung in mute admiration on his words as he sketched the manner of Marrois's death. How much had he imagined himself to have seen where others all appeared blind, and what had his foresightedness and wisdom led him to? Again, what had his intellect done to solve this puzzle, whose solution he had voluntarily taken upon himself? His first act had been to grievously wound the tender feeling of an innocent young girl, whose very appearance should have preserved her from the suspicion of any but a diseased mind. And on what grounds had he inflicted this cruel stab?—a stab made doubly painful by the tie of friendship and gratitude which bound Valiska to the dead man."

He felt an absolute contempt for himself as he thought how easily he had allowed the fancied resemblance between Mademoiselle Zortichoff's glove and that of the murderess to awaken within him the foul idea of guilt! And such guilt! He could almost laugh at his baseless suspicions were it not for the bitter self-contempt with which he now regarded himself. It must be, as Henri had often told him, that his brain was growing weak; perhaps he had overtaxed it with his philosophical and metaphysical studies. Surely the exquisite perfection of those beautiful and pale features, the placid calmness of the lovely eyes, should have been enough to silence the evil whispers in any but a crazed and morbid mind.

"Poor girl, poor girl! with all her family trouble, striving to bear up so nobly against affliction, and he—fool, idiot, dunce!—to wantonly strike a blow at so weak and helpless a creature!"

He thought of that conversation with Valiska wherein he had sought to entrap the frail girl into some confession of guilt—some chance word or expression which he might seize upon as proof conclusive—and he smiled to himself, but certainly not with self-appreciation, thinking how he had rejected the alibi which she had laughingly offered to prove. And now, as if to mock at his pretended wisdom, chance had made him a witness to Mademoiselle Zortichoff's innocence.

Was it chance, or fate, or Heaven, or what, that had led him and Captain Dantan to the cottage at the very time that the murder of Mère Robert and her daughter was being accomplished? It was certainly strange, but who, then, was this mysterious woman who had left that bloody imprint on his friend's sleeve? Who, then, was this woman, that he had dared to think was Valiska, on no better evidence than the marvelous beauty of her hand? It was not poor Stephanie Marrois. He had proved a weak champion in her cause; but Providence had been kinder, and on this occasion at least had preserved the innocent. The police surveillance over Madame Marrois had been of the strictest, and the agent. charged with the duty of watching her, declared positively that she had never left her abode upon the night of the second murder. Thus Stephanie was free from all taint of guilt. but through no act of his, through no exercise of that skill and astuteness in the detection of crime of which he had imagined himself the possessor.

Where was this new Vidocq, whose ability he had so landed ? Bah ! and now, after all his failures, now when he at length fully realized what a stupid ignoramus he was, here comes Angelique and asks him in the coolest manner possible to find this infernal assassin, very much as if the affair was as easy of accomplishment as to pick up a stray dog !

His reveries came to an end with a start as he chanced to look up and found himself near Mademoiselle Zortichoff's cottage.

Old Orloff was taking advantage of the warm, balmy evening, to roll the wheeled chair of the invalid up and down the shady sidewalk, protected from the full glare of the sun by a row of tall trees, whose leaves already began to show symptoms of the coming Autumn. In the doorway a lady and gentleman were standing, so absorbed in conversation as to be entirely unaware of his approach.

Valiska was the first to recognize his presence. With a pleasant little smile and a graceful inclination of her charming head, she acknowledged his salute, murmured a last word to her companion and entered the garden ; the gentleman turned and advanced to meet Aristide—it was Leon Dantan.

Chapter XX.

Vis felt a thrill of the deepest commiseration and pity as he beheld the fearful change which a few short days had made in the appearance of the mayor of Abois. He had known that Leon Dantan, since the night of Mère Robert's murder, had been prostrated on a bed of sickness. This he had learned, not only through Angelique's melancholy lamentations over Henriette's desertion, but also from Henri and his friends ; words had led him to expect some traces of the fearful mental strain through which Monsieur Dantan had just passed, but nothing at all like the reality.

The man who came to meet him was a person apparently much older than the Leon Dantan of a few short weeks ago—the Leon Dantan whom he remembered chatting so gayly with Mademoiselle Zortichoff in the little music-room of her charming home. His gray hair was now almost white, and deep lines furrowed his features. Care and sorrow had usurped the place of that quiet merriment which formerly lurked in his handsome brown eyes. His lips quivered nervously, and the mouth, drawn down at the corners, bore witness that the hand of suffering had laid its weight upon his countenance. In addition, Aristide noticed a singularity in the glance of his friend's eye, a strange and curious expression, unmistakably of fear. The look of one haunted by some imminent danger, which he expects, yet dreads to meet.

Vis could not tell how it was, but as he gazed on his friend's face the remembrance of those whispered words of the police agent suddenly returned with full force to his recollection. Did Leon Dantan really possess the clew ?

The mayor's greeting was cordial and friendly. Assuming that the young man was returning to the Hermitage, he linked his arm in his and proposed to accompany him homeward, saying that he had many things of which he would like Monsieur Vis's opinion. "For you know," he said, with a sad smile, "I have learned to place a high value on your judgment."

"You do me much more than justice," replied Aristide. "I assure you that when I met you I had just come to the conclusion that I was the grandest dunce in Abois, if not in France. Good-evening, Monsieur Sergius; you have a pleasant afternoon for your exercise."

The soft evening air had brought a faint tinge of color to the sick man's cheek, but the large dark eyes were as mournful as ever ; mournful with that sad expression which seems stamped upon those whom fate has doomed to an untimely death.

The invalid replied to Vis's salutation with a few feeble words of thanks, of whose import he seemed scarcely conscious.

In marked contrast to the soft low voice was the deep, growling response of old Orloff, as he pushed the chair away in the direction of the garden gate.

The two gentlemen walked on for some time without speaking a word. Observing that the mayor seemed indisposed to break the silence, Aristide assumed the initiative himself, saying "that he was sorry to see Monsieur Dantan had not recovered from the shock of Madame Robert's murder."

The expression of pain deepened on Leon's face, and the furtive look returned once more to his eye.

"Alas ! monsieur," he replied, in a grave, sad voice, "what you say is but too true. I have received a blow from which I will never recover. Day and night I am haunted by the ghastly forms of those unfortunates, their pallid foreheads hideous with that frightful cross of blood ; they crowd around me in my dreams, in my waking thoughts, pointing their fingers at me, and staring with their wide-open glassy eyes, mute and reproachful."

He paused, overcome with emotion, and wiped his damp, clammy brow.

"My dear friend," cried Aristide, deeply moved by this overpowering grief, "you should not give way to such wild and fantastic ideas."

"I know it, I know it. But what am I to do ? I tell you but the simple truth. There is not one moment in which I am free from these ghostly visitors."

"Pshaw ! this is nothing but the result of a morbid and over-excited condition of the nerves. The cure is to be found in active employment for the mind ; occupation and amusement is what you need. Keep your mind busy, and I will bet my life that your tormenting phantoms will disappear as the mist before the rising sun."

"Ah, monsieur, you can treat this with levity."

"But, surely, you would not have me believe," interrupted Vis, "that a man with your intelligence can believe in spiritual visitations ? Now, in my experience, all the spirits and apparitions with which I have been tormented have been simply the result of an ill-cooked meal, or some indiscretion in the way of champagne or other exciting stimulants. I assure you there are more ghosts in a glass of punch taken just before going to bed than in all the immensity of space."

"Monsieur," exclaimed Dantan, drawing himself up with an air of offended dignity, and speaking with constrained stiffness, "I expected from you, if not sympathy, at least assistance and advice. I certainly never looked for ridicule."

"Pardon me if I have offended you," answered Aristide ; "but the strange way in which you treat this affair is to me inexplicable."

"Inexplicable ! Not at all !" cried the other, clutching the arm of his companion with a grasp which was almost painful in its force. "Not at all !" he continued, his eyes fixed intently upon his friend's face, as if trying to read his innermost thoughts. "There are things happening around us every day to which we are strangers—things which we call supernatural, simply from our inability to fathom the causes which have given birth to these mysteries."

"I wonder," said Aristide to himself, as he listened to these wild words—"I wonder if Monsieur le Maire is really taking leave of his senses ?"

XUM

Leon did not appear to notice the effect which his wild words produced upon Vis, but went on speaking in a gloomy, abstracted manner:

"Men accept without hesitation, on the testimony of fellow-creatures as frail as themselves, the doctrine of the transmission of hereditary diseases, sometimes passing over three or four generations to fall upon some helpless victim chosen as a sacrifice for the weakness of his ancestors. I say to you, monsieur, this is a belief which we do not doubt. Why, then, should we dispute the Divine warning that 'the sins of the father are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation'? Is not the testimony of the Almighty stronger than the evidence of mere mortal beings?"

"I cannot be mistaken in supposing that you are alluding to those unfortunate murders. Surely, Monsieur Dantan, you would not have me understand that you thought there was anything supernatural about them?"

"My God, my God!" cried the mayor, with a wild ring of agony in his voice, "if I could but answer that question to my own satisfaction, perhaps I should once more enjoy a moment of peace and rest—rest from this hideous uncertainty, this mental torture which is driving me crazy!"

The piteous tone awoke in Vis a feeling of the deepest commiseration.

"Believe me," he said, "I would do all in my power to assist you, but I am in the dark, and know not in what manner I can be of service. You once hinted to me, monsieur—nay, I may say you did more than hint—that you were the possessor of a secret that might explain these crimes; perhaps the revelation of that secret might aid me to clear away the dark cloud of obscurity which conceals the assassin of your friends."

"No, no!" replied the mayor, in a hollow voice; "it is impossible. I am bound by the most solemn of oaths to preserve that secret inviolate, and were I to reveal it to you it would be of no avail—of no assistance. Man, man, I have spent night after night, thinking and thinking, until my brain grew dazed and my forehead ached, always with the same result—nothing, absolutely nothing!"

"Monsieur, I say to you again you are not doing right to give way to these fits of depression; the strongest mind could not bear up against it. If you are unwilling to make me your confidant, why not seek the assistance of your nephew? Henri is not a man to be alarmed by 'phantoms.'"

"Again impossible. Shall I crowd that poor boy's life with the awful shadow which now enshrouds me in its black and gloomy folds?"

"Are you aware, Monsieur le Maire, that your manner has already betrayed your secret to others?"

"Ah, what do you say?" cried Dantan, with a violent start.

"I say that, as you left the shop of Madame Robert, the police-agent, Guimand, whispered in my ear: 'That man holds a clew to the murder.'"

"*Mon Dieu!*"

"It is a fact; and, to be frank with you, I will say that I watched the agent closely, and I am satisfied that the man believes you to be in some way connected with these crimes."

"Oh, this is horrible, horrible! But surely, monsieur, you never could believe me guilty, even as an accomplice, in the murder of my friends? Say to me that you did not suspect me of such complicity!"

The agitation of Dantan would have awakened pity in a harder man than the tenderhearted Vis, and he hastened to assure his friend of his utter disbelief in the implied insinuation of the police-agent.

The expression of gratitude with which his words were received showed how sweet was even this poor consolation to the broken spirit of the unfortunate man.

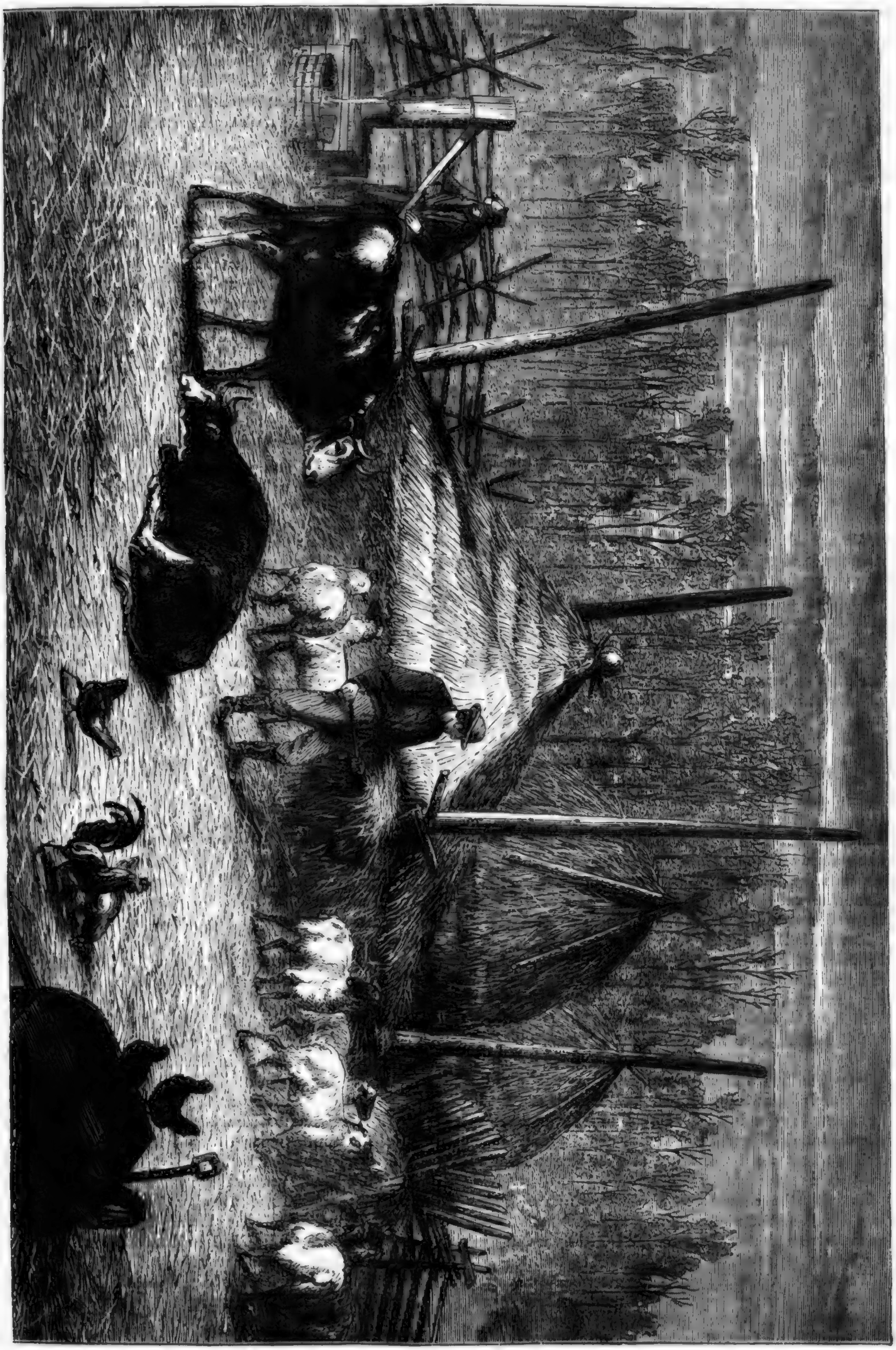
"I thank you, my friend, I thank you. You do me but justice. If, by giving my last drop of blood, I could have warded off this awful doom from my friends, I would willingly—oh, so willingly!—have paid the price. But you remember, perhaps, what I said to Claude Duquesnay when the disfigured body of poor Pauline Robert lay there before me. You might have thought then that I was overcome by grief, but I tell you now—now when I am cool and calm, and I speak sincerely, and from the bottom of my soul—I do believe that these murders were the work of no earthly being. No, I understand that look, and I acknowledge the wildness—nay, almost the insanity—of my words; but, nevertheless, I still think that an avenging Nemesis has spread her wings over our unfortunate town."

"Come, come; I must listen to no more of this. It seems to me that your Nemesis has left behind her, upon both occasions, proofs which should banish from your mind all doubt as to the materiality of this mysterious assassin. Surely you have forgotten that glove which we found; and as for the reality of the being who left the imprint of that bloody hand on Henri's sleeve, I am sure my friend can bear conclusive evidence, as the woman almost ran into his arms."

"You are a much younger man than I, Monsieur Vis, but I confess to you that I cannot understand how you can accept the awful idea that a woman could have committed such atrocious deeds."

"*Ma foi!*" cried Aristide, shrugging his shoulders. "Experience has taught me the foolishness of any person trying to place a limit to what women will do. No, monsieur, you need not look offended; I am not speaking lightly. To be frank with you, I can see nothing in either murder at all unnatural. I believe that my theory of the manner in which Marrois was assassinated, and the picture which Agent Guimand drew of the murder of Madame Robert and her daughter, were both strictly correct. I can see nothing mysterious, unless it be the cause which led to those crimes—undoubtedly both committed by the same individual. When you find that cause you should not have much difficulty in placing your hand on the murderer. At first it seemed clear that motives of revenge might have instigated some injured woman to take this awful method of wreaking her vengeance upon the man who had foully betrayed her. You may remember that this idea was accepted by Monsieur Duquesnay as a solution to the affair. But while such a motive as revenge would explain Monsieur Marrois's murder, it is scarcely possible that a similar cause could have induced the killing of that poor woman and her daughter. But there! I can see from the expression of your face that all my arguments are unavailing."

"I acknowledge it. We view this through different lights. To you, all is open and clear; to me, all dark, strange and inexplicable. I can no more make you credit the supernatural character of those crimes than you can make me believe them to be of mere earthly origin. But see, we are at your door. Time alone can solve this problem." He grasped Aristide's hand and shook it. "If I am right," he said, in a deep, impressive voice, "we are not done with this avenging visitation. Another victim will fall; another victim will bear upon his forehead that fatal sign. And that victim will be—myself!"



A NEW ENGLAND BARNYARD.

XUM

He dropped his hand, turned, and was gone before the astonished young man could recover from the stunning effect produced by these last words.

Chapter XXI.

Days passed, and no progress appeared to be made in the search for the "assassin of Abois." He or she seemed to have disappeared as completely as if, indeed, as the mayor said, "The criminal had been a visitor from another world."

As often as Aristide thought over that last conversation with Leon, the more mysterious appeared the conduct and words of that gentleman. That Dantan really believed in the truth of what he said, he would not for a moment doubt; but this only made it the more strange.

Here in the nineteenth century to find a man, as intelligent as his friend on all other subjects, capable of believing in supernatural agents, sent on earth as the executioners of Divine wrath, seemed almost incredible.

Busy with such thoughts as these, Vis endured with stoical meekness the indignant denunciations poured out upon him by Angelique for his laziness and stupidity. Time and again was he abused for not obeying his sovereign's reiterated command to find the unfindable.

It was true that some balm had come to assuage the wounded feelings of the baroness. Henriette, released from attendance upon her uncle, had hastened to reunite the bonds of friendship as tightly as before, and many of the young frequenters of her *salon*, recovering from their fright, again filled her rooms with jest and laughter.

This renewal of festivity and gayety, of pleasant adulation, and still more pleasant flirtation, did not serve, however, to banish from Angelique's charming little head the idea of unearthing this miserable wretch who went about cutting poor women's throats. There was a strong spice of obstinacy in that same little head, notwithstanding the meek and innocent expression which the soft brown eyes could at will assume; and this obstinacy was freely visited upon the unresisting philosopher.

His skin seemed as impervious to the sharp darts launched at him by his liege lady as the hide of the rhinoceros; but he was not above descending to the base subterfuge of keeping away from the *salon* of the baroness until he felt assured that he would not have to face alone the anticipated denunciation which he knew but too well awaited him.

It resulted from this that Aristide gradually fell into the habit of going every evening to smoke his cigar, and as he said, "to think," in the Cemetery of St. Jean, staying there until darkness assured him that he would find Madame d'Aubrac absorbed in some delicious flirtation, which would prove for that night, at least, his deliverance.

The place was a pleasant one to lounge in, and it was still more pleasant to watch the bright faces of the young people as they sauntered along the walks and alleys of this favorite promenade of Abois, chatting and laughing as if, at least for them, death and its surroundings had no horror.

Entering the cemetery one evening at an earlier hour than usual, he found it almost entirely deserted, except where, here and there, some dark-robed figure was praying by the grave of its dead.

Wandering aimlessly about, he came suddenly upon a woman kneeling by the side of a marble shaft; she was busily employed in arranging around the green mound some poor flowers, and was so absorbed in her occupation as to be unaware of Vis's approach. He, however, immediately recognized the attenuated figure and the sad, careworn face of Stephanie Marrois.

She was dressed in the same plain gray frock which she had worn when he saw her for the first time in Duquesnay's office. Her cheeks seemed thinner and more sunken, and the sallow hue of her complexion had deepened, making the dark eyes seem larger and more melancholy in their expression.

The magnificent marble shaft bore upon its entablature the name of Pierre François Marrois.

Vis stood for some moments in silence, watching the poor woman, thinking to himself how strange it was that she should have been accused of the murder of the very man whose grave she was decorating.

Stephanie looked up as he spoke her name, and a slight flush stole into the wan cheeks, as if she felt embarrassed in being thus detected in her work of charity.

"Excuse me, monsieur," she said, in a half-apologetic tone. "I know he was not a good man, and used me very cruelly, but after all, monsieur, he was my husband. I cannot forget that. And you see he is now dead, and it is wrong to nourish bitter remembrances of the dead. No one seems to remember him here, although they tell me he was a rich man, with many friends. I come here every evening, but no one seems to think of placing a flower upon his grave. Well, monsieur, something whispered to me that this was my duty. I know these are poor flowers to be here alongside of this fine marble tomb, but they were the best I was able to purchase."

Aristide was so much impressed with the simple earnestness of the speaker, that he found it almost impossible to express his admiration for the generosity and forgiveness displayed by this poor soul.

There was, however, a ring of true sincerity in what he did say that brought a look of pleasure to Stephanie's face.

Her task had been almost completed when Aristide had first discovered her, and she now arose and prepared to take her departure, evidently hastened by the throng of young people who came crowding in through the gates of the cemetery.

"If you will allow me, Madame Marrois," said Vis, lifting his hat as politely as if Stephanie had been the loftiest lady in the land, "I will walk a little distance with you. I should like to tell you how sorry I was that I was only able to render you such slight assistance when I would willingly have done so much, had it been in my power."

The polite and sympathetic manner of the young man was evidently very sweet to the lonesome and friendless woman.

She willingly accepted his offered escort, and together they passed out of the graveyard, walking leisurely along the shady streets in the direction of Stephanie's abode.

To Aristide's inquiry as to her future plans, she answered openly, and without hesitation. She would leave Abois, she said, as soon as possible—that is, as soon as her lawyer permitted her.

"Thank God, monsieur," she continued, "no one now believes that I had any share in my poor husband's death. But they tell me I will be obliged to remain until the court has decided on the claim which I have made to my husband's estate."

"You will be a rich woman, I believe, Madame Marrois, and I am glad that such good fortune has come to so worthy a person."

"Ah, monsieur," answered Stephanie, sadly, "of what value will all this money be to me? I am broken in spirit and health. What could I do with wealth, I who have but a few years left to me? No, no, monsieur! I have made up my mind. This money will never leave Abois. It was earned here, and here it will remain. I have determined to devote the whole of it to building an asylum for the poor children of the town, and I trust that the prayers of the little ones will induce the *bon Dieu* to deal gently with the sins of my poor husband."

"You are a good woman, Madame Marrois!" cried Vis, energetically, "and I feel sure you will be well rewarded for your noble generosity; but, pardon me, you should take some thought for yourself; a portion at least of this money might be of use to you in the future. Alas! you know we all grow old."

"Ah, monsieur, that will never happen to me. But as to my future, I have my little shop in Lyons, and all I now desire is the privilege of retiring to its obscurity. I could never live in Abois, and still less could I ever consent to use this money for myself. No, no! I am still able, thank God, to support myself in a very humble way, monsieur, it is true; but then, you see, I desire no other."

The distance from the Cemetery St. Jean to the house in which Stephanie Marrois had taken up her residence was but short. Vis and his companion had almost reached the Rue d'Orville, when a man turned the corner of the street, and came running toward them at great speed.

The runner was evidently laboring under great excitement. Deadly fear was written all over his countenance—in his pallid cheeks, his staring eyes, and damp and clammy forehead.

"Oh, monsieur, for God's sake haste, haste!" he cried, as he drew near Aristide, his words made almost unintelligible by his panting and oppressed breathing. "Oh, for God's sake haste! Something awful has happened at No. 25."

"Which No. 25?" cried Vis, catching the speaker by the arm, as he was about to dash away.

"Oh, No. 25 Rue—Rue d'Orville!"

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Stephanie, "that is the house in which I live. Oh, come, monsieur; let us hurry.'

Impressed with a fear almost equal to that of his companion, Aristide gave his arm to Madame Marrois, and thus assisting and supporting her, they rapidly ran toward the Rue d'Orville.

As they turned into that street, at every step the signs of alarm increased. Men, women, and children, like themselves, were running at the top of their speed in the same direction. No one seemed to know exactly what was the matter, but every one appeared to be impressed with the most gloomy forebodings.

It was but a square to No. 25, yet before they reached the house quite a considerable crowd had collected in front of the entrance. By a vigorous use of his elbows, the young man succeeded in making a pathway for himself and Stephanie through the densely-packed throng. Inch by inch he advanced toward the doorway, under a fire of abuse from those angry and indignant men and women whose feet had felt the full weight of his body, or whose sides the sharpness of his elbows. The vestibule was reached at last.

It was tightly packed with spectators, whose eyes were all centred upon the lodge of the portress, which opened by a small door upon this vestibule. A few more energetic efforts obtained for Aristide admission to the room.

It presented a strange sight. One would have said that a whirlwind had swept through the place, judging from the wild disorder which prevailed in the apartment.

The bed had been shoved into one corner, and upon this was heaped up in heterogeneous confusion tables and chairs, boxes, bags and bundles—nay, even the pitcher and basin, coal-scuttle and tongs; in fact, all the furniture, with the exception of one large armchair, in which reclined the limp form of Aglae Pichaud, jumbled up in such a heap as to resemble more nearly a bundle of dirty brown calico than any human being.

The portress was surrounded by a dozen good samaritans, each of whom was ministering to her after their own peculiar plan.

These plans were mostly taking the form of internal doses of cognac and vigorous slapping administered to the hands of the sufferer.

The women were all chattering at once, and at the very top of their shrill, dissonant voices; and, to add to the uproar, a large green parrot, whose cage was suspended from the low ceiling, was shrieking out what sounded like a volley of execrations.

Vis could obtain no reply to his reiterated questions except the assurance that Madame Pichaud was alive. No one seemed to know what had caused the alarm, and all waited with the utmost impatience until returning consciousness would enable Aglae to unvail the mystery. This impatience was not soon to be gratified. Cognac was a stimulant which constant use had almost robbed of its power. Glass after glass was poured down the capacious throat of the portress without any apparent effect, and the samaritans were almost reduced to despair, when returning life began to make itself visible.

Taking at first the form of a gentle shiver, the bunchy mass of clothes was soon wriggling about in a manner that showed there was no lack of vitality in the sufferer.

"Ah, the poor dear!" said one of the women, who might have sat as a duplicate for Aglae herself, and whom Aristide mentally set down to be Celeste, the gossip. "Ah, the poor dear, now she is coming round. There, *ma chère*, take a little more of the cognac. Ah, that makes the color come to her cheek; she will be on her feet in a minute."

The words of the speaker were quickly realized. The limp form straightened up, the round eyes opened, and the portress of No. 25 gazed around the room with a wild and terrified stare.

"There you are, my Aglae!" cried Celeste, patting her friend on the shoulder. "And now, *nom de nom*, tell us what is the meaning of all this? We hear cries—*Mon Dieu!* I should say shrieks—we come in here and—we find you, my poor dear, on the floor, stiff as a poker. Tell us, my Aglae; tell us what it is."

The object of all this solicitation again glanced wildly around the room, closed her eyelids, breathed heavily, and then reopening them, exclaimed, in a low, quavering voice, "Where is he?"

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, who?" ejaculated Celeste, overawed by the solemn tone of the questioner.

"He! I say he!" cried Aglae, her voice growing louder and shriller as by degrees her usual animation returned. "He—the villain, the bloodthirsty murderer, the assassin! Ah, the wretch! Do you hear me then—the assassin! I say, the assassin—the assassin—the assassin!"

"*Grace à Dieu*, Aglae, what are you saying?" a dozen women exclaimed at once.

"The truth; oh, yes, nothing but the truth. I saw him—the monster, the murderer of that poor Madame Robert—the assassin of Monsieur Marrois!"

XUM

A groan broke from the crowd as Madame Pichaud paused to take in the full effect of her words.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* Did he attack thee, Aglae?" inquired the sympathetic Celeste. "Where didst thou see him, and what was he like?"

"Oh, the most horrible—tall, so tall—with a face like a devil; a frightful face. A face, *mon Dieu*, to make one shiver in one's *sabots*."

With the expression of curiosity sharpened upon their faces by these wild ravings of the portress, the throng pressed closer around, overwhelming her with reiterated entreaties to speak. This Madame Pichaud was only too willing to do, and accordingly had just opened her mouth to gratify her hearers, when her story was abruptly cut short by the entrance of Jean, the brigadier of gendarmes, accompanied by one of his men.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance, Mère Pichaud?" demanded the official, in a deep, stern voice. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"But no, Monsieur le Brigadier! It is all true—true as *le bon Dieu!* I have seen the murderer of Monsieur Marrois. I have seen the assassin of——"

"Nonsense!" replied the brigadier. "You have been taking too much cognac, and waked up with your brain fuddled."

"Me! indeed, monsieur. When do I take cognac, unless it be for a pain in my side? Ask Celeste, ask every one. I thank God my reputation is known here in Abois."

"Yes, for a devil of a chatterbox. But now tell me, in as few words as possible, what you mean by all this noise, which has nearly alarmed the whole town?"

"Ah, God forgive you, Monsieur Brigadier, for calling an honest, industrious woman a chatterbox."

"Well there, then, speak."

The accusation of the gendarme seemed to put a damper upon the usually so voluble Aglae, and there was absolutely almost a hesitation in her manner, as she began the eagerly looked for explanation.

"Well, Monsieur Jean, I had gone around the corner to Mère Tripot's, the grocer. What had I gone for? Why, for two sous of cabbage. I am gone but a few seconds, when, on my return, I stop at the door to tell Celeste the news about Monsieur le Maire's sickness. My gossip and I had been speaking but a moment, when that *gamin* of a nephew calls Celeste away. Eh, is it not true, *m'aime?* I cannot tell you, monsieur, how it was, but something within me made me pause in the vestibule. The door of my lodge was half open; when I left it only a few seconds before it had been empty, empty as that, monsieur," said the speaker, extending both hands with the palms up. "*Grace à Dieu!* as I peeped through the crack, what do I see—a man prowling around my room! A tall man, monsieur; as tall as a church steeple; with a white face and great flashing eyes. I will not say, monsieur, I did not tremble. Fear is unknown to the soul of Aglae Pichaud—but I will not say I did not tremble. Was it a knife I saw in his hand? I tell you no. I know not if it was a knife, but I swear to you it shone and glittered like steel. I stood there, I could not move, but the villain had heard my steps. I saw him creep along, creep along till, like a snake, he glided into my closet and closed the door behind him. In that moment courage returned to my breast; I felt strong, Monsieur le Brigadier, strong. I sprang forward, one, two; I am at the door of the closet, the key is in the lock, I turn it. Ha, ha! the assassin hears me, and thunders out his curses at me. I heed him not. I drag my bed before the door, I pile my chairs, my tables—what do I know?—everything I can lay my hands on. I heap them up in front of the door; and then, monsieur, and then my strength deserts me; my courage goes. I remember that I am a woman, and I shriek, and then I remember no more."

Having reached this dramatic conclusion, Aglae, with both hands placed upon her hips, stood, modestly silent, to receive the well-merited words of approbation poured upon her by her friends and neighbors.

"I don't believe a word of the whole story!" cried the brigadier, breakingly ruthlessly in upon the shower of congratulations.

"Ah, monsieur, how can you say that! Is he not there!" exclaimed Madame Pichaud, pointing with a tragic gesture to the small door, in front of which was the heaped-up pile of furniture.

"Then, if he is there," replied the official, "we will have him out at once. Here, Antoine, give me your assistance."

These prompt words produced an instant effect. A number of men eagerly proffered their services, and piece by piece the removal of the furniture was effected.

"Stand back!" cried Jean, as he turned the key in the lock, and then opened the door.

His command was obeyed with the utmost promptness, and all eyes were strained for a glimpse of the dreaded assassin.

At first nothing was visible within the closet but various articles of female wearing apparel. Old shawls, dilapidated boxes, and worn-out *sabots*—in short, a veritable curiosity-shop of worthless odds and ends.

But suddenly a thrill of horror runs through the breasts of the spectators, the sound of a slight scuffle is audible, and the next moment the powerful arm of the brigadier drags from his place of concealment the crouching figure of a man.

All stare in mute silence, and then the loud shout of laughter with which the gendarmes call out the name of Baptiste Ducorneau is re-echoed in the peals of laughter that bursts from the cry. It was in very truth Baptiste Ducorneau—Baptiste, cowering and helpless, trembling in the strong grasp of Monsieur Jean, his broad, lumpish features twisted into a grotesque expression, in which sheepish bashfulness, astonishment and terror were ludicrously blended.

The merriment was loud and prolonged. That the awful murderer, as tall as a church steeple, with his flashing eyes and pallid face, should have shrunken into so tamed and insignificant a creature as Baptiste, was too amusing.

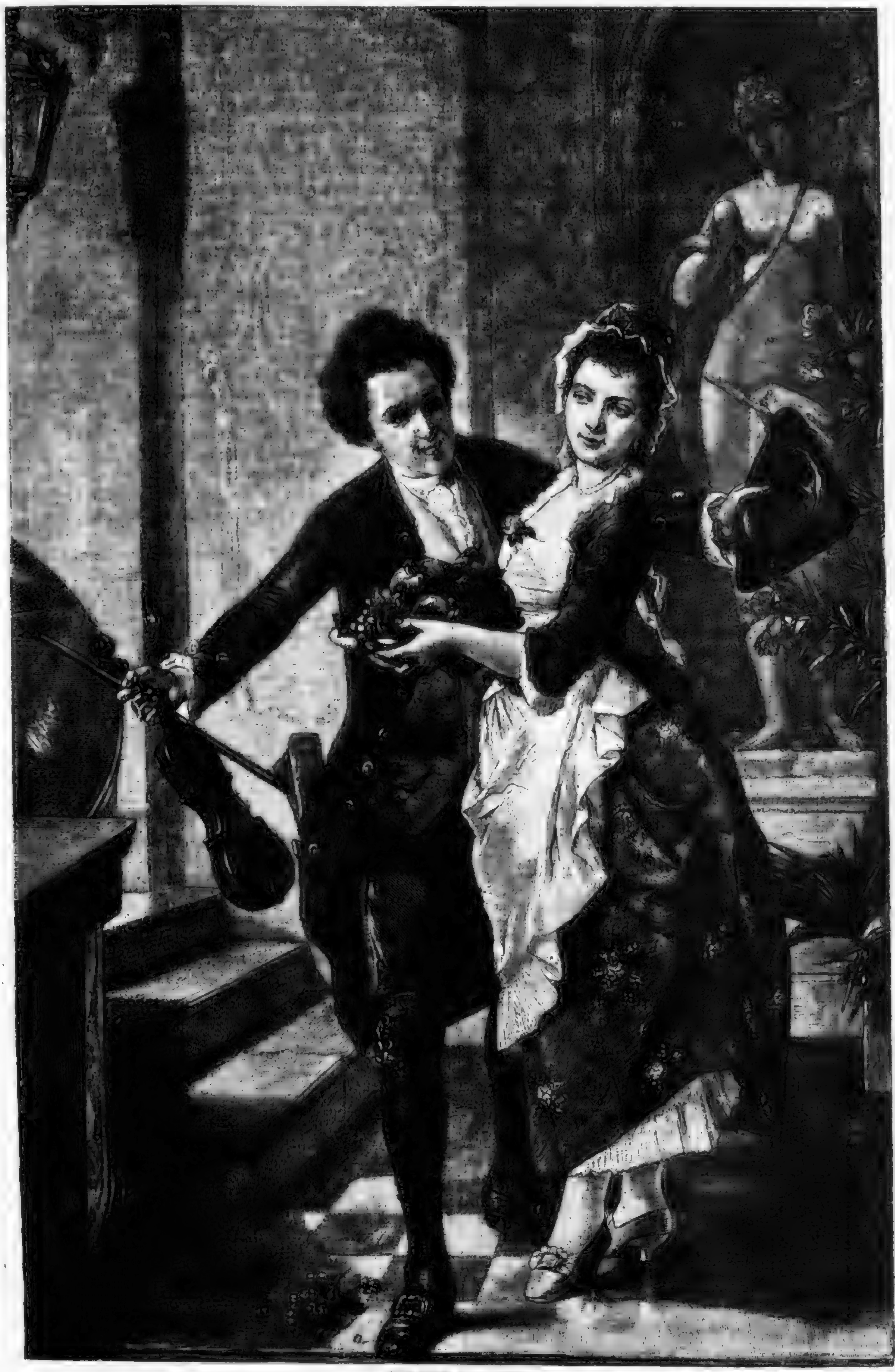
Men and women laughed and laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks, their amusement further stimulated by the behavior of Madame Pichaud, who, throwing herself upon her miserable lover, in the excess of her indignation at the public ridicule thus cast upon her, fairly belabored him with all the strength of her sturdy arm and her no less powerful tongue."

"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

Aristide could not repress the quotation, nor the smile of amusement which accompanied it.

Bidding Stephanie Marrois adieu, he slipped out of the joyous crowd, the noise of whose merriment pursued him for squares.

"Ah, *bon soir*, Monsieur Vis," said the gay voice of the baroness, as Aristide made his way through the brilliantly-lighted rooms to pay his devoirs to his liege lady. "You are just in time. We have decided on a plan to rid ourselves of this mysterious assassin. We are determined to bury him under a heap of roses. Here is



OLD-TIME GALLANTRY.

XUM

Colonel Courcelles, who has promised us a review of his Hussars, and Henriette has pledged her uncle to a ball. What do you say to that?"

"If you will permit me, madame," replied Aristide, with the utmost gravity, "I will throw the first rosebud at the ogre."

And without further prelude the young man proceeded to relate the amusing episode in the loves of Aglae and Baptiste, to which he had just been a witness. His narrative was received with the utmost applause by the gay and lighthearted company, and the merriment which rang through the *salon* was as loud as that which had greeted the unfortunate Ducorneau as he emerged from the closet.

(To be continued.)

REVEILLE.

By William Waterfield.

The golden gates of morn are wide;
On every blade the dews are bright;
The azure vail is drawn to hide
The awful glories of the night;
The roses each to each have told,
Another sun will soon be seen;
And shall not I my light behold?
Make day for me—come forth, my queen.

The tide the river told all night
Has taken now a gladder strain;
The flowers, as eager for thy sight,
With odors seek thy window-pane;
The jasmine tells thee, Light is come,
And waves across the lattice-screen;
And shall thy voice be longer dumb?
Make music for my heart, my queen.

In shade as yet, the eastern hill
Stands sharp against the yellow sky,
The purple woods are sleeping still,
And white mists in the valley lie;
But westward slopes are all awake
With change and play of softer green;
Oh, love, my Summer morning make,
'Tis time for day—shine forth, my queen.

A STORY OF MAÑANA.

By C. D. Beebe.

It was a cold night in early Winter upon the Newfoundland coast, and everything appeared drear and unsatisfied. The sun dropped down behind a fringe of fir-trees, leaving no crimson hues in his wake; only a bright gold that softened into primrose, and then faded to a dull, ashen gray.

To the east the sea rocked to and fro, as restless as the heart of Celeste Raymond, who walked so close beside the beach, the flood-waves touched her feet. All nature seemed tossed and struggling "in a fierce battle of contending waves" to the girl whose every heart-beat was a bitter, rebellious throb.

"Dear waves!" she cried, impetuously, "do rest a while! You tire me, like the voices of noisy children in their play. Often I like to hear you, but to-night you quarrel so!"

The light in the sky was fast dying out; only one little cloud clung to a gleam of gold.

"How dull this coast always looks at twilight time!" Celeste exclaimed, impatiently, pausing a moment in her walk. "There's just one thing bright to-night—that little cloud. And the only thing warm and bright in my heart is a shadow too; a cloud that no one but I can see, and that soon, I hope, will fade away."

She gazed upward to the sky wistfully a moment, as though in her heart she longed to cling to the brightness too, and then she turned resolutely from it, setting her face, with a defiant gesture, against the western wind.

Further down the beach the faint lights began to glimmer in the cottage of the fishermen, but Celeste's own home was still wrapped in the twilight gloom. Dimly outlined against the sky it stood, angular and unattractive, a square main-building, with wings at the sides whose low roofs slanted nearly to the ground.

She was wonderfully beautiful, this girl, even in the cold gray light. Tall and graceful in movement, inheriting from a Swedish mother pale flaxen hair, but which had caught the glint of dull, reddish gold that lights the hair of all Newfoundland women, even to the darkest brown. She had her mother's eyes, too; deep yellow-hazel, which glowed with the slightest excitement like a gleam of sunset-fire. A face soft and tender, or strong and fierce, according to her mood—a magnetic face, that took all hearts by storm. A form supple and erect, a proud bearing, a thoroughbred, patrician air; yet she was the daughter of a simple trader with the fishermen, and born in this cold, bleak country by the sea.

Eighteen years before, in the Summer of her birth, a lady from Havana came to Newfoundland, seeking health and rest for her shattered system in the bracing northern air.

While in St. John's she listened to stories of the coast, the fisheries, the fishermen's vessels and their huts, and became so much interested, she went out to see them for herself. Chancing to visit the house of Mr. Raymond, she liked it, and made arrangements to pass the Summer there.

Mr. Raymond was an Englishman, who, years before, had settled among the fishermen, and, taking advantage of their improvident ways, built himself a comfortable competency from their negligence and lack of foresight.

Mrs. Raymond was a woman superior to her station in life, with cool northern blood and quiet manners; and she formed a wonderful attachment to the beautiful Señora Valentin, with her tropical nature and indolent yet passionate ways, her soft Spanish accent and her bright, dark eyes, that shot out sudden rays of sparkling light one moment and the next were vailed in their long lashes dreamily.

Señora Valentin was accompanied by her little son, Leandro, a child of eight years, and one servant, Juana. She found Celeste, still unnamed, a babe two months old. Being allowed to rule the household according to her own sweet, imperious will, she seized upon the babe as her especial property, gave her a nurse, and showered numberless little gifts upon her, and blessings in her native tongue.

Indolent, and wholly unattracted by all else, her favorite reply to all proposals for pleasure-excursions (or, indeed, to all things wherein an exertion of any sort upon her side was required) was, "*Mañana.*"

Once settled in the house, with the babe for a plaything, her interest in the fisheries apparently ceased, further than that she loved to gaze from her window upon the vessels passing, and watch the sea-waves in their ebb and flow.

Her little son was very fond of rambling upon the beach, but could never prevail upon his mother to join him; his entreaties always elicited the reply: "*Si niño, mañana,*" and when to-morrow came, it was still "*Mañana.*"

When the Summer was over, and, reinvigorated by her sojourn on the coast, she made preparations to return to her Cuban home, she called upon all her saints to bless little Celeste, and promised, if the child was sent to a convent to school, she would defray the expenses of her education.

Once home, her predisposition to settle all matters which came before her *mañana*, as of old, returned; and it was not until the child was nearly fourteen that the wherewithal to educate her was forthcoming.

She was then hurried away to a Canadian convent, where she remained for four years, spending only the vacations in Newfoundland. When she returned at last, it was to find her home made vacant and desolate by the sudden death of her mother.

The girl had always been restless in disposition and heart, and she did not take kindly to the rude but friendly manners of the wives and daughters of the fishermen.

Against her father's will, she persisted in wandering along the beach, let the weather be wintry or pleasant, to the neglect of her household duties, which were her mother's pride.

She could chatter French or Spanish with the greatest ease, but she could not put a single garment together properly, or prepare the plainest meal.

So, when Señora Valentin, who kept up a half-correspondence with her charge, awoke one day and suggested (notwithstanding her evident disappointment because Celeste refused to embrace the Catholic religion), that she would be happy to receive her as a daughter-in-law, should Leandro and she fancy each other, Mr. Raymond seemed to favor the proposal, though she was his only child.

Accordingly, Leandro visited Newfoundland, and Celeste, eager, restless, and desiring to know all she could learn of the fair garden-island of the Caribbean Sea where her adopted mother dwelt, received him joyfully, seeming never to tire of his sparkling conversation. He had a way of throwing an occasional Spanish word in his English sentences, though his pronunciation was nearly perfect. His wardrobe was unexceptionable, his diamonds magnificent, his whole manner charming in the extreme.

Still, Celeste, while she seemed to drink in his words by day, would often steal out of the house at night, when all the other inmates slumbered, to pace the beach with restless steps, and murmur to herself and the sea:

"Dear waves, I'd love to sail above you to the bright, fair lands beyond your borders—but not with him—not with him!"

Leandro was thoroughly captivated by her blonde beauty and wild, imperious ways, and he soon made her a formal offer of his hand and name.

Celeste had been looking forward to this, and yet, when the important question came, she was utterly unprepared to answer it. She knew he fully expected her to say Yes; knew that her father and his mother were both looking forward to her accepting him, and her impulse was very strong to say No at once, and surprise them all.

"It is so very sudden, Leandro," she said, looking into his face with her cool, careless eyes.

"Sudden, *querida!*" he exclaimed.

"Certainly," she answered, most decidedly, and seeming utterly oblivious to the fact that his feelings were entitled to even slight consideration.

"Me habia congratulado——"

"Never congratulate yourself upon anything, Leandro, until you are quite sure of it. I think you were saying, only yesterday, that you must run down to St. John's for a day to attend to some matter of finance. Go to-day, please, and do not return until to-morrow morning. Then I will give you an answer."

"*Mañana!*" he exclaimed, passionately. "I hate the word. Everything with *madre* and with you is *mañana!* I can never get an answer when I seek it, and I will not be put off so like a child."

"Leandro," she answered, with provoking coolness, "you speak so fast I can scarcely understand you, while your tones are loud enough to be heard as far as the beach."

"Celeste!" he cried, beseechingly, "do you possess a heart?"

In a moment she changed to earnestness.

"Leandro," soberly, "I don't know. But if you will only leave me for one day, I will try and find out for myself, and then I will tell you."

He went away, perplexed, unsatisfied, and Celeste, tying on her fur cap, and throwing her fur cloak around her, went down by the seaside, and paced to and fro the whole day long. Sometimes she paused and looked earnestly over the sea, as if watching, watching, and then she turned her face away, as if in self-reproach.

The next morning she resumed her untiring walk, and at noontime her eye caught the gleam of approaching sails far out at sea. It was a vessel much larger than that of any fisherman upon the coast; and Celeste recognized first the sails, the masts, the flags, and when the ship was clearly outlined above the waste of waters, she flew rather than walked to the house, threw herself upon her bed, and turned her face toward the wall.

Out by the sea, with the keen, searching wind blowing full upon her, she had not felt the cold, but now she trembled and shivered as with an ague-chill.

Rachel, the only domestic the house afforded, came up at last, ostensibly to see if her mistress wished for anything. In reality she came to spy out what Celeste was doing, for she had seen the *Fearless*, Carl Hansen's vessel, nearing the coast, and Celeste's sudden retreat to the house.

"Bring me a cup of hot tea, Rachel," she said. "I believe I have caught cold."

The tea was soon brought, and the girl stood a moment, watching her mistress curiously. Celeste sent her away with a sharp reprimand.

"I know how to drink it"—as pettishly as if she were a child—"and you know how to get papa's dinner. Don't annoy me."

That evening—the night our story opens—when Celeste was pacing the sands again, a tall form emerged from the cluster of cottages down the beach, and came quickly toward her. She did not pause in her walk, or look toward him after the first glance—she had no need to do this—for when she turned her back to the figure, which advanced with rapid strides, she saw, as plainly as though he stood before her in the clearest noonday, an earnest but not handsome Danish face, with lips firmly set, honest blue eyes and close-cut, flaxen hair; a form of easy, careless grace, broad-shouldered and erect; a gentleman, too, despite his sun-browned face and sinewy hands, for no prince could have lifted his hat with more quiet, deferential ease than he, when they stood face to face at last.

"So you are to become the promised bride of Señor Valentin to-night?" he said, anxiously, and without further salutation.

"That telling Rachel!" Celeste exclaimed, in a vexed tone.

"It is true then, Celeste?" sorrowfully.

XUM

She looked earnestly in his face a moment, and then sighed. "Yes, Carl, it is true," she said.

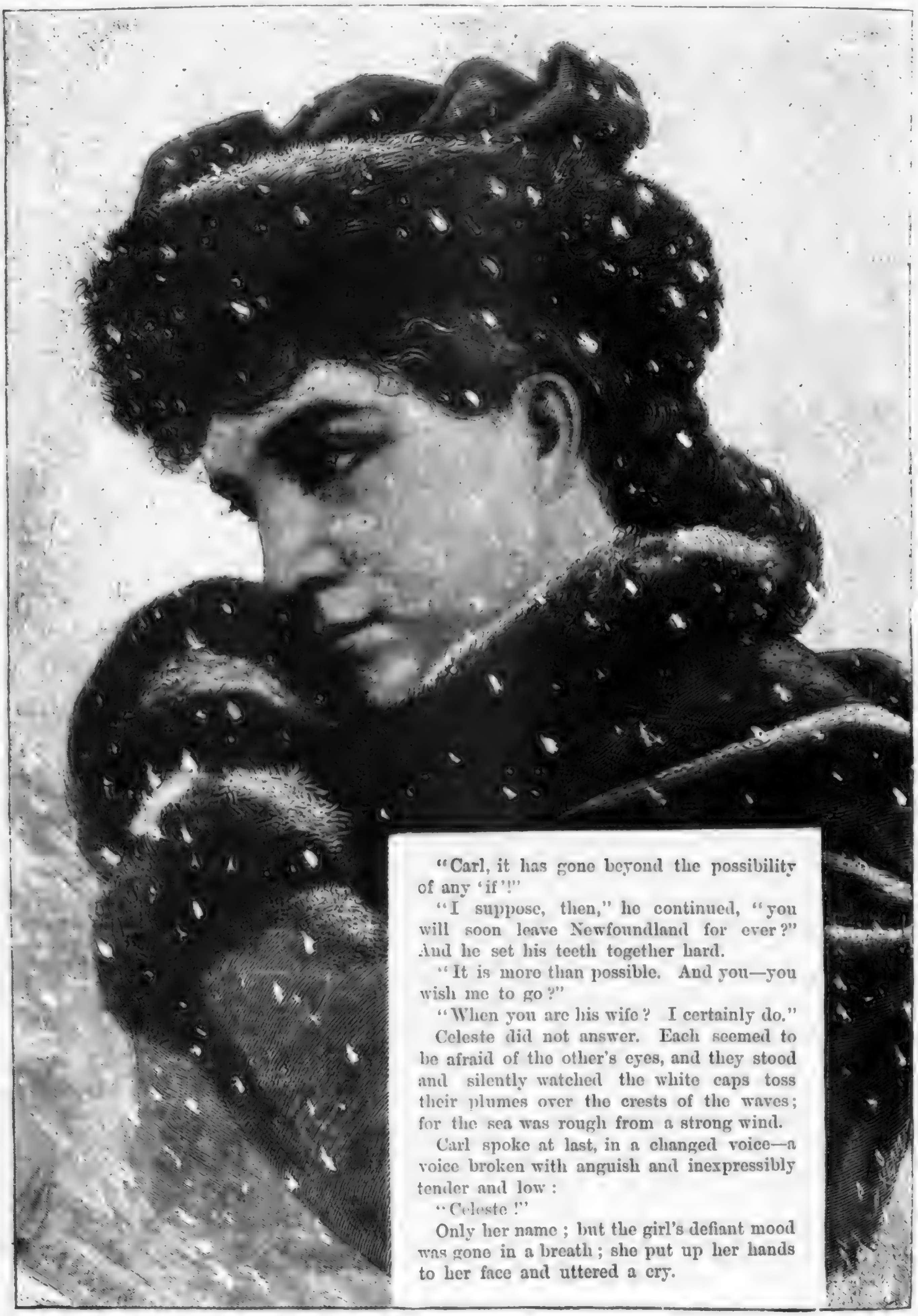
His face grew very white for the space of a breath; he brushed his hand across his eyes, and looked away over the sea; then he turned toward her, but did not speak, seeming to have lost his voice.

"You, of your own free wish, will it so?" he said, at last.

Her face was as white as his had been; her look, fierce, defiant; her voice, hard and clear.

"Yes, Carl, I will it so."

"And I suppose, if you marry him——"



"Carl, it has gone beyond the possibility of any 'if'!"

"I suppose, then," he continued, "you will soon leave Newfoundland for ever?" And he set his teeth together hard.

"It is more than possible. And you—you wish me to go?"

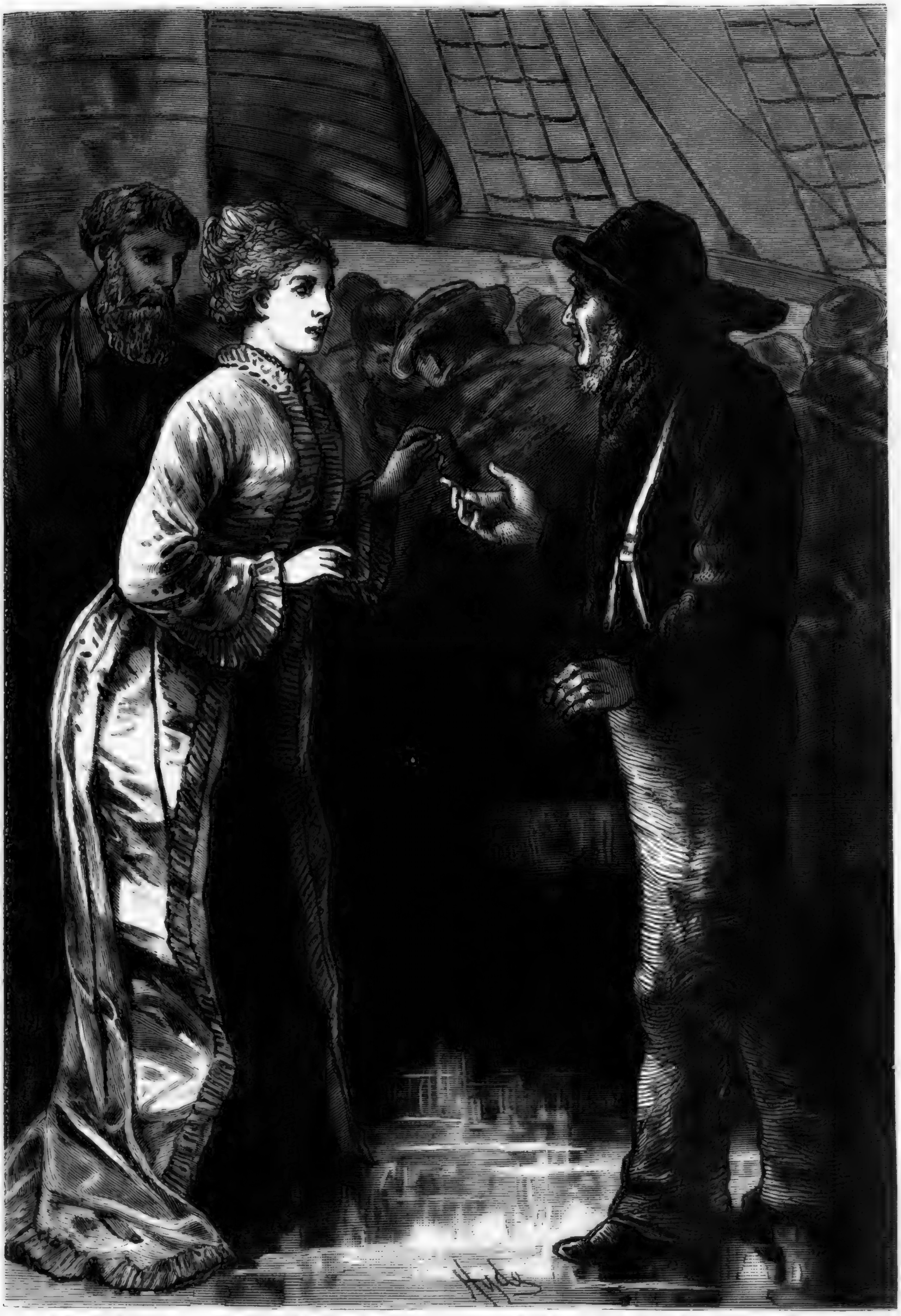
"When you are his wife? I certainly do."

Celeste did not answer. Each seemed to be afraid of the other's eyes, and they stood and silently watched the white caps toss their plumes over the crests of the waves; for the sea was rough from a strong wind.

Carl spoke at last, in a changed voice—a voice broken with anguish and inexpressibly tender and low:

"Celeste!"

Only her name; but the girl's defiant mood was gone in a breath; she put up her hands to her face and uttered a cry.



A STORY OF MAÑANA.—"CELESTE TORE OFF THE BRILLIANT DIAMOND WHICH HAD SPARKLED ON HER ENGAGEMENT FINGER, AND PLACED IT IN THE HAND OF THE SEAMAN."—SEE PAGE 206.

"Don't speak to me so—oh, Carl!"

He drew nearer; from the intensity of his passion he was very calm.

"You know I love you, Celeste?"

"Yes, Carl, I know it," in weary quietness.

"Celeste!" and he drew nearer still, fixing his passionate eyes full upon her face. "Of all inexplicable things a woman is the hardest to understand; and you, of all women I know, are the greatest mystery. But I would rather be the abject slave of your caprices than lord of any other woman's heart, however prudent, staid or dignified she might be. You are restless in disposition—so am I. For more than two years, ever since that bright Summer when I saw you first, I have lived upon the hope that you would one day be my wife; only, as you know, I would not speak to bind a schoolgirl. I waited, that you might try your heart. I never meant for you to give that to me and your hand to another."

"Carl!"

"Tell me, Celeste—I promise even then I will not urge you against your wish—if my words are not true. I believe you loved me then; if so, you love me still. And Señor Valentin cannot have for you that all-absorbing passion which rules my breast so absolutely; which will let me think of naught but you, by day or night."

"You think, then, Carl, that no one but you can love me?" and a shade of the old rebellious spirit passed over her face.

"I know full well"—and he sighed—"there is something about you, Celeste, which attracts every one toward you. I don't know what this something is; it may be the look in your eye—the gleam of your hair—I don't know what it is. I only know I love you, and must love on for ever. Celeste, your eyes are always eager for strange sights; you love the sea because it changes so. You wish to behold foreign lands; I have sailed round the world, and know them nearly all. My vessel is my own; I have a knowledge of the sea above what men of my age usually possess. I left my home and kindred when young; I have no tie on earth that is not severed except my love for you. I have an income, not princely, but ample for our needs; not inherited, but gathered together by my own strong hands, which would never let want come to you until the brain whose nerves command them is dead and past all human thought. Be my wife, Celeste, and we will roam the world together until we are satisfied."

"Carl!" and a frightened look came into her face, as though she feared his power; "it cannot be. I have weighed the matter well; you love me, and so does Señor Valentin. In refusing you and accepting him I wrong you both—yes, and myself, too—since, though I give him my hand, you have my heart, my undivided heart! He expects me to marry him; so do papa and *madre* Valentin; and I have decided to do it. You must leave me now, for Leandro will meet me soon, and here."

"Celeste, be merciful to me, for I love you!"

"Carl, if you love me, be merciful, and go!"

The lights flashed out suddenly from the windows of her home, a signal of the arrival of her lover.

"He has come!" she said. "Will you never go?"

For a moment he did not answer; a desperate look came into his eyes. He came closer still, and taking her face in his hands, he turned it toward his own, scanning every feature with a look that awed her into perfect silence. It was a rarely beautiful face, with rose-tinted, oval cheeks, eyes of strange brightness, the fur-cap crushing above her white forehead a mass of yellow, rippling hair.

"You will not be mine?" he questioned, in a tone which a man uses only for the last time.

She knew it, but did not wait to give her answer.

"I will not!" she answered, defiantly.

His face was very white. He bent his head to hers; his anger, his impetuousness, were all gone.

"Dear, cruel eyes," he said, and he kissed them gently; so gently, they had not the hardihood to open again. "Good-by, sweet, defiant lips"—he touched them with his own once, twice, thrice, and was gone.

She reeled a trifle in her walk as she resumed it, then came a great blur before her eyes, which the fierce wind could not dispel. She paused a moment, turning away from the footsteps she heard approaching, until they drew very near, then she faced the newcomer suddenly.

He caught his breath a moment; whether from what he saw or because he was unaccustomed to the breeze, she did not know. The moon had risen, and it shone upon her face, lighting her eyes, which glowed like stars. And there was a strange brightness on her face; her cheeks, her scarlet lips, her shining golden hair, even her teeth, flashed out through the words she spoke, though it was scarcely one of welcome:

"Well, señor?" questioning and cool.

He advanced to meet her, holding out both hands.

"Have you found your heart?" he asked, smilingly. "Have you decided to give yourself to me? Is it love for me which makes your eyes so bright?"

She looked into his face without an answering smile.

"I don't think I have a heart," she answered, soberly. "But if you take me as I am, I will be your wife, Leandro, upon conditions."

She was a constant puzzle to him, and most of all to-night; but she was dangerously beautiful; he loved her, and his smile never faded for an instant as he looked upon her grave face.

"And the conditions?" he asked.

"First of all, you must not kiss me to-night."

"Celeste!"

"If you take me, Leandro," she went on, as though he had not interrupted her, "you take me, freaks, faults and all!"

His laugh rang out loud and clear.

"I agree to the condition," he said. "I take you, heart or no heart, freaks, faults and all. And, since you will not allow me a kiss, let us go home; I do not like this cold Winter wind."

Señora Valentin's health was failing fast. She wished Celeste to accompany Leandro home and have the marriage ceremony performed there. Celeste delayed the journey as long as possible, but at length sailed for Havana with her lover.

She was very much disturbed in mind upon the voyage, and Leandro patiently bore with her apparent melancholy.

"Never call me Celeste," she said to him one day. "It is a misnomer; there is nothing heavenly about me, and I have only been a trouble to all those who love me. I think I was never a real comfort yet to any one but mamma; and since she died all things have gone wrong with me. Have patience with me, Leandro; bear with me if you are happy, for I am racked with doubt, and very miserable indeed."

When they reached Havana, Celeste's eager eyes hastily took in the city and its surroundings. Her first emotions were of pleasure, and then they gradually faded out into disappointment.

The view at first of the city, with its many-colored houses, with green trees scattered through it, looked very fair; but when she entered a volante with Leandro and rode through its narrow, dingy streets, the hot air stifled her; the low, tiled roofs gave such a suffocating appearance to the houses, even though the windows were devoid of glass; and, altogether, it was very different from the Elysium she had pictured.

They soon reached the residence of Señor Valentin, a white marble building, two stories in height, and presenting a cool and comfortable appearance.

They rode into the house, ascended the marble staircase, passed through what seemed a long *salon*, with high ceilings, marble floor, cool lounges, with mats and cushions in front and on either side; while elegant pictures adorned the walls.

Through this apartment Leandro hurried Celeste, without heeding the exclamations of the servants, and throwing open the light doors of green baize, ushered her into a small room, where, on a bamboo couch, reclined Señora Valentin.

While Leandro was clasped in a warm maternal embrace, Celeste regarded the señora curiously. Was this faded, slatternly-appearing woman the godmother she had reverenced so long?

She shivered a trifle, certainly not with cold, when the embrace was transferred to her, and when shown to her own room soon after, she told herself Havana might be a nice place in which to spend a few days or weeks, but to live there always— She left the sentence unfinished, and began to sob quietly to herself, fearing any one might hear, the room was so open, and the servants moved about noiselessly with slippered feet.

A week passed slowly by; there was no talk of marriage, for the señora grew very ill, and at length, almost before they fully realized her danger, she died.

Leandro was almost wild with grief, and Celeste, filled with sorrow, remorse and despair, resolved to return to her home. The house, the very city, seemed to her like a great tomb.

"Forgive me, Leandro," she said, in answer to his entreaty to remain; "but indeed I cannot stay. I should die, too, if I did. I am no tropical flower"—sighing—"only a rude Northern plant, fit only for rough winds and bleak, Northern skies. A stormy petrel, rather, that cannot live away from the sea and its rough waves. Believe me, I never meant to wound you, but I could not make you happy were I your wife."

"I will not release you now," he said, sorrowfully. "Go home, and then write me; you may yet send for me to come to you once more."

She sailed for New York; thence to St. John's. It was early in March, and they had a stormy passage.

Celeste, never seasick, cared little for the storm, but as they neared the coast of Newfoundland they were enveloped in a dense fog which greatly obstructed their way.

No danger was apprehended, but there was necessarily delay, and a constant grumbling among the passengers in consequence.

Night closed in early, and Celeste had retired to her stateroom, when she was startled by a jarring motion, a crash, and cries and bustle on deck. She hastily threw on a wrapper, and with other frightened passengers rushed above.

They had collided with a smaller vessel, and though the steamer was unharmed, the lighter craft seemed filling, and about to sink.

Celeste peered out into the darkness, and caught the glimpse of a floating flag, a fluttering sail, and a sudden shriek rent the air.

"Save him!" she cried, as though there had been a single man on board the fated vessel. "Save him! Oh, Carl, Carl!"

The boats were lowered, every effort was made to pick up the unfortunate crew, and in an incredibly short space of time they were all on board the steamer—though none too soon, for the vessel speedily sank beneath the waves.

The passengers crowded about the rescued men, and under cover of the crowd Celeste tore off the brilliant diamond which had sparkled on her engagement-finger, and placed it in the hand of the seaman who had seemed most active in lowering the boats. Then turning, she stood face to face with Carl, who was dripping with water, but quite unharmed and smiling.

"Celeste," he said, "I heard your dear voice calling, and it thrilled my heart with joy, since I knew, whatever had befallen you, you cared for me still. And you are——"

"Not married, Carl."

She took out her dainty handkerchief, and wiped the sea-water from his face. A shower of crystals, quite as briny, was falling over her own.

"Dear, tender eyes," he said, softly; and he stooped and kissed them both, as he had done before. "My darling, you must go below at once, and in the morning we will have a long talk together."

"Oh, Carl," she sobbed, "I have been so unhappy, so homesick, so very miserable!"

He smoothed the bright hair back from her flushed and tear-stained face.

"You must never do so again," he said, soothingly. "Try and get some sleep now, dear. I will take you to your stateroom immediately. Sleep to-night; we will make everything right to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she repeated. "Leandro hates that word; but you do not, nor I."

"No, darling, since it is to give you back to me, I trust. And now, good-night."

He left her, but she scarcely slept. In the morning she rose early, and dressing, went up on deck. Carl was there before her, and he came eagerly to meet her, holding her hand fast in his own while they mutually explained the events which had transpired since they parted on that Winter night upon the coast.

"I am so sorry the *Fearless* is gone," Celeste said. "Was she insured, Carl?"

"Yes; and though I lost something, of course I cannot regret it, since only for the accident I might never have looked upon your face again."

"How so?" And she clung to him in sudden fear.

His arm stole round her waist, drawing her closer to his side.

"There, you are safer so;" and he smiled. "I had resolved never to pass in sight of your old home. I was only going to St. John's, and thence a long voyage. And I might have missed your dear face always; then Celeste," suddenly, "where is your engagement-ring? You had one, surely."

"Oh, Carl!" and her face crimsoned painfully.

"Tell me. There can be nothing so dreadful about it; you surely have not pawned it for any purpose?"

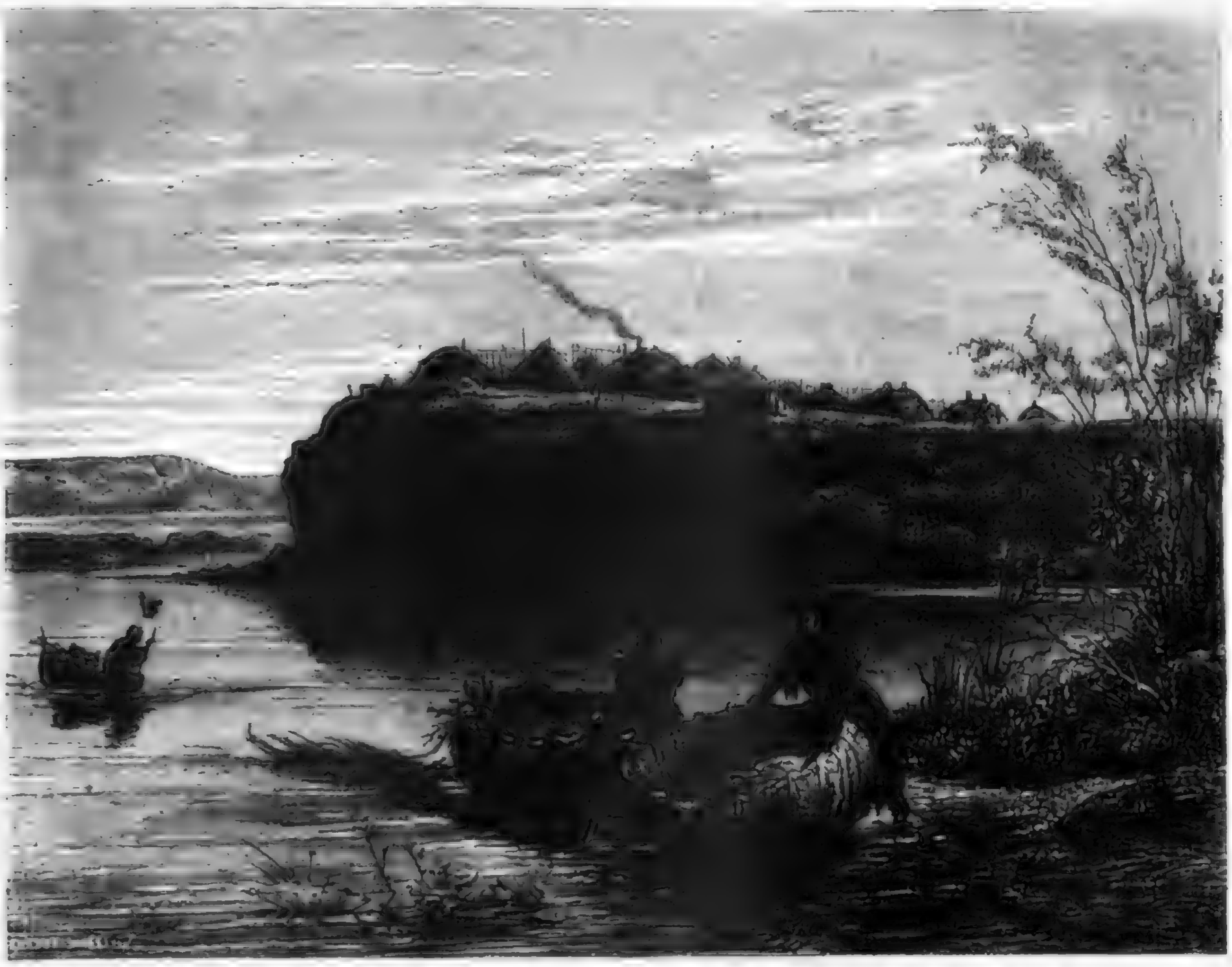
"Don't laugh at me—don't scold me——"

And here she paused.

"How could I laugh at you or scold you, Celeste? Well, I'm waiting, dear."

"It is probably locked up in a seaman's chest, or possibly hidden away in a tobacco-pouch, since——"

"Well?"



FROM BENTON TO BISMARCK.—A MANDAN VILLAGE, AND WOMEN WITH BULL-BOATS.—SEE PAGE 214.

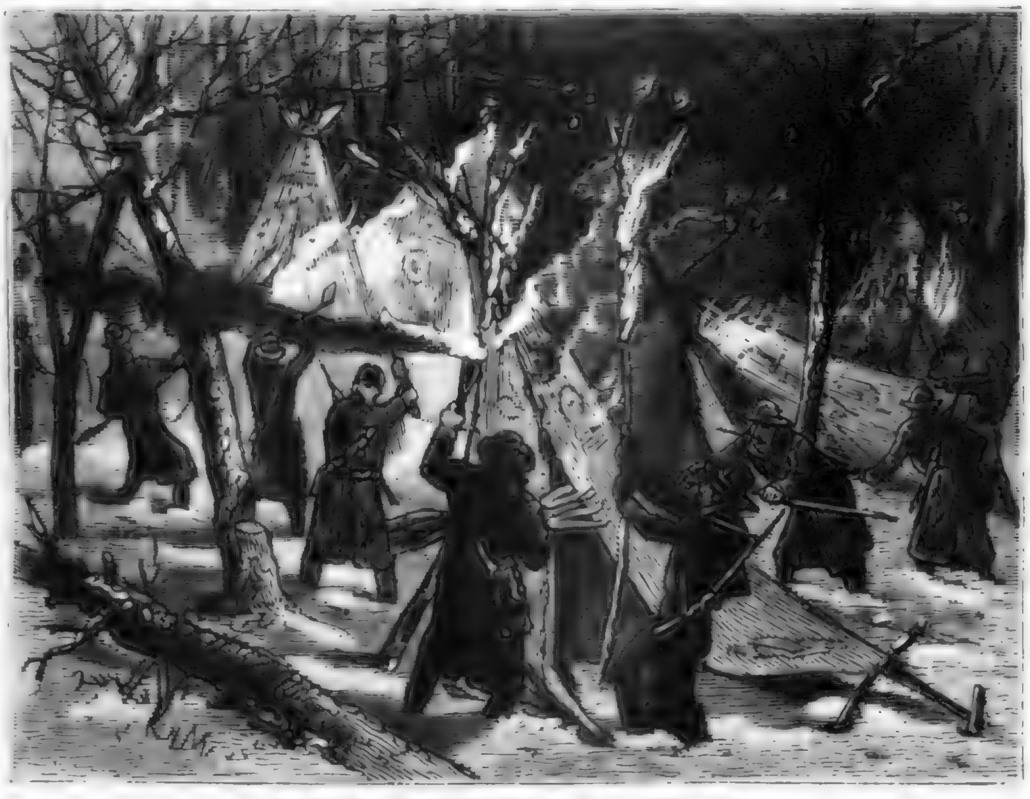
"Why, since I saw the *Fearless* sinking last night, and I cried out——"

"Yes; I heard you, dear."

"One sailor, you know, Carl, sprang quickly to your rescue—he was far ahead of the rest. And when I saw you safe, I—I never thought, but gave him my ring."

"The impulse was like you, dear heart," he said; "but still the act was not quite just. When you break the engagement with Señor Valentin, you should return the ring. But, no matter, darling," as she drooped her head, "I will purchase the ring from the sailor at his own price."

Her face brightened, and all was satisfactorily settled.

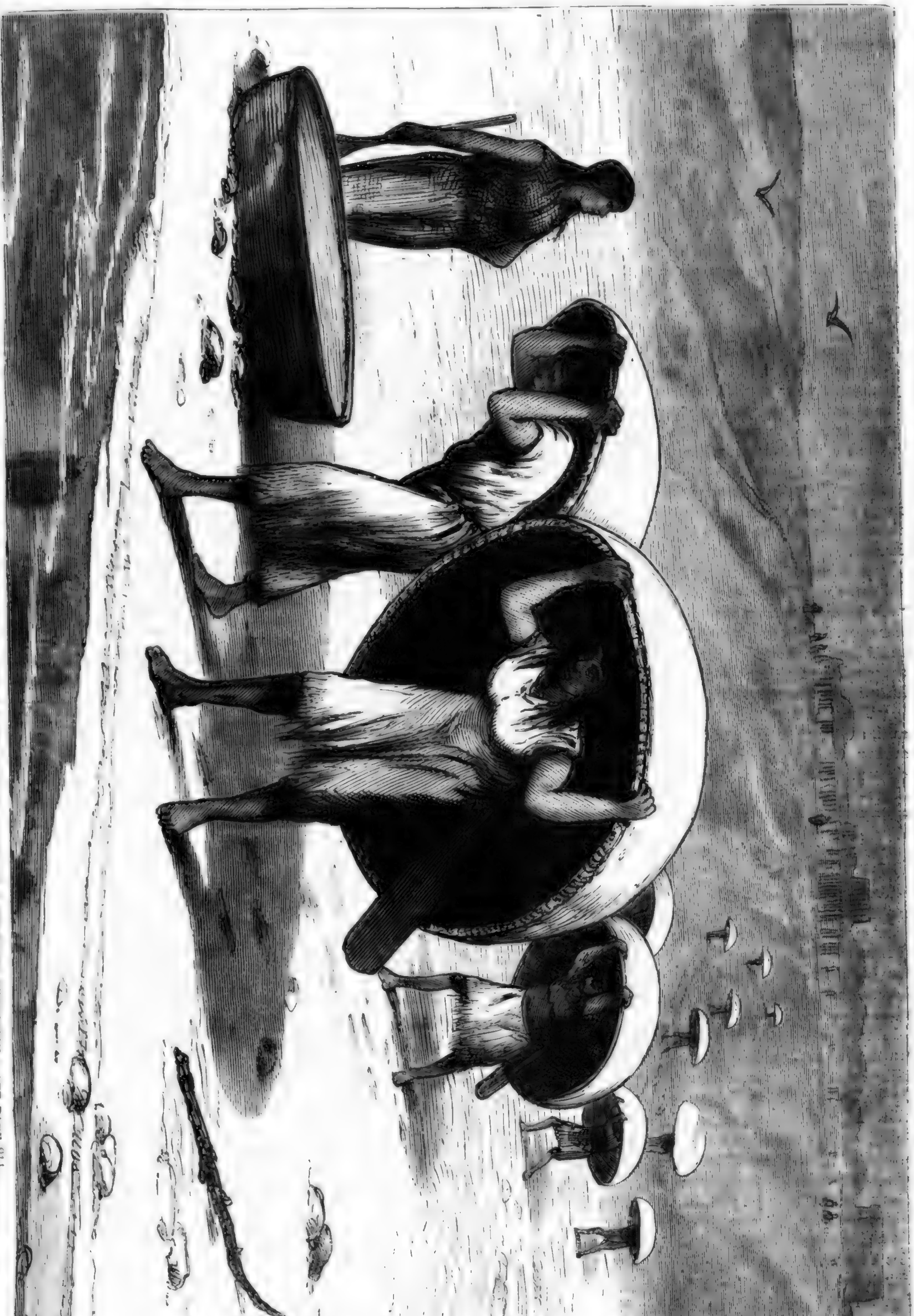


SURPRISE AND DESTRUCTION OF A SIOUX CAMP.

She returned with Carl to her home, and her father, missing her bright face more than he had thought possible, gave consent to receive Carl as his future son, instead of Leandro; and Celeste, now that all was arranged, was seized with a sudden chill.

She sat down to write her Cuban lover, and ask her release; but the letter was never finished. She sought her bed, and for weeks tossed in feverish delirium.

But her constitution was strong, and when the skies began to soften, and April tears give place to more genial May, she was just recovered enough to lean upon Carl's arm and walk out to the beach. And while he smiled to see the soft breeze of Spring bring



FROM BISMARCK TO BENTON.—MANDAN WOMEN, WITH THEIR BOATS OF BUFFALO-HIDE, GOING ON A BERRYING EXCURSION.—SEE PAGE 211.

back a promise of Summer roses in her cheeks, Rachel appeared with the news of Señor Valentin's arrival.

"Send him here to meet me," she said, in answer, leaning her head back wearily in her chair. "Stay a moment, please, Carl—I want to introduce you, and then you may go."

She presented Carl, who lifted his hat gravely, while, just as grave, the señor bowed low; and touching his hat once more, Carl left them together.

"I have not the greeting I could wish to give you," and she lifted her sad eyes to his face, "my dear, true friend. What I have to tell you may be unpleasant to us both perhaps; but believe me I am kinder to you with the bitter truth upon my lips than I was in speaking a sweeter lie. Forgive me both. It was here beside the sea I took up the burden of our engagement; and here beside the sea I lay it down. I did not love you then; I do not now; I shall never love you in the days that are to come. The world will say that I am mad to reject you, with your wealth, your noble heart, your home in the Southern sea, to cling to this bleak Northern coast or an humble home upon the ocean waves; but there is a bond which holds me here, too strong for my wild will to break."

Señor Valentin was very white when she ceased speaking, but there was no anger in his face. She had spoken the truth gently and humbly, and in his heart he forgave her all.

"*Dios mio!*" he muttered, looking away over the sea.

It was very bitter to him, but when he gazed into her pale face, and saw the restless fire had almost died from her eyes, leaving only patience in its stead, he knew she must have suffered both mental and bodily agony to have accomplished this, and for his farewell he stooped and kissed her tenderly—his sweet, dead love.

"There is no bitterness in my heart against you," he said, sadly, "but I cannot remain here. I go my way, asking God to bless you and the husband you have chosen. To-day I return to St. John's, and I sail for home—*mañana.*"

FROM BISMARCK TO BENTON.

THIRTY, or even twenty, years ago, the "Great American Desert" was marked on maps as designating the greater portion of the now fertile and flourishing States of Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota. So great and so rapid has been the revolution in the social and agricultural developments of the West and Northwest, as to verge on the incredible.

It is proposed in the following pages to locate the genuine American Desert by a steamboat ride of 1,300 miles from Bismarck, Dakota, to Fort Benton, on the Upper Missouri, in Montana Territory. Over 3,000 miles from its junction with the Mississippi above St. Louis, the Missouri is formed by the commingling of the Jefferson, Gallatin and Madison. Long will you seek in vain a fairer valley than its mountain-cradle, circled by snowy ranges, rising from bristling forests of pine and cedar; its deep, gray-green eddies the home of the trout (*Salmo pleuriticus*), the beaver and otter; its billow-boundaries of wide and swelling green, not squared and ruled "for thine and mine," but fading in limitless distances of green and gray to the ebbing horizon of serrated snows. Its course through the fertile valleys of Montana is uneventful, save for the Great Falls below Helena, until at Fort Benton it meets the Mauvaises Terres, or Bad Lands, through which, carving its way, it debouches on the Yellowstone Valley, and bearing the mud-colored ensign of the latter stream, it winds through Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri, carrying the tributes of the James, Niobrara, Platte and Kaw Rivers.

What a curious and wonderful page of romance lies hidden in its more recent past, from the days of Regis Loisel and the hardy "coureurs de bois," of Lewis and Clark, the discoverers of the Yellowstone, to the fall of Custer. Think of those *voyageurs* fifty years ago, making in their three years' trip over 6,000 miles, rarely meeting a compatriot till their return. And what of the red men who roved and ruled the prairies through which they passed? All gone, like a cloud-shadow. With due acquiescence in Sheridan's dictum that a "good Indian is a dead Indian," some credence is surely due the records of Lewis and Clark, Catlin and Father de Smet—records which show the Indian in a far more favorable light than the one he now shines in, borrowed from semi-civilization, including whisky. Have we no broken covenants to answer for? Are we entirely free from his shame?

But here we are at Bismarck, elbowing our way through the promiscuous crowd that throngs a frontier town, making our way down to the boat leaving for the up-river this afternoon. The bulletin marks the river four feet, and rising; so we get our traps aboard, and take in the human elements around us, all of which are rapidly developing what meteorologists call "dangerous energy"; everybody and everything is in every one's way, and the probable satisfactory solution of the general antagonism points to a free fight to clear the air of superabundant electricity and sulphur. You have doubtless read Mark Twain's "Old Times on the Mississippi" (if you have not, you should do so at once); and here is his most carefully drawn character (the pilot) before you—a mild-mannered and civil one—just now in a quiescent state, chewing a toothpick, and taking notes for future reference, if necessary, of things in general. But again it is almost certain that you will see him in an active (he is now passive, so to speak) condition, and you will wonder at the transformation.

There are all sorts of erroneous impressions abroad—mostly to the bad—concerning Missouri River pilots and mothers-in-law. Our pilot was courtesy personified to all: his name was Braithwaite. Next to him in importance comes the clerk—in our case this honor devolved on the captain's son—a courteous, chipper, five and one-half foot walking encyclopedia of the Upper Missouri and all pertaining to it. I never could quite see where the captain comes in, for certainly the pilot and clerk could call the turn on him at any time. Suppose he did own the boat? The pilot could "kill it," couldn't he? One more official needs a passing notice—the cook—whose knowledge of his duties, or lack of it, is quite an item when one has to submit thereto for a couple of weeks. In our case we had no fault to find; the meals were plain, but clean and good.

The passengers were few, and all disposed to make the best of everything—the great secret of pleasant travel. My *compagnon de voyage* was a retired New York merchant, who had the good taste to see his own country and its wonders before going abroad. He had seen California, and now proposed this route to Yellowstone Park.

But finally the last barrel of freight is rolled aboard, the engineer has given the stern-wheel a half turn to dispossess it of the *gamins* perched thereon fishing for Missouri cats—hideous monsters of the mud, that range as high as one hundred and fifty pounds—the gangplank is hauled aboard, and we are off, amid a chorus of "So longs" from shore. Introduced to the pilot, we are soon at home in the pilot-house, and after supper spread blankets on the upper deck, and note the novelty of the scene. One is reminded of Mark Twain by the names given by the pilot to the various wooded points and channels. The river is literally an open book to him. All its changing channels—and they are simply legion—must be deduced from positive knowledge, not inference, or the boat would be "killed" in no time.

We are passing a series of castellated columns, roughly pyramidal in form, the side facing the river being vertical, of a warm gray color splashed with streaks of vermilion. Other similar forms vanish in the far distance, whence a boat is hastening down, leaving a furrowed wake on the wide and shiny flood.

A host of wild fowl rise clamoring, and wing their way toward the setting sun, now lighting up the distant prairie, across which a group of Indians are filing on their ponies. The scene and its accessories seem like a fragment of the past, and most incongruous to the associations of Bismarck, barely out of sight. O prairie sea! swelling in ridged billows to the gray spaces of the cloud-peopled sky!—eloquent embodiment of infinity!—who shall picture your grand and simple dignity, in calm or storm, before your restless tenants and your mighty wastes are blotted out by the imperious hand of labor?

At nightfall the boat is tied up at a convenient woodyard, or to stout cottonwood-trunks, and chatting over events past and present (here known as "feeding wind-puddings"), the evening wears away. The woodcutter, or "wood-hawk," has a hard time of it. He is liable to lose his scalp at the hands of the reds, to whom he dares show nothing but civility, or he may have all his long winter's work undone by their firing his cords of wood stacked along the river, in revenge for some affront, fancied or otherwise, offered by a third party.

The morning after leaving Bismarck, we halt at Fort Stevenson for a moment, to land some goods for the post, situated two miles distant, and forge ahead to Berthold Agency. In the old days, all the freight for the various posts and agencies was brought from St. Louis, and those were stirring times. Competition was rife, and large fortunes were lost and made. The completion of the Northern Pacific to Bismarck has, of course, curtailed the time and expense, and the boats running thence to Fort Benton are the only ones nowadays that make anything to speak of. Berthold Agency is the principal rendezvous of the Ree and Mandan Indians, and is situated on a high bluff overlooking the river.

The Rees (abbreviation of Arickarees) have long been the sincere and mortal enemy of the Sioux, and the equally sincere ally of the whites. The Mandans are a very peculiar race. Almost annihilated by smallpox some years since, they moved from their camp below and amalgamated with the Rees. With light eyes, they lend credence to the belief that they are of Welsh origin—at least in part; many of their words, I am credibly informed, being synonymous with those extant in the Welsh dialect. Their lodge also differs in form and material from the ordinary tepé of deerskins stretched over poles, being constructed of wood covered with plaster, and a semi-circular roof, surmounted by a buffalo-skull for "good medicine."

Strange how this superstition of *medicine* is allied to the old auguries of ancient Rome, and enters equally into the daily life of these people; and stranger still that one tribe, the Navajoes, have our astronomical signs of Mars and Venus, which they paint on their babies' moccasins.

An Indian prowling round the willow-thickets comes to the bank, and shading his eyes, gazes stolidly at the boat, now rapidly nearing the Agency. The whistle has brought out the population *en masse.* What a stunning picture for Gérome; the semi-naked barbaric forms, in every pose, the bright bits of color, the ponies and dogs, relieved against the dull-gray adobe background, with a sunny sky over all.

This puts fashionable slumming entirely in the shade. Here you have the run of the tepés and lodges, and a stolid, staring savage at every step. In one lodge we found a semi-nude buck enjoying a smoke, a pot of excellent coffee on the hearth, and a goodly supply of grub, the latter augmented anon by the entrance of the squaw, wrapped in a blanket belted at the waist, carrying in her corsage a supply of beans, sugar, pork, etc. Some deer-meat hung outside, and a Henry rifle and cartridges testified to the wealth of the owner, who sported this Bostonian *menu* on the ground of particular "good medicine."

Frequent are the raids made on the Sioux hunting-grounds. For this purpose a bull-boat is used to cross the river; this is simply a circle of osiers covered with a buffalo-hide. The squaw paddles, the brave calmly holding the reins of the pony swimming behind, sometimes with the additional burden of a youngster hanging to its tail.

From this point to Fort Buford the prairie folds back its green curtains on either bank, fretted with winding creeks, shadowed by groves of cottonwood and box-alder, among which one gets a glimpse of an Indian grave, uplifting its decaying burden against the shifting spaces of the sky. O solitary dead in rifled coffin! O Viking of these stretching seas of grass! your restless conqueror seeks to glean even from your musty cerements that evidence of your storied past he should have gathered from you living.

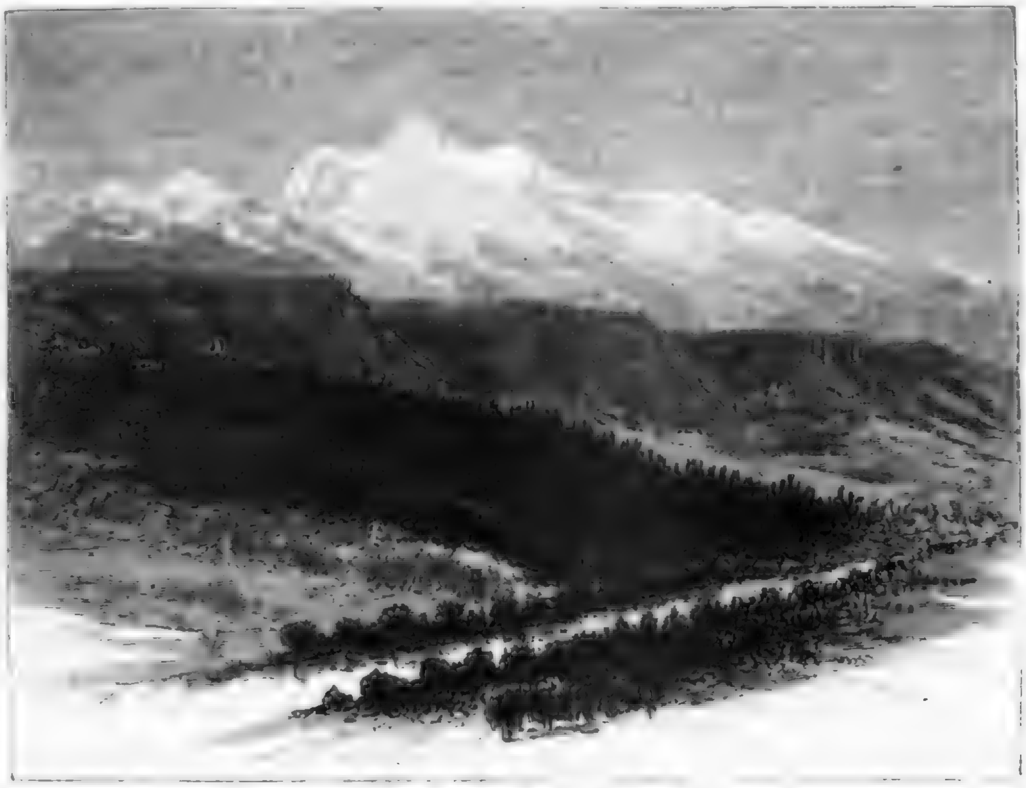
To a certain extent the boats depend on game for fresh meat: antelope and deer—both white and black tail—with buffalo, mountain-sheep and bear in the upper river. The fusillade from the deck when game was sighted was simply terrific. My friend B—— had the reputation of bringing down the first antelope at 700 yards with his Winchester; his modest declaration that he was not aiming at it only procured him additional honors.

On the fourth morning we strike the Yellowstone, and halt at Fort Buford, opposite the mouth of that famous river. We tramp to old Fort Union, two miles distant, and await the boat, which is making a detour of twelve miles. This point was one of the American Fur Company's trading-posts, founded, I think, by Lewis and Clarke, long since deserted. The log buildings are monopolized by a few Mandans, one of which they refused to allow us to remain in or sketch. It was a council-lodge, about twenty feet in diameter, ornamented with beds with calico curtains. A pot of dog-meat was on the fire, and war-lances, etc., adorned the walls.

Now the river narrows considerably, the channel is more changeable and shallow, and swirls around islands of cottonwood and willow. Here begins the wall of the desert. Although the same formation has been visible since we left Bismarck, it has been of an isolated character, and more prone to the action of frost and water. Now it takes on a more massive front and rises to a height of 400 and 600 feet.

Geology shows that this was the shoreline of the prehistoric inland seas or lakes, a theory further verified by the abundant and unique fossil types found within its borders. The marvelous and incongruous collection of

XUM



THE VALLEY OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

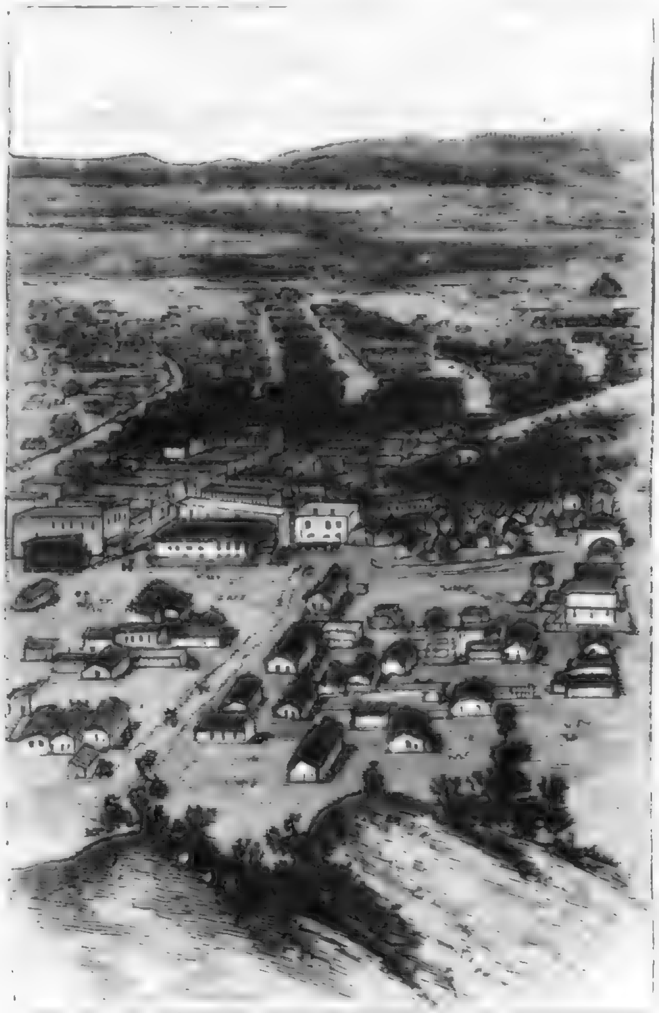
forms that will now attract and enchant you are the result of erosion on the alkaline clays of the genuine American Desert.

This section of the Northwest has not yet received the attention it so richly merits and will amply repay, on account of Indian disturbances, but with the surrender of Sitting-Bull that question is happily and definitely settled, and science may look forward to a rich harvest hidden in the hollows of these Bad Lands.

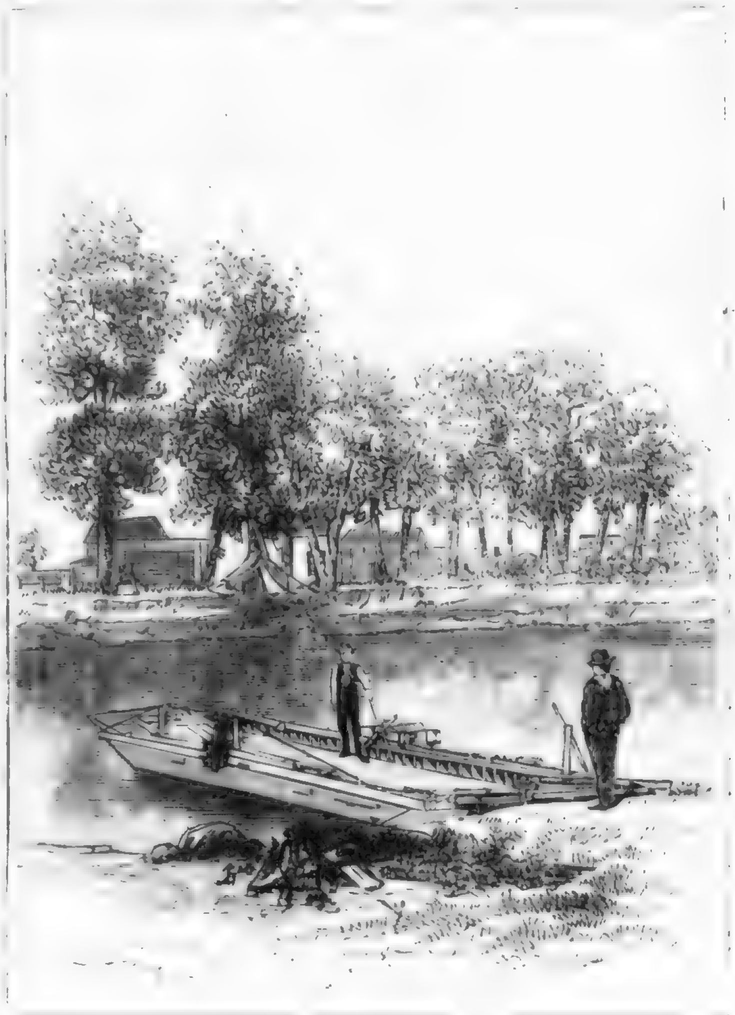
As Coleridge declared "a thing cannot be described in words," we must now call on art for assistance in describing the indescribable.

The desert-wall dips into prairie of an undulating character, with high clay banks fringed with willow and cottonwood. Now we are in the heart of the hostile Indian country, and promiscuous firing has been discontinued, lest a stray bullet might spend itself in a skulking red, and thereby form the "nucleus," as Mark Twain says, of trouble.

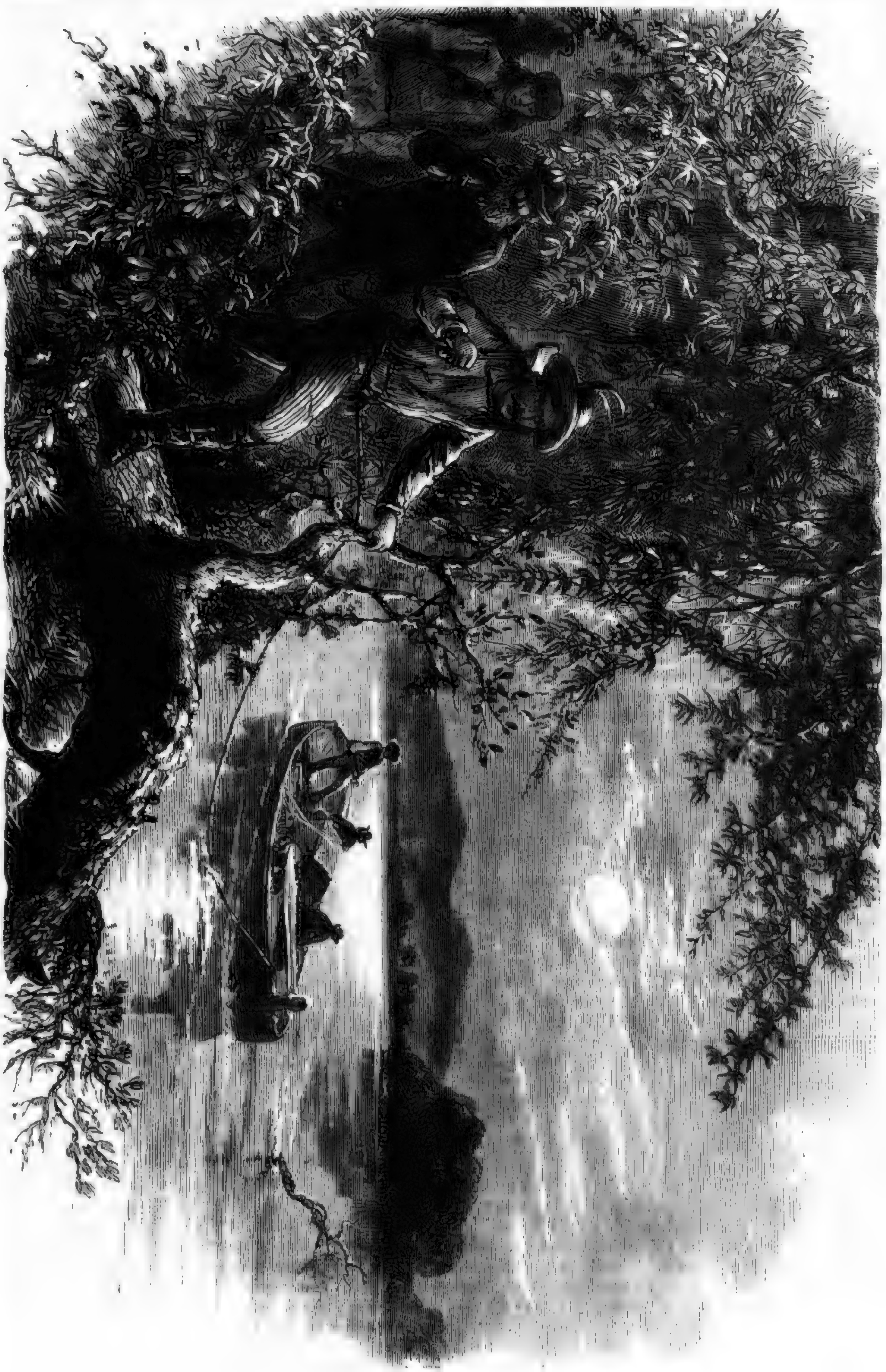
The pilot points out Harney's Bluff, where the *Fontenelle's* pilot, in 1875, while taking soundings, was fired at, some of the crew of the yawl killed, and the former escaped by swimming ashore with a gold watch in his mouth; and sweeping round the bend, we sight Deer-Tail's camp, picturesquely located on a high bluff overlooking the river. You cannot get an Indian to camp on a level



HELENA FROM THE SOUTH.



A FERRY NEAR MILES CITY.



TRAPPERS AND HALF-BREEDS TOWING A BOAT ON THE MISSOURI.

with water, possibly from past experiences with cloudbursts. Yonder is a Fromentin ready to hand, only lacking the hawk—a group of Sioux with their gaudy trappings standing out on their ponies against the sky. How one feels now the highly rarefied air stirring the blood to joyance and vitality! how sharp and keenly defined are far-distant objects in the opaline air! And so we cautiously sweep around bends of the narrow river, and finally get stuck on a sandbank. Now is seen the philosophy of "the nigger"—the stout masts, swung from either bow, are lowered in the sand, and steam being applied, we are pushed over. When the river is low this operation is never-ending in some cases—even the freight has to be put ashore; and thus lightened, the bar is jumped and freight reshipped, an operation allowing a passenger all day for prospecting and hunting.

Our second clerk, desiring to make himself useful in an emergency, was requested to go and sit on the safety-valve. In response to the engineer's location thereof, he declared he wouldn't sit there for Captain M—— or any other man.

Word is passed to heave the lead, and the familiar cry rings out: "Four feet! three feet! three and a half!"—(Mark Twain.) Presently we strike a channel, the leads are taken in, the engineer of the boat gets the signal to go ahead, and so toward afternoon we tie up at Wolf Point.

At this point and Poplar Creek are the two largest Indian camps in existence, this one comprising 1,600 lodges, a forest of tepé-poles rising from a bench one and a half miles back from the river. These are the famous hostiles, remnants of the wily horde that brought Custer to his sad fate. Sitting-Bull was forty miles north, in Canada, but many of his principal lieutenants were here, and in active communication with him.

A race for a war-bonnet, valued at sixty-five cents, currency, was in progress. Broken-Arm, an Assiniboine chief, was the donor, and stood awaiting the howling, painted contestants. The whole scene was a page from Lewis and Clarke or Catlin's records. Joe Lambert, the interpreter, explained to the Indians the object of our visit; but when it came to photography or art, they covered their faces or sneaked away, fearing "bad medicine." When a photographer once before came up here, Lambert had to assume the responsibility that no evil results would follow the sun-pictures; fortunately for him, the ensuing hunt was a success, or he would have been held accountable for "bad medicine." We heard, a few weeks later, of Lambert's death at the hands of an Indian. Of the dance in the firelight, and other details of these red nomads, our space at present forbids.

At daybreak we file aboard and wait anxiously the chaos of pinnacles and fortress bastions that pierce the northern sky, and which we shall enter in a few hours. Scattered clusters of Indians are dotting the gray sagebrush on all sides, and a strange character of isolation and sterile solitude takes the place of the wide, grassy prairies of yesterday.

We drift into a cañon, intersected with lateral cañons of the alkaline clay formation, that simply beggars description. The walls are from 100 to 600 feet high, sculptured into every form imagination conjures up; cleft with pinnacles, domes, chimneys, battlements and fortress walls of this battlefield of the twin giants, Frost and Water. All hands were ashore as the boat tied up early for the night, and returned laden with wonderful fossils of snakes and fish and bivalve-shells found in the sagebrush bottom and along the cliffs or buttes; on the latter the soil was black, its sterility redeemed by tufts of a most exquisite white flower resembling the portulaca, with stephanotis perfume.

Looking across the narrow river, here unbroken in its calm, a few buffalo were browsing on the sage-brush benches, and, inclosing them in their mountain pasture, up rose the desert-wall with all its gnome-like forms and lonely heights darkly black against the palpitating ether of a sky lately cooled by rain; above and below shone forth the same grand wall, with luminous bastions and fretted pinnacles glorified in the declining sunset, that, shining, fused into rosy mist the dove-gray cohorts of the receding thunderstorm still lingering with muffled sobs in cloud-vailed hollows of this giant land.

The sculptured, marvelous wall keeps us company all next day, surfeiting one with surprises, until we strike the luxuriant valley of the Musselshell. The stream is here quite narrow, with thick willowy shores evenly graded by action of ice. What a verdant change from the scene of yesterday! Here I noted the barn-swallow, sand-martin, king-bird, and a variety of song-sparrow. Antelope and black-tail deer graced the table; elk, buffalo, and a solitary grizzly, were seen. Beaver and otter frequently splashed in the water—here, by-the-way, a few shades less muddy. Buffalo were making their annual migration southward.

In the pale distance we note the Little Rockies at sunrise. The character of the scenery is more rugged, with croppings of granite.

A "wood-hawk" states the Sioux and Crows had a fight yesterday up near Cow Island, and the Yankton Sioux are raiding the Judith Basin. Cow Island is the limit of navigation at low-water, freight being transported thence by bull-teams. Also it is the scene of General Miles's fight with the Nez Percé, Looking-Glass, in 1877. Here we enter a succession of lofty amphitheatres, which increase in beauty and grandeur as we leave Cow Island and inclose ourselves among the walls, literally crowded from base to summit with forms as wonderful as they are surprising. The only living thing observed here was a few mountain-sheep unconcernedly skipping about on the almost vertical face of the upper cliffs.

You know that wonderful poem of Poe's, "The City by the Sea," whose

"—shrines and palaces and towers—
Time-eaten towers, that tremble not—
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie."

It might most aptly be located in the scenes before you.

Emerging from these, we once more are refreshed by living green pastures sloping to the Bear-Paw Range, with gashes of snow on their northern flanks. Here I observed, near Drowned-Man's Rapids, ox-eye daisies, blue lupines, soap-plant, and white portulacas, before noted. At the rapids the current runs at the rate of twenty miles an hour; a "dead man" is got out, and all lend a helping hand to pull the boat over the rapids, and we enter the last and most extraordinary cañon of them all. The towering walls are covered with white sand relievos. For instance, yonder stands out a bit of Moorish architecture—a convent, with its square wall as seen in Florence; yonder, a fragment of an Egyptian temple; and, here a group of gigantic mushrooms, with busts and profiles simply numberless. Here, silhouetted against the radiant sky, are crouching mountain-lions, terrier-dogs begging, cups, arrow and lance heads, gigantic fungi and architectural suggestions without number

—a perfect kaleidoscope of plastic marvels wrought out in this vast, solitary studio by the great sculptors, Frost and Water. And we have not mentioned Hole-in-the-Wall, or the Citadel and the Steamboat Rocks—the latter formation, with its smokestacks, etc., most picturesque. Anon comes the rosy, lingering twilight and the rising moon.

Weird and unreal under the blaze of noon, the indefinite moonlight throws a glamour of eery enchantment over the gigantic forms that melt into one another under the gray silence of the Summer night. Hark! from afar cries the restless tenant of the desert, the coyote; and the frighted beaver splashes in the glimmering flood. In the deep, wide and cloudless sky the stars stretch forth their twinkling cordons, and the moon takes up her story; the pinnacles and domes of chaos recede in the purpling hollows of the night closing in awful silence on the giant land.

Glancing over the foregoing pages, I feel how imperfectly and feebly I have fulfilled my task in describing its scenes, and can only add that the lover of Nature—scientist, artist, or convalescent—is here afforded such visions and memories of beauty as will permeate "life's dull stream." On the eleventh day we reach Fort Benton, girded in its river-hollow by the Musselshell range on one side, and on the other by the prairie wastes stretching through the Sun River and Marias Valleys to the icy confines of the Arctic seas.

THE CROCODILE'S FRIEND.

In the case of the great saurian of the Nile, all that Aristotle tells us is borrowed from Herodotus, with the exception of the number of eggs it is said to lay; and it is curious to notice that he even tells the story of the little bird (*trochitos*) which eats the leeches out of the crocodile's mouth—a story long discredited, but which has been to a great extent corroborated by M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, the eminent French naturalist, who long resided in Egypt, and had repeated occasions to ascertain that the story of Herodotus was correct, in substance at least. He found that a little bird, the black-headed plover (*Pluvianus Ægyptius*), flies incessantly from place to place, searching everywhere, even in the crocodile's mouth, for insects, such as gnats, which attack the great saurian in innumerable swarms, and, entering his mouth, cover the inner surface of the palate with a brownish black crust. The little plover comes and delivers him from his troublesome enemies. That curious friendship exists between animals widely different from each other in form and habit is well known to naturalists; we may instance the case of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, which are often attended by little birds known as rhinoceros birds, which feed on the ticks and other parasites that infest these beasts, and which serve as well to warn them of approaching danger; the great pachyderms fully understand the bird's warning, and doubtless appreciate its good offices.

TWO GREAT ROYAL FAMILIES

Queen Victoria is in the thirty-second generation from Alfred the Great, and in the twenty-sixth from William the Conqueror, so that, in other words, King Alfred, of burnt-cake renown, is the great, great, etc. (thirty times repeated), grandfather of Her Gracious Majesty, and William the Conqueror the great, great, etc. (twenty-four times repeated), grandfather. Another point is in connection with the Danish royal family. Few monarchs can boast of such illustrious grandchildren as King Christian IX. of Denmark. Five out of his six children are married and have families. The eldest sons of each of these families are the prospective monarchs of Denmark, Greece, the British Empire, Russia, and Hanover. It is a fact without parallel in history, I fancy, for any King to be the grandfather of two prospective Emperors and three prospective Kings.

A HAUNTED CASTLE.

By Keningale Cook.

A castle, now turned convent, caps a brow
  Where shining sprays the olive interweaves,
  Named from a legend no one half believes:
For who has faith in old-time wonders now?
A stranger sits beneath a great gnarled bough
  And muses half asleep, till dream deceives
  His surlier sense, while glamour's spectral thieves
Dart in and shift the scenes, he knows not how.

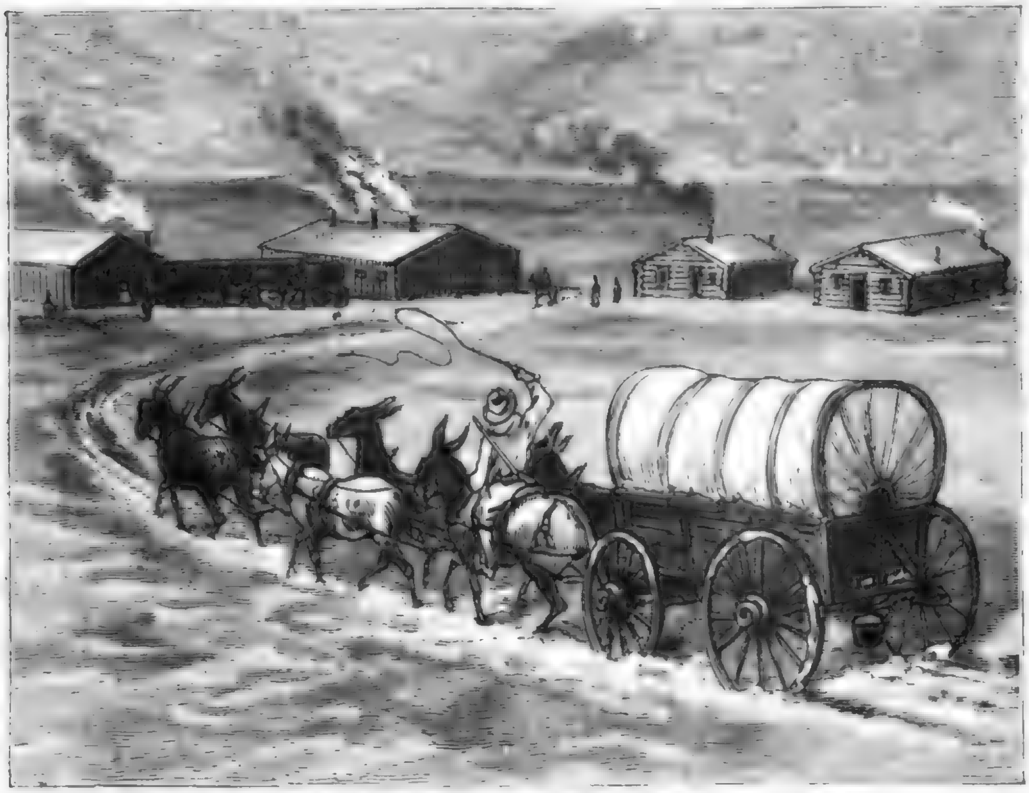
Before his eyes a mirage is outspread;
  The storied miracle, disclosed anew,
Takes breathing shape, with bursts of life is born;
Now the ghosts live again this long while dead,
  Faces are seen, a cry the groves strikes through;
By mortal tragedy the air is torn.

THE STORY OF A GOVERNESS.

Mr. Beauchamp was one of your unsuccessful men, of whom the world is full—men who never seem to have energy to push forward, and without any such striking merit as to command attention. They are constantly outstripped, and undertake everything in a half-hearted way that insures failure at the very start.

Poor Beauchamp! At sixty he was a nervous, dejected old person, with six grown-up daughters—all unmarried—and twenty-five hundred dollars a year. He was in mortal fear, too, of being superannuated and sent about his business, to make way for somebody with more influence.

His house cost him five hundred a year. He knew it ought only to have cost him half; but he had tried houses at two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and had had to pay the difference in cures for colds and omnibuses and shoe-leather. Moreover, provisions are dearer in the suburbs than in town. There remained two thousand a year, minus income tax and other taxes, to clothe, feed, warm and cherish nine persons. The thing might have been done, save for the doctors; but Mrs. Beauchamp was always ailing. The youngest daughter had a delicate chest, another had met with an accident which made her lame from infancy; three of the rest had to be sent to school. It would never do to leave the girls quite without accomplishments, and their mother was no longer able to teach them. Rosamond, the eldest, a resolute young lady of twenty-seven, with calm, steadfast eyes and a face habitually pale, remained at home, and was the angel of the house. She had made her sisters' pinafores when they were younger; now she cut out their dresses and bonnets, turning her nimble fingers to anything. Her needle was for ever in her hand when she was not busy with other duties. It was Miss Rosamond who kept the one servant within reasonable bounds, and persuaded her to put on a white apron



FROM BISMARCK TO BENTON.—SCENE AT A STATION.—SEE PAGE 214.

when she served dinner. It was Miss Rosamond, again, who made a toothsome dish out of nothing, when her weary, dispirited father came back from his office overladen with thoughts and cares.

She would sing the ballads that he loved when a youth full of energy and ambition; she would talk to him so brightly of hope and happiness, that now and then the smiles would come back to his poor old faded face, and his worn-out heart would be warmed back to gladness.

She was her mother's nurse, too, and her weak sister's nurse, and she had bought quite a pretty crutch for her lame sister out of the price given for some empty bottles which were the most precious things left to the Beauchamps by the colonel, when he went his way to another world congratulating himself on having done so well for his son.

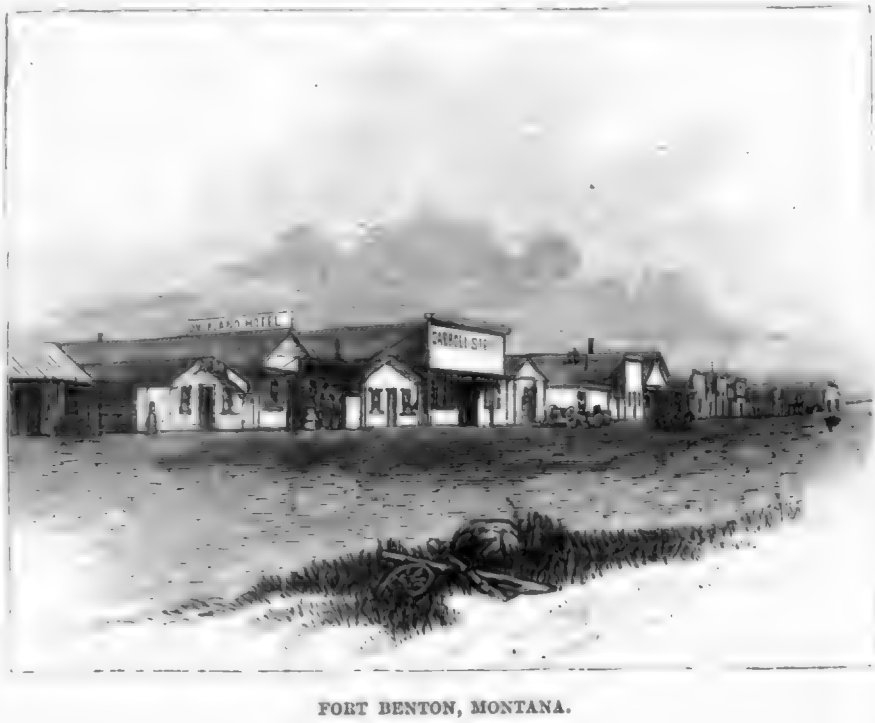
But it was all in vain; the family continued to grow poorer and poorer. There were nine mouths to feed—eight human beings who felt hungry two or three times every day; and it is the absolute necessaries of life which cost money nowadays. A rich man can cut down his expenses; a poor man cannot. Luxuries may be suppressed, but not appetite.

Rosamond, as might have been expected, was the first to take a commonsense view of the awkward position in which they were placed when the coal-bill had remained six weeks unpaid one severe Winter. She did not say anything, save to her mother, with whom she took quiet counsel; but she answered an advertisement for a governess, and engaged herself for a year to teach all she knew. Then she packed up such few things as she wanted in an old box, which she managed to make look presentable, and kissed her father, with her prim little black silk bonnet on, ready to start.

The proud head of the gentleman drooped as he took leave of her; but she and her mother were of one mind, and gossiped and kissed away as women will the sharp pang that it gave him to see his darling go among strangers. Then the thing was done.

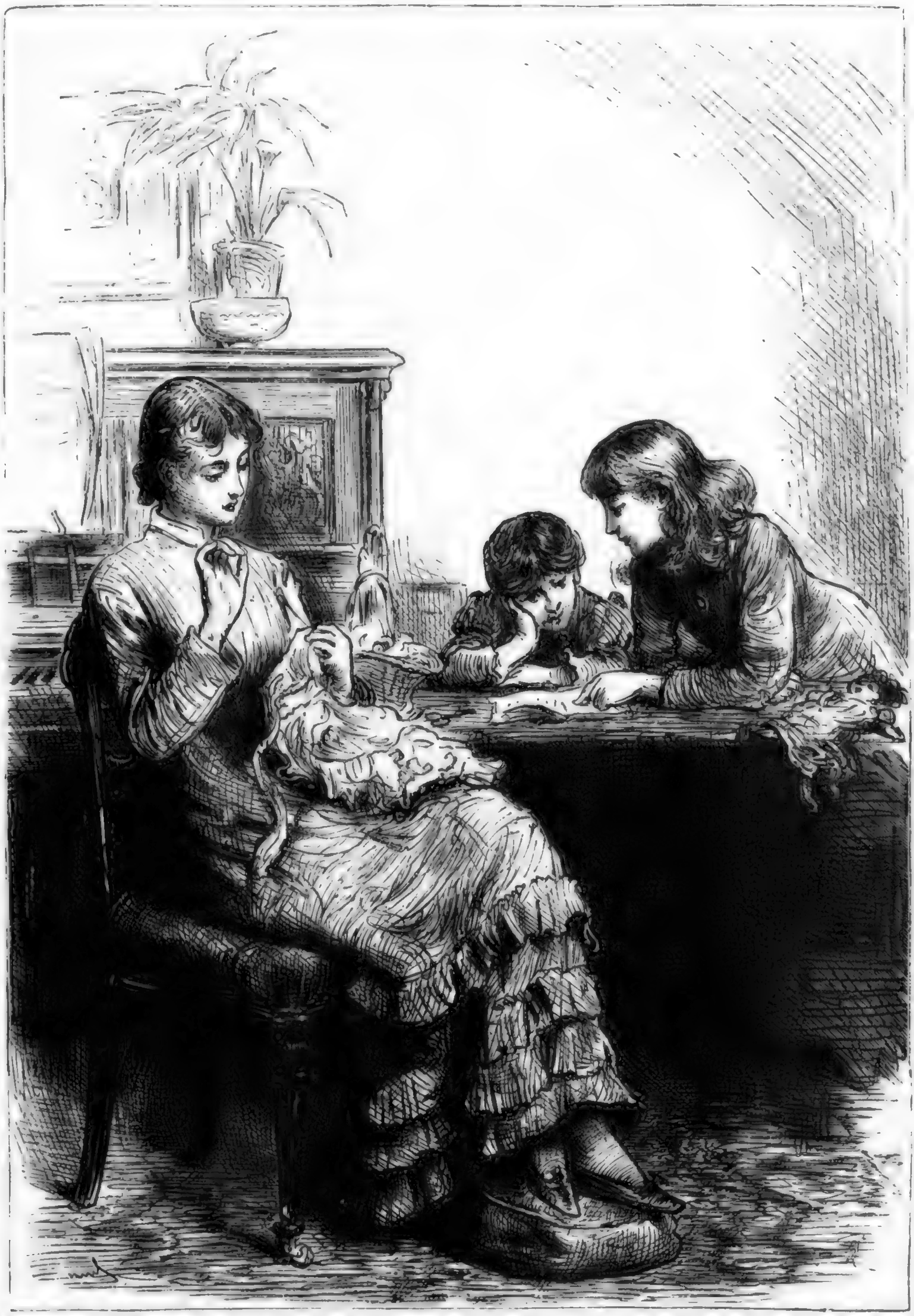
Happily, employment is easily had nowadays. Rosamond's lines fell in pleasant places. She was her mother's pupil, when Mrs. Beauchamp had health and strength to teach, and so had been educated in the best manner. She could puzzle many a schoolboy in historical knowledge. She was great at facts and dates. She spoke and wrote good English, much better than that in use at our colleges, and she was a musician of no common excellence. She could draw and paint, too, in a ladylike way, and had a fair conversational acquaintance with the more popular sciences. Above all, she had the art of teaching and of making herself respected and beloved.

Every Sunday she came home, and every quarter-day she left her golden coin in her mother's frail hand, taking her silent blessing in return. Mr. Beauchamp did not know of that little arrangement; there are holy secrets among women which must needs be kept; but he felt that things went on easier to him, as an overburdened horse may feel when an unseen shoulder is put to the wheel behind him. The coal-bill seemed to dwindle miraculously, nothing was heard of the cost of cod-liver oil for Alice, or of the extras charged in the school-bills for Mary and Jane. By-and-by, too, Rosamond's salary was increased, and her contributions grew larger as the rich people with whom she lived appreciated her more and more. She managed to give five hundred dollars



FORT BENTON, MONTANA.

and a gold bracelet, which had been a present to her on her birthday, when her sister Jane married a young physician, who fell in love with her while in professional attendance on the family.



THE STORY OF A GOVERNESS.—"SHE HAD MADE HER SISTERS' PINAFORES WHEN THEY WERE YOUNGER; NOW SHE CUT OUT THEIR BONNETS AND DRESSES—TURNING HER NIMBLE FINGERS TO ANYTHING."—SEE PAGE 219.

Fortunately, the Beauchamps could not afford a medical man of more experience. For her own part, she had renounced all thoughts of marriage when she had gone away from her father's house. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why she prospered. She aroused no jealousies; she excited no rivalries; she was never in the way of her pupils or their friends. She dressed with a certain determined plainness which was without pretension, and wore neither ornaments nor curls. She was very comely, but it was the comeliness of a Quakeress, prim, staid and reserved, though she was never ascetic or obtrusive in her self-denial. Her words were always sweet, but they were few.

Possibly this peculiarity, which is precious in woman, may have struck Job Sheepskin, the great equity lawyer, who had been at Winchester with her father, for he got into a way of sidling up to her when he dined, as he did oftener and oftener, at the house where she lived. No doubt he would have married her if she would have had him; but she had a fine womanly instinct for the proprieties, and brought him to his senses one Summer afternoon, when he had called early to make his offer.

It is seldom, however, even in this hard world, that self-sacrifice and steady good conduct go unrewarded: and a marvelous day came at last for the Beauchamps when Job Sheepskin's will was opened, and it was found he had left the whole of a successful barrister's fortune to brave Rosamond.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

Chapter I.

A house brightly lighted from top to bottom—outside, the rain falling in torrents—inside, rooms a great deal too warm, polished floor, and the heavy scent of violets and tuberoses everywhere.

Everybody is at Mrs. Darrell's ball to-night, and everybody is happy; at least in appearance, for Mrs. Darrell is the most accomplished of hostesses. No "ghastly row of unattended maids" adorns her walls, nor is any *blasé* society-man forced to dance who is wearied of that amusement.

Sweetest music inspires those who *do* love to "tread a measure," while the dimly lit conservatory invites anything from the mildest flirtation up to real love-making.

But accidents will ever happen at the most inopportune moments, and to-night something goes wrong with the pipes in the ladies' dressing-room, and the escaping gas pervades the whole house. In this extremity Charlie is sent in hot haste for the plumber, which grieves that youth to the soul, for he misses a waltz with the girl of his heart.

The plumber, that useful but not inexpensive person, arrives promptly, and is shown up to the scene of the disaster, to the extreme consternation of the young lady who is having her white satin boots buttoned as he enters.

"The gentlemen's dressing-room is across the hall," says one of the maids, politely, looking only at the very fine clothes of the young man, and not at the tools in his hand.

"I am the plumber," he answers, smiling. "I believe this is the room where the gas is escaping."

"Isn't he an awfully handsome plumber, though!" whispers Satin-boots, recovering from her embarrassment, to a tall girl who is making good use of the powder-puff before the mirror.

"Yes, he is," replied the other, glancing at him; "and see what a stylish coat he has on, Nellie. I thought plumbers always wore cardigan jackets, didn't you?"

"Here, you girls, do stop prinking and come on," cries a voice from the hall, and catching up fans and bouquets, the damsels hurry away.

They were very soon followed by the attendant Abigails, who, considering their duties over for the present, go to have a peep at the dancing through the back window.

Left to himself, the plumber laid down his tools, and going to the long mirror, gazed gravely at the reflection.

"Yes, I do think I look rather like a gentleman," he says. Then, with a laugh: "But, on my word, I don't see why that little girl should have been so covered with confusion when she thought I was one, and then regained her equanimity so completely when I stood revealed in all my charms as a plumber."

This plumber was a very handsome young fellow, and much too blue-blooded in appearance for a squire of such low degree. Tall and well-made, with a fine head, clear, dark skin, and jet-black hair and mustache, his face was given a peculiar charm by a pair of the most beautiful dark-blue eyes imaginable.

He had naturally a sad, romantic expression, too, which much enhanced his appearance in the eyes of a young lady, who, arriving very late, just at this moment opened the door.

The young lady, wrapped from head to foot in a long white opera-cloak, looked so lovely that the plumber stood perfectly still and stared at her, at which she blushed, and said, confusedly:

"Oh, I thought this was the ladies'—why"—seeing the unmistakably feminine wrappings strewn in every direction—"this is the ladies' room."

"Excuse me," he interrupts, bowing with the air of a prince. "You are in quite the right place. I am an intruder here. I came only to mend the gaspipe, which has broken in the most untimely manner."

"Oh, yes," she replies, smiling beautifully; "I thought it odd for them to have lamps in here. But how kind it is of you to try and remedy the evil."

"Kind of me!" he thinks, wonderingly. "Why, she actually takes me for an obliging guest. By George, I won't undeceive her!"

Then, turning to her with a smile:

"You are late, are you not? I would not have ventured upon this enchanted ground had I not thought that every one had come who was coming."

"Yes, I am late," she answers, with another charming smile. "I have been to the opera, you see."

"Indeed, you——" he begins.

But that sentence is destined never to be finished, for, as the fair maiden passes him in going to the mirror, the long silken fringe on her cloak catches in the button on his sleeve, and there it sticks.

He pulls and twists, and in every way tries to release it, but in vain.

Then they look at each other and laugh. Unavoidably, she is standing rather close to him, and the roses at her waist are so sweet, and her great dark eyes shine so, that our friend, the plumber, is rather off his head, and doesn't make very violent efforts to disentangle the refractory fringe.

"What a bungler you are!" she says, at last. "I see a pair of scissors over there. Let us cut this Gordian knot."

"Oh, no!" he answers. "It would be too bad to do that; indeed, I will get it out in another minute."

Here a knock at the door, and a pleading voice says

"Miss Maude, I don't want to hurry you, but the German has begun."

"There, do you hear? Quick, get the scissors, and let me go."

"No," he says, "you are my prisoner. I won't release you without a ransom."

"What do you mean," impatiently.

"One of those roses," he says, hurriedly, "and——"

"Oh, certainly," smiling again; "and I'll be generous, and give you a waltz also whenever you ask for it."

"You promise," he answers, eagerly—"you promise to give me a waltz whenever I ask for it?"

"I promise!" cries the clear, sweet voice.

And with a little nod and a last bewitching smile, she is gone.

The opening door lets in a burst of gay music, and the happy murmur of many voices. It closes. All is again silent, and the plumber stands gazing sentimentally at the red rose in his hand.

* * * * * *

"What!" cries Maude, with almost a scream. "Nellie, you must be mistaken."

The two girls are standing side by side, their light dresses held closely to them to prevent their being torn or trodden by the usual crowd in the supper-room.

In the distance they can see their own escorts struggling manfully in the confusion around the table, one with a well-earned cup of coffee held high above his head, the other waving an empty plate, which he tries vainly to fill at the risk of having his immaculate dress-coat covered indiscriminately with chicken-salad, ice-cream and champagne-punch.

Meanwhile Maude has just related her thrilling adventure in the dressing-room.

"Indeed I am not mistaken," replies Nellie. "I thought he was a gentleman, too, till he said himself he was the plumber. Sadie was in there, too. She will tell you the same thing."

"Oh, Nellie! And I gave him a rose, and I——"

Here she stops suddenly, while Nellie burst into a peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Oh, Maude, how perfectly *ridiculous!* It was bad enough to *talk* to him, but to give him a rose—oh, it's the best joke I *ever* heard! If he had been a butcher or a milkman, or *anything* but a plumber——"

"Do stop, Nellie," says poor Maude, who can but laugh herself, though she is filled with woe; "you don't know how *awfully* I feel about it. Oh, dear, it's a judgment on me for saying anything to a strange man!"

"So it is," answers Nellie, trying hard to suppress a giggle. "But, Maude, I wonder if he'll wear that rose to-morrow while he *plumbs?* I suppose he'll press it in a section of lead pipe, and keep it for ever in memory of you. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, how was I to know he was a plumber?" says Maude, desperately. "He did say something about the gaspipe, but he was so handsome and well-dressed that—any one would have thought as I did!"

"Ah, I see!" replies Nellie, solemnly. "Another case of love at first sight—truly romantic! I shall be very sorry, Maude, to see you wedded to a——"

"Hush this minute!" cries Maude, "or I declare I'll—I'll——"

"There, never mind, dear, I won't tease you any more. Look! here at last come our suppers; two fried oysters and coffee for you; a plate of orange ice and a sandwich for me! My goodness! do you suppose that's *all* they could capture?"

Chapter II.

It is Saturday afternoon, and though only five o'clock; the cold, drizzling rain which is falling makes it appear much later.

Standing in the door of a large drygoods house, her hands full of parcels, is a young lady who looks anxiously down the street for a car.

At last one appears. She signals wildly, then walks rapidly out into the street, and mounting the platform, steps on the hem of her gossamer waterproof, and falls headlong into the arms of a young man who is getting into the car from the other side.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"Ah, I hope you are not hurt! May I——"

Then he stops suddenly, and Maude, seating herself, looks up to find the *plumber* the only other occupant of the car.

Perhaps no other girl ever blushed more deeply or looked more confused than did Maude, as she cast down her eyes again, while he lifted his hat respectfully and sat down opposite to her.

He wore a long dark overcoat and a round black cap, and looked more like a gentleman than ever.

Maude knew that his eyes were fixed on her, though she did not dare to raise her own.

She thought of the scene in the dressing-room at Mrs. Darrell's, of the rose she had given this plumber with such an air, and then she felt an uncontrollable inclination to laugh.

She shifted her position quickly, and looked out of the window; no use; in another moment she was shaking with suppressed laughter, her handkerchief pressed over her mouth. "That horrid creature" evidently knew it, for he leaned toward her and said:

"Miss Harrison"—actually the wretch knew her name—"will you allow me to say one word to you?"

Heavens! what might he not say to her? Though still far from her destination, she raised her hand to pull the bell-strap.

"Don't do that," said the plumber, quickly, springing from his seat; "is it possible that you are afraid of me? Then let me leave the car."

Maude looked up at him as he stood towering above her, his face flushed, her beautiful eyes sparkling with anger, and then—well, then she clasped her hands in her lap and said:

"What is it you want to say to me?"

"I wanted to apologize to you, Miss Harrison, for my presumption in taking advantage of your ignorance of my—ahem!—my—er—calling, to speak to you as I did at Mrs. Darrell's——"

"It was, if anything, more presumptuous in you to speak to me on this occasion," answered Maude, with tremendous dignity, which sat so ill on her lovely, childish face, that the plumber, though he looked very much mortified, was obliged to cough quickly to conceal a smile.

He was about to speak to her again, but the car had now reached her corner, and without looking at him again she pulled the bell, and got off. The plumber got off, too, and walked close behind her.

She turned around once and saw him, which frightened her a little, but her house being close at hand, she quickened her steps, and when she reached her own gate, her anger overcoming her dignity, she turned round quickly, and said, with flashing eyes:

"You are following me?"

"Yes," he answered, coolly, "that's evident."

"How *dare* you do it?"

"Well, because there were two drunken fellows on the corner who would have followed you if I hadn't, and, under any circumstances, it is too late for you to be out alone."

"Your insolence has shown me that it is, sir!" exclaimed Maude, scarcely able to articulate from anger and mortification. "Never presume to speak to or even look at me again!"

She flew up the steps, slamming the door behind her.

The plumber stepped back, and looked up at the windows.

"What a bewitching little girl she is!" he said. "I never saw such eyes and hair. How furious she was with me! No wonder. What must she have thought of a plumber's daring to speak to her with such freedom! By George! in the street-car I was pretty near giving up the—— However, I'll keep on now or die!"

XUM

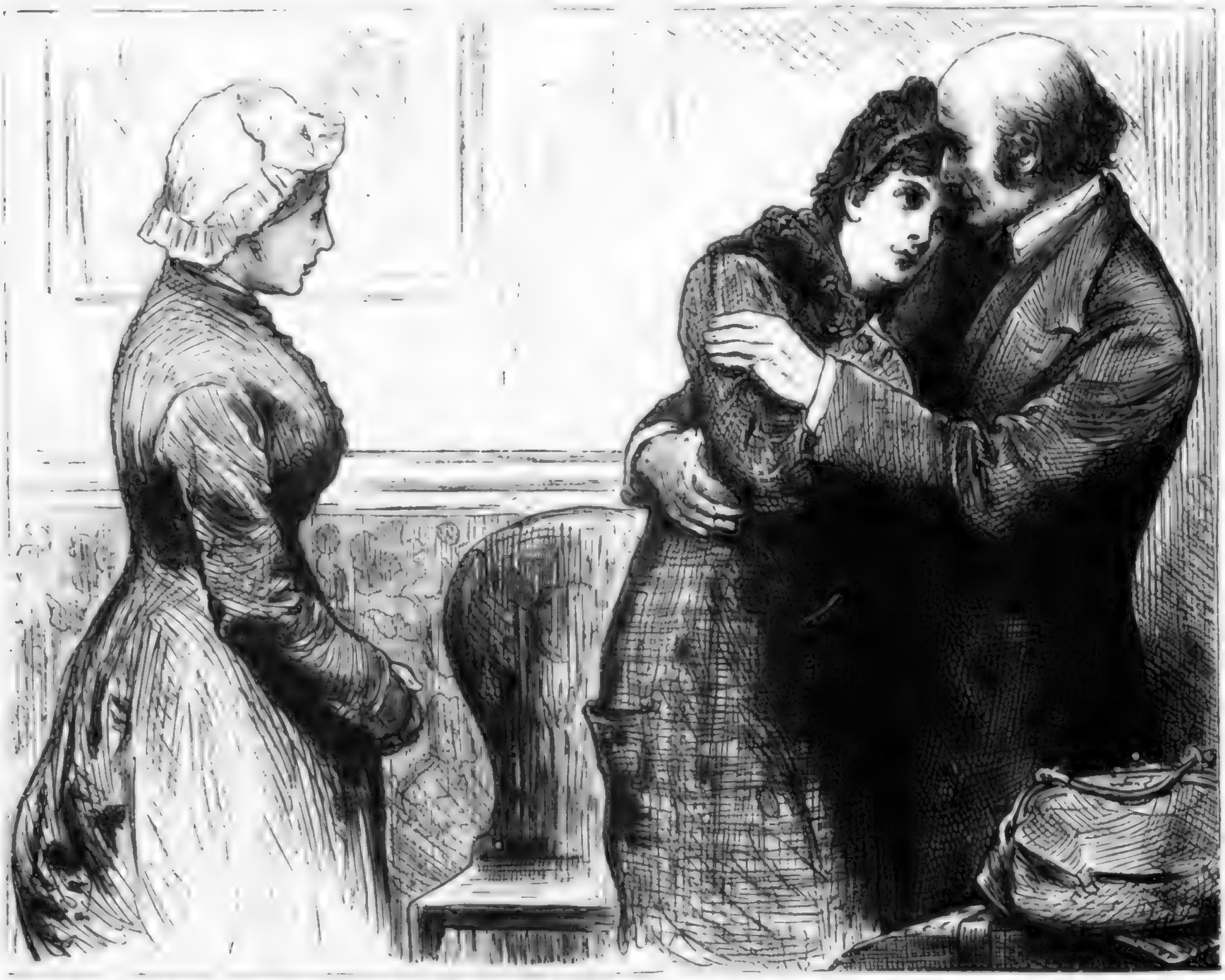
It is one week later, and the night of the Artillery Ball, so long anticipated by the gilded youth of B——

The long rain seems to be over, for to-night the full moon shines clear, and the air is mild and balmy.

Up the broad steps of the armory an unending stream of gayly-dressed maskers go. As carriage after carriage drives up and deposits its merry load, the crowd of rather dingy humanity which presses against the ropes gives vent to its admiration in loud and effusive cheers.

"Disgraceful, I call it!" says a severe dame in a calico sunbonnet. "All them men with nothing but stockings on, and the gals not much better. with their dresses up to their knees."

Then, as a kilted Highlander makes his appearance, she gives a scream of horror, and vanishes in the darkness.



THE STORY OF A GOVERNESS.—"THEN SHE PACKED UP SUCH FEW THINGS AS SHE WANTED, AND KISSED HER FATHER, WITH HER PRIM LITTLE BLACK SILK BONNET ON, READY TO START."—SEE PAGE 219.

Inside, the scene is varied and brilliant beyond description; and a charming spirit of freedom, caused by the concealing masks, pervades the whole gay assembly.

Here a jeweled and glittering duchess thinks it not at all beneath her to make eyes at a handsome Pippo, with his sheepskin and crook. There a meek nun is whirling in the giddy waltz with his Satanic Majesty himself, horns and tail complete.

All is the gayest, brightest confusion. Nay, there is one exception—a tall young man, clad all in black velvet, who leans against a pillar, gazing with watchful eyes at the moving multitude.

Very fine eyes these are, and "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" as eyes can be; the rest of his face is hidden by the black velvet mask.

Evidently he is trying to recognize some masker; presumably one of the fair sex, and he has eyes for her alone.

Entirely unheeded are the many bright glances cast in his direction, for his fine figure, handsome costume and melancholy mien have attracted much attention.

All at once he starts and looks around. A young girl, in a beautiful but unobtrusive dress, is moving down the ballroom toward him.

The long train of her white satin robe hangs over her arm; at her waist is a great cluster of deep-red roses, the only spot of color amidst her pure white draperies.

"It is she," says the strange young man, softly. "I could not mistake *her*."

The next instant he is by her side, and says, quietly:

"This is my dance, I think."

For a moment she looks at him curiously. Then her eyes fairly blaze. She draws her breath quickly, but controlling herself, she answers, icily:

"I am engaged for this dance, and for every other this evening."

"You had an engagement with Charlie Darrell for this. I heard him say so," replies the young man, unabashed. "But two minutes ago he was helped out of the room dead drunk, so you are free."

"And if I am"—disdainfully—"do you suppose I would dance with *you?*"

"I shall assuredly aspire to that honor, for it was promised me, if you recollect, not very long since," replied the young man.

She starts, then looks up at him almost pleadingly.

"And will you insist upon my fulfilling a promise which I never would have made if I had known——"

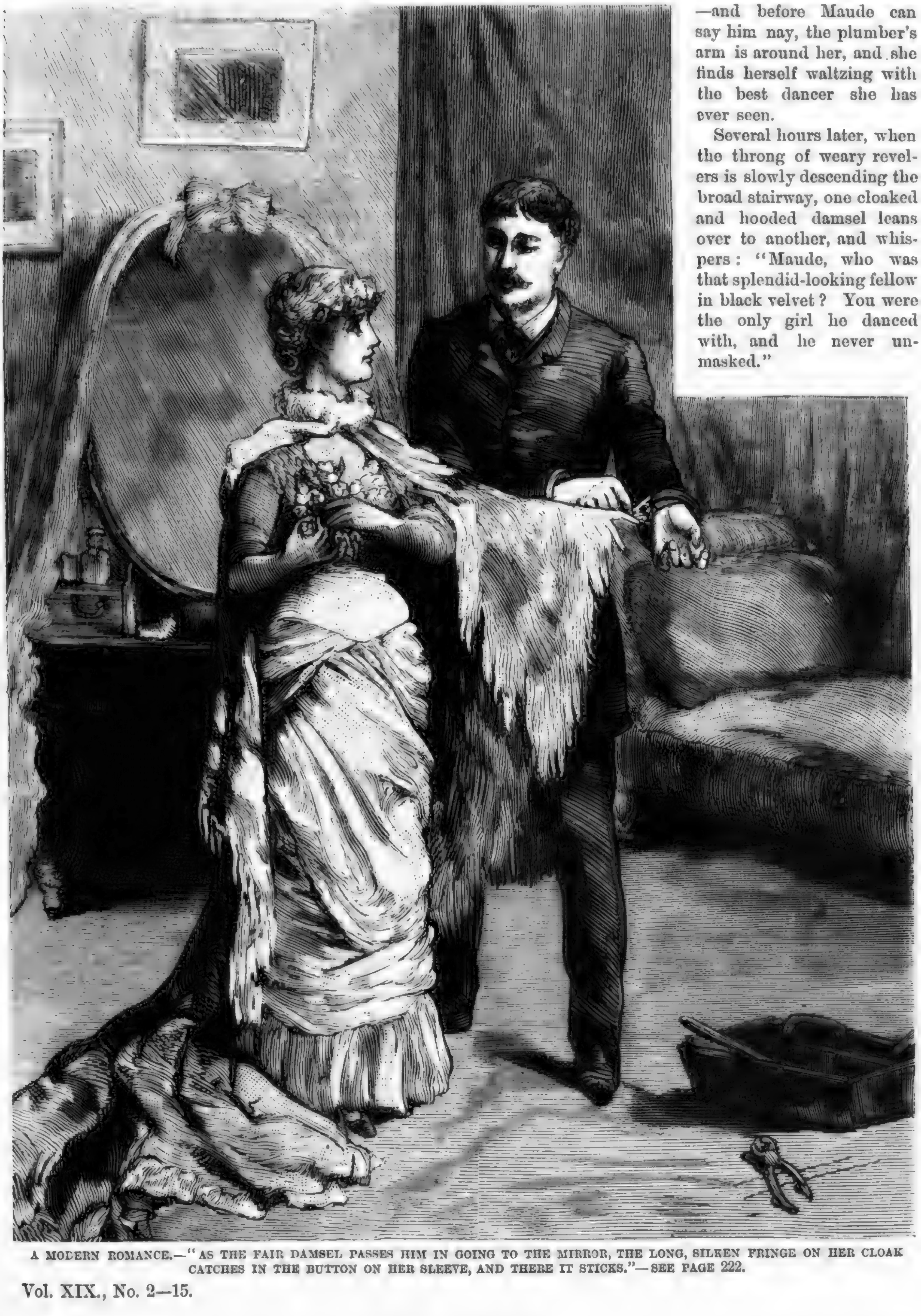
"Ah, can you not forget for one moment what I am? If you could know how, ever since I first saw you, I have—— I *cannot* give you this waltz!"

He looks down at her, all his soul in his eyes.

Maude says nothing—surely she ought to keep her promise. How handsome he was, and his voice—how low and sweet! How can this splendid creature be a *plumber?*—horrible thought! No, it will never do. She must be firm, and get rid of him at once.

At this moment the music begins again—one of Strauss's sweetest waltzes—and before Maude can say him nay, the plumber's arm is around her, and she finds herself waltzing with the best dancer she has ever seen.

Several hours later, when the throng of weary revelers is slowly descending the broad stairway, one cloaked and hooded damsel leans over to another, and whispers: "Maude, who was that splendid-looking fellow in black velvet? You were the only girl he danced with, and he never unmasked."



A MODERN ROMANCE.—"AS THE FAIR DAMSEL PASSES HIM IN GOING TO THE MIRROR, THE LONG, SILKEN FRINGE ON HER CLOAK CATCHES IN THE BUTTON ON HER SLEEVE, AND THERE IT STICKS."—SEE PAGE 222.

XUM

"Oh, don't talk to me, Nellie! I'm so tired, and I feel *dreadfully*, anyhow."

And the usually sweet-tempered Maude leaves her friend lost in amazement at this uncalled-for pettishness.

CHAPTER III.

THREE weeks have passed since the night of the Artillery Ball, and Maude, as she sits by the fire in her own pretty room, her cheek leaning pensively on her hand, is reviewing the many and strange events which have occurred during that time.

Very sweet she looks in her soft-blue morning-dress, with her long hair hanging in two heavy braids over the arm of the big easy-chair, in which her little figure lies nestled.

But the fair face is troubled, and there is an unhappy look in the soft dark eyes. That everlasting plumber is the subject of her unwilling thoughts.

Fate seems to have thrown them together in the most extraordinary way. Twice they met in the street-cars, and thereafter Maude shunned those useful conveyances. Another time a sudden shower caused her to take refuge in a cobbler's little shop—there was the omnipresent plumber also! Once he had caught her from under the very hoofs of a runaway horse. Again, when the overflowing gutter had formed a lake at the crossing, and she stood wondering whether a flying leap would take her over, the plumber suddenly appeared from nowhere, bearing a short plank, on which she had crossed in safety.

At night, too, unless it was very cold, she would see the graceful and now well-known figure leaning in his favorite attitude against a lamp-post, and gazing sentimentally up at her window.

All this devotion could not fail to have some effect on so young and so romantic a girl as Maude. She had had several lovers in her short life, but had remained fancy free.

Now she scarcely understood why this man was never absent from her thoughts. In vain she ridiculed his occupation—nothing is so adverse to the growth of love as to make its object ridiculous; she could not, for her life, reconcile his appearance, his conversation, or anything else about him, with his low estate.

At last came the crisis. One beautiful sunny afternoon she strolled out alone to the Park. Seating herself on a bench in a secluded spot, she remained lost in thought for nearly an hour. At length, feeling somewhat chilled, she roused herself, and looking up, met the dark-blue eyes of the plumber, who stood at a little distance, gazing fixedly at her.

She rose to flee, but before she could move he was beside her, and seizing her arm, swore she should not go until he bade her.

Then came such a declaration of love as had never reached Maude's ears before—such pleading words, such ardent glances, such prayers for one kind look from eyes that were dearer to him than heaven, that the bewildered girl—her heart with her lover, her reason against him—was almost won over.

Summoning all her pride, of which she had a good store, she gave him so scornful an answer, alluding, with curling lip, to his "despicable" occupation, as she termed it, that the hot blood mounted to his hair, and turning on his heel, without another word he left her.

That was a week ago, and she had not seen him since.

At first she tried to persuade herself that she was glad to be rid of his persecutions, but a sleepless night or two taught her the unwelcome truth—she loved the plumber!

And now this bright morning she sat and recalled over and over again every word he had ever said to her; then, raising her arms above her head, the poor child cried:

"I don't care what he is. I don't care if he begs on the street-corners. I love him dearly!"

At this moment the door opens, and a voice says:

"Right in dar, sir; dat's de room. And de gaspipe on de right-hand side ob de bureau is de one dat's broken."

Maude starts from her chair, and her heart gives a wild beat as the plumber enters the room.

He lays down his box of tools, and then says, slowly:

"Your father left an order at our place this morning; another man had been ordered to come here, but I managed to exchange with him. I could not resist the chance of seeing you once more."

Maude does not speak; but her mouth quivers, and her eyes are full of tears.

The plumber turns pale as death, and coming closer to her he says, excitedly:

"You are weeping. Is it possible—— Maude, can it be that you love me a little, after all?"

"Yes," she cries. "Can't you see I do? I love you!"

In an instant the plumber's arms are around her.

"My darling, my angel, this is more than I deserve! Oh, my heart's dearest, you are not giving up so much as in your generous soul you think——"

Down-stairs some one calls: "Maude, where are you?"

With one trembling little hand she draws a sparkling ring from her finger.

"Take it," she says. "It will prove that I love you. Papa is calling. You must let me go!"

"One kiss," he whispers; and again his arms close round her.

At this exciting moment the door opens again. Enter Major Harrison, a short, stout gentleman, of very irascible temper.

At the sight of his daughter clasped in the arms of the plumber whom he had just sent up, the major draws his own conclusions.

"You scoundrel!" he roars, seizing the nearest thing he saw, which was luckily only a roll of papers tied with a string, and aiming a blow at the plumber. "Here, Sam, come hold this low dog while I beat him to death!"

Sam, the negro servant, needs no second invitation, but rushing in from the hall, lays hold of the unfortunate from behind, but finds that he has caught a Tartar, for the young fellow, in spite of his two assailants, nearly succeeds in freeing himself, when the diamond ring he holds drops to the floor.

At this point Maude, who has been frantically begging her father to desist, but who in the noise of the battle has not even been heard, falls to the floor also, in a dead faint.

The plumber sees her faint, and cries:

"Do what you will with me, but first look after your daughter."

Here, fortunately, Mrs. Harrison, who has been attracted from her housekeeping in the lower regions by the unusual sounds, comes in, and goes to Maude's relief.

She is followed almost immediately by a policeman, whom some one had called as he was sauntering placidly by the door.

This functionary solemnly inquires the cause of the tumult, and when Maude slowly regains her senses, she sees her lover standing in the middle of the room, with

Sam close beside him, while her father, holding the ring, is telling the policeman how this villain of a plumber had assaulted his daughter in order to steal her valuable jewel, etc., etc.

The policeman evidently thinks the case plainly proved, for, taking the young man's arm, he tells him gruffly to "come on."

The plumber says not a word ; he does not even look at poor little Maude, who, agitated by a thousand different feelings, hesitates for a moment.

Then rising all trembling from her mother's arms, she says, faintly :

"Papa, wait one minute ; he did not steal the ring. I gave it to him."

Tableau !

Then the major, purple in the face, thunders :

"What do you mean, girl ?"

"Let me speak, sir," says the accused, stepping forward, and giving Maude an eloquent look ; "it is time this general misunderstanding was cleared up. You, Major Harrison, have long been a friend of William Carroll, the President of the ——— Railroad. I am his son."

Utter amazement is visible on every face, for this is the name of a man noted as much for his widespread benevolence as for his enormous wealth.

The astonishing young man continues :

"Some time ago I was patching up a broken gaspipe, at the request of my mother, to serve until a new one could be put in. One of my friends stood looking on, and when I had finished he complimented me on my skill ; for," modestly, "I always had a turn for things of that sort. Then he made me a foolish bet that I could not get employment as a plumber's assistant, and remain in that employment a week. Eager for any excitement, I accepted the bet, came to this city the next day, and had the good luck to find an obliging plumber, who took me for a week on trial. The same night I was sent up to Mrs. Darrell's ; she was giving an entertainment. I saw your daughter there, and loved her from the moment I saw her. I happened to be standing on the other side of the door where"—looking at Maude with a smile—"she was stationed during supper, and heard her express her horror at having unwittingly spoken to me as a gentleman. And in that instant I resolved to win her love, if possible, in my assumed character. I need not say now what means I used to gain this end ; suffice it to say that her sweet and generous heart triumphed over her pride, and when you saw her in my arms, she had just made me the happiest man on earth by telling me that she loved me a little in return for my heart's devotion. And now, if she will pardon my counterfeiting, I have only to entreat, sir, that you will give her to me, that my whole life may prove to her how dearly I love her," he concluded.

After this long and rather melodramatic speech on the part of the whilom plumber, it is almost unnecessary to say anything more. However, it may be added that this same pretty speech won over Maude's mother entirely, but would not, perhaps, have excused his masquerading escapade in the eyes of the major had it not been backed by General Carroll's millions.

As for Maude, when the whole story leaked out she became the heroine of the hour, and her bosom friend Nellie, when she came flying up to congratulate her, said, with the utmost gravity :

"Really and truly, Maudie, I knew he was a prince in disguise all the time !"

KING COTTON AT NEW YORK.

By Oscar W. Riggs.

While Cotton may not be so absolute a monarch as in former times—while he may be compelled to divide the honors with competitors annually growing stronger through a larger appropriation of territory devoted to agriculture—yet he is still unquestionably one of the leading powers in the realm of commerce—a power that has had in the past a large share in shaping the destiny of the Great Republic, and which will not cease to exercise a marked influence on the national life for centuries to come. Everybody recalls how the blockade of the Southern ports during the war led England and France to look askance at the North, because thousands of persons in both countries were dependent on the cotton manufacture for a livelihood, and the war shut off the supply of raw material from our Southern States. One-sixth of the population of England, it was estimated, depended upon this industry for bread, and the distress among the operatives soon became so great, that committees for their relief were organized and large sums were subscribed. As early as December, 1862, fully 500,000 persons were dependent upon English relief committees for support. New York was prompt to respond to the call of charity, as she usually is, and in that month subscribed $100,000 ; while in January, 1863, she sent to Liverpool a relief-ship laden with provisions. But all the while there was a clamor in Europe, and especially in England and France, against the blockade of the Southern ports, and an intervention between the combatants would have been very popular in either country. Prince Albert, however, is said to have advised Queen Victoria never to consent to any interference in the struggle, and certainly England refrained from any overt recognition of the Confederacy ; she remained at least nominally neutral, and Napoleon III. schemed in vain. Still, so great was the clamor in Europe at the blockade of the Southern ports, that it produced a decided impression in this country, and it was understood at the time that General Banks's expedition to the Red River region, in 1863, was not only to open up the Mississippi to navigation, but to liberate some 2,000,000 bales of cotton that were believed to be stored in the interior, and with which foreign discontent might be appeased.

The value of the staple was greatly affected by the fluctuations in the mighty struggle, or by any event likely to affect it. For instance, when it became known in New York, in November, 1862, that Captain Wilkes, in command of the frigate *San Jacinto*, had intercepted the British mail steamer *Trent* on her way from Havana to Southampton, and taken from on board Messrs. Mason and Slidell, Confederate Commissioners to England and France, the value of the great staple, in the momentary expectation of a war with England, became nominal. All the great battles had likewise a pronounced effect on this branch of industrial life. Happily those days of war and rumors of war are past ; the heroic struggle which each side waged for what it believed to be the right is finished, and time is dulling the sharp animosities of other days, and binding the two sections of our

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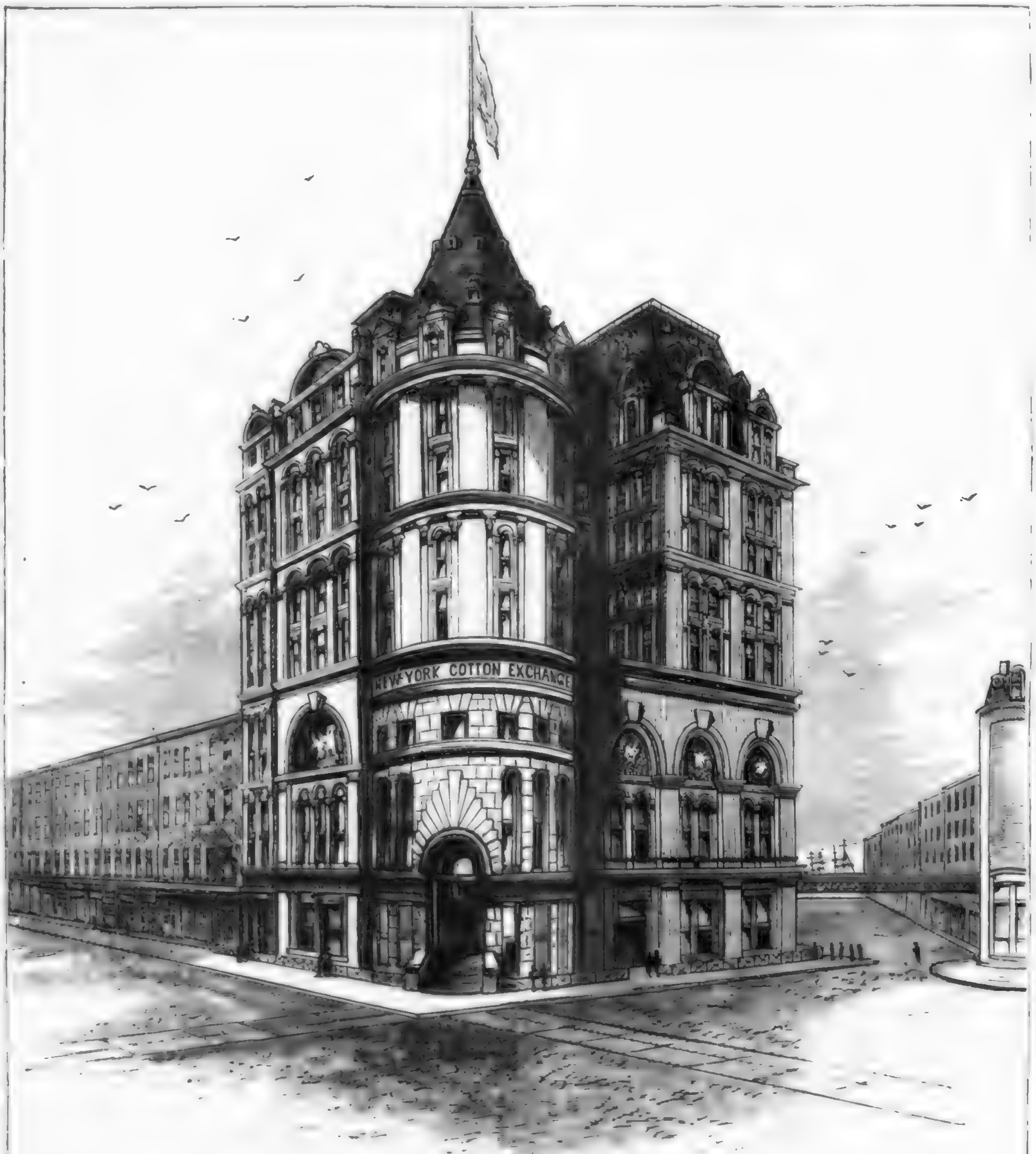
country in a more and more indissoluble union as years roll on.

History cannot recollect when cotton was first cultivated ; it is first mentioned by Herodotus 450 years B. C. Arabs, Greeks, and Romans, became acquainted with it in later ages ; but India was the seat of the industry long before it was known in the Western portion of the world. Cotton cloth was to India what woolen goods were to Italy, Spain, Greece and Palestine, or flaxen fabrics to Egypt, or silks to China, or what hempen cloth was to Northern Europe in later times. In the cotton culture the United States now have the place once held by India ; the best quality and the largest quantity comes from American plantations.

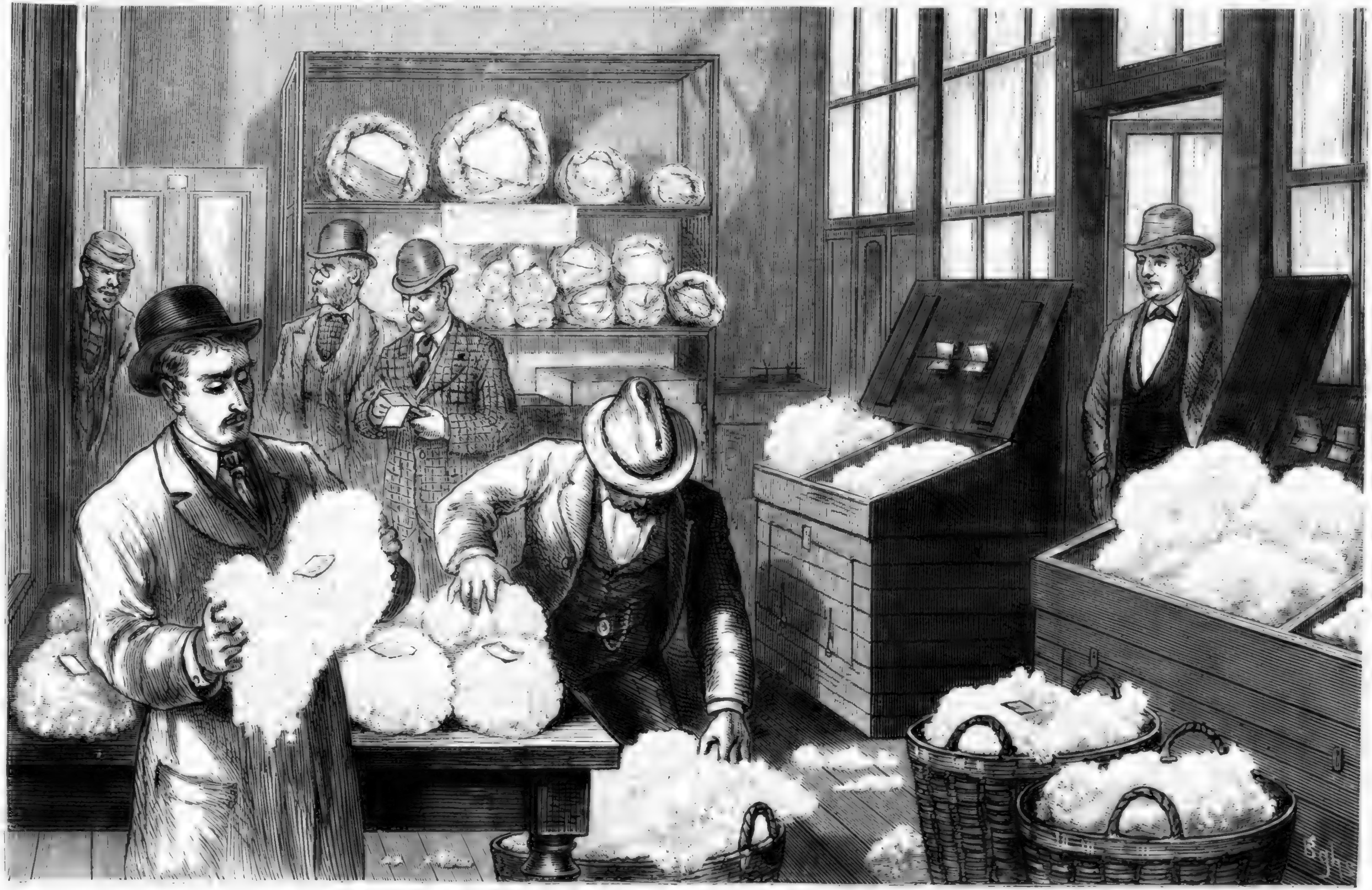


THE NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE, HANOVER SQUARE.

New York is the chief Northern emporium of the trade ; its wealth, its facilities for transacting the business, its fine harbor, and its vast shipping, give it an undeniable advantage. No small portion of the mercantile community here are engaged in the traffic directly or indirectly.

The great rendezvous of the cotton merchants is the Cotton Exchange, a handsome brown-stone edifice, on Hanover Square, where the brokers assemble daily. "Seats," or certificates of membership, cost $3,000, and 450 members are enrolled. Americans, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, and Greeks, are on the floor transacting business daily, and their presence illustrates in some measure the universality of this commerce.

The spinning-jenny of Arkwright and the cotton-gin of Whitney, both invented late in the last century, and both the occasion of riots among workingmen fearful of being deprived of a living, have, of course, made the cotton



ENGLISH BUYERS SAMPLING COTTON.

traffic what it is to day; and moreover, made such a scene possible.

Here at noon we see merchants eagerly scanning the bulletins announcing the state of trade in Liverpool, where, owing to the marked difference in the time between the two great ports—about four hours and a half—the business is now practically finished for the day. As the broker reads the news from Bombay it is noon here, but in the great East Indian mart, 11,500 miles away, it is already midnight. This news from abroad is apt to have great weight in deciding the prices here, though the dispatches from Manchester and Havre have likewise their due influence. The reports from the South often create excitement around the ring where the brokers assemble and trade in "futures," or cotton, for future delivery. The news as to the state of the growing crops in the critical season, July, is watched very carefully; too much rain, or a drought, or the appearance of caterpillars of the cotton-worm, which damage the crop in some seasons to the extent of millions of dollars, is apt to cause a marked advance in prices; as, of course, a yellow fever epidemic always does.

Then the brokers gathered about the nickel-plated ring with a fountain in the centre test their lung-power to the utmost. A decided decrease in the receipts of cotton at the great Southern marts will also at times start a tumult that would make Broadway at its noisiest spot seem almost quiet. Favorable reports as to the probable yield, whether received from the South or from the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington, or a marked increase in the quantity being marketed at the South, cause lower prices, and another uproar.

Some persons have expressed surprise, by-the-way, that brokers should shout so much; but the reason is a perfectly good one—they shout because it is necessary to make themselves heard. Hundreds of brokers assemble at an exchange for the sake of convenience; otherwise they would be obliged to pay innumerable visits to each other's offices, a task that in time becomes impracticable. But once in the board-room, each broker calling out his bids or his prices is obliged to shout, because hundreds of others are calling out at the same time. In this way the Babel of sounds is produced which is heard on all the business exchanges; it often becomes a mere matter of who has the loudest voice. Stock-brokers have been known to train their voices under medical advice for the vocal contest in their particular chamber of horrors; but oftentimes it would seem that the cotton-brokers might put their brethren of Wall Street to the blush as feeble chirpers beside stentors.

The trading in "futures" is the main feature of the business at the Cotton Exchange; sometimes 250,000 bales are sold in a single day. Taking the speculation at all the ports together, the crop is sold five times over, and the nominal sum involved approximates $1,750,000,000. Only a small portion of this sum actually changes hands, however, for comparatively little of the cotton sold is actually delivered; the transactions are for the most part settled by the payment of the difference between the price current at the time of the sale and that ruling when the settlement is made.

When the cotton must be delivered, as in the case where the sale has been made to a manufacturer's broker, then he must purchase the cotton at the increased cost indicated, and hope for better luck next time. Sometimes even speculators who have no use for the cotton will demand that it be delivered to them in order to "corner" the market; that is, of course, force their opponents to pay very high prices for having sold "short." "Corners" of any great severity seldom occur on the Cotton Exchange. It takes a large amount of capital to make a "corner" in any of the great staples of the country, and some of the wealthiest speculators are ruined through their attempts in this direction; not unfrequently a powerful clique will be worsted in such an effort.

All these transactions take place between "bulls" and "bears," for these animals abound here as well as in Wall Street. As everybody knows, the "bulls" wish prices to advance; the "bears," on the contrary, would rather see them decline. The "bulls" naturally are always the holders of cotton for sale; the "bears" have sold "short" of what they did not possess.

There was a "corner" in cotton at Liverpool several years ago, and the English method of dealing with the matter excited some surprise on this side of the water, though its justice will scarcely be questioned. The Liverpool brokers who organized the "corner" soon found that they were on a black-list prepared by the manufacturers of Manchester, Oldham, and other cotton centres, who agreed to have no further relations with them. This commercial ostracism might have proved a serious matter for the offenders, but the "corner" relaxed soon after.

Here on the New York Cotton Exchange there is apt to be less speculating than at any of the other boards below Wall Street, though the transactions during a year unquestionably reach a large aggregate. All the trading in "futures" is not fictitious, however; large quantities of cotton are annually delivered to manufacturers on these contracts. In fact, the practice of selling "futures" began during the war, when the spinners had large contracts with the Government, and wished to be sure of securing raw cotton for future delivery at a time when there was much uncertainty in regard to the supply. In hundreds of cases it is a perfectly legitimate method of doing business, either for the manufacturer, or the planter or factor who receives cotton. On the New York Exchange there are three "calls" daily, beginning at ten o'clock. The superintendent is master of ceremonies. He mounts a pulpit-like rostrum, strikes the desk with his gavel to secure attention, and immediately begins the "call," which here, as elsewhere, is a kind of auction; that is, he calls off the months in regular rotation, and the brokers shout their bids or prices for delivery during the months named. Disputes frequently arise, one broker perhaps insisting that he has sold another 100 bales for September delivery; perhaps two brokers shouted their bids at nearly the same instant; the seller shouts "Sold!" and then the two brokers, notebook in hand, claim the transaction. The question is promptly settled by the superintendent; time is everything, and the "call" rattles on to its close. It is interesting to witness one of these "calls," even for those accustomed to seeing them daily. Those in the crowd are not always deepest in the speculation; merchants or speculators, standing apart from the confusion, perhaps consulting the stock-indicator, are manipulating the market. One of these quiet persons may be purchasing through a certain number of brokers, in order to advance prices, while in the same shouting crowd may be other brokers in his employ through whom he is selling twice or thrice as much as he is buying, because he secretly believes that prices must soon decline.

The Exchange is well provided with information; the members are liberal and intelligent, and remind one of the Wall Street financiers in some respects. Bulletin-boards announce the receipts, shipments and prices at the great Southern marts on the seacoast, as well as in the interior, and there are cablegrams from Liverpool, Manchester and Bombay. A bulletin states that more than 200,000 bales are stored in and around New York ready for a market. A marble tablet above the rostrum shows that the Exchange was established in 1871, with Mr. Stephen D. Harrison as President, and a full-length portrait of that gentleman, now deceased, adorns the other end of the room. The Exchange is considered too small, however, for the growing membership, and eleven buildings near by have been purchased, at a cost of nearly $400,000, in order to secure a site for a much larger structure.

It is being erected nearly opposite the present Exchange, and will give a front of 112 feet on Beaver Street, 115 feet on William Street, and 89 feet on Hanover Square; the cost of the new structure, it is estimated, will be about $500,000. Truly the world of trade moves. Before the war, and for some years after, the cotton-brokers had no Exchange; they used to sit on benches in front of their offices on pleasant Summer days and talk business when trade was active, or the needs of the day when times were dull. In the old days, when the news from Liverpool, Manchester, and Bombay, came only by steamer, instead of, as now, by cable, the methods of transacting business were very different from those now employed.

The present Exchange, as already stated, faces Hanover Square, for many years the scene of auction sales of cotton and other merchandise, and where some of the largest auction-houses were located in former days. The location of an elevated railroad station at this point, however, obliged these lusty-lunged sons of trade to migrate to other parts of the city, and their loud voices and peculiar phrases have been succeeded by the puffing of locomotives and the rumbling of cars on the trestlework, that here winds around from the Battery. This same Hanover Square, by-the-way, two hundred years ago, and even up to a time much nearer the present day, marked the water's edge at this point. The negro riot of 1712 broke out close by, and blood was shed here. The great procession, too, which one hundred years ago celebrated the news from Poughkeepsie that New York had decided to enter the Union of the States, passed along Pearl Street, then known as Queen Street, and so through the old square. Eighty years ago it marked the southern limit of the fashionable quarter, when Wall Street was the great promenade.

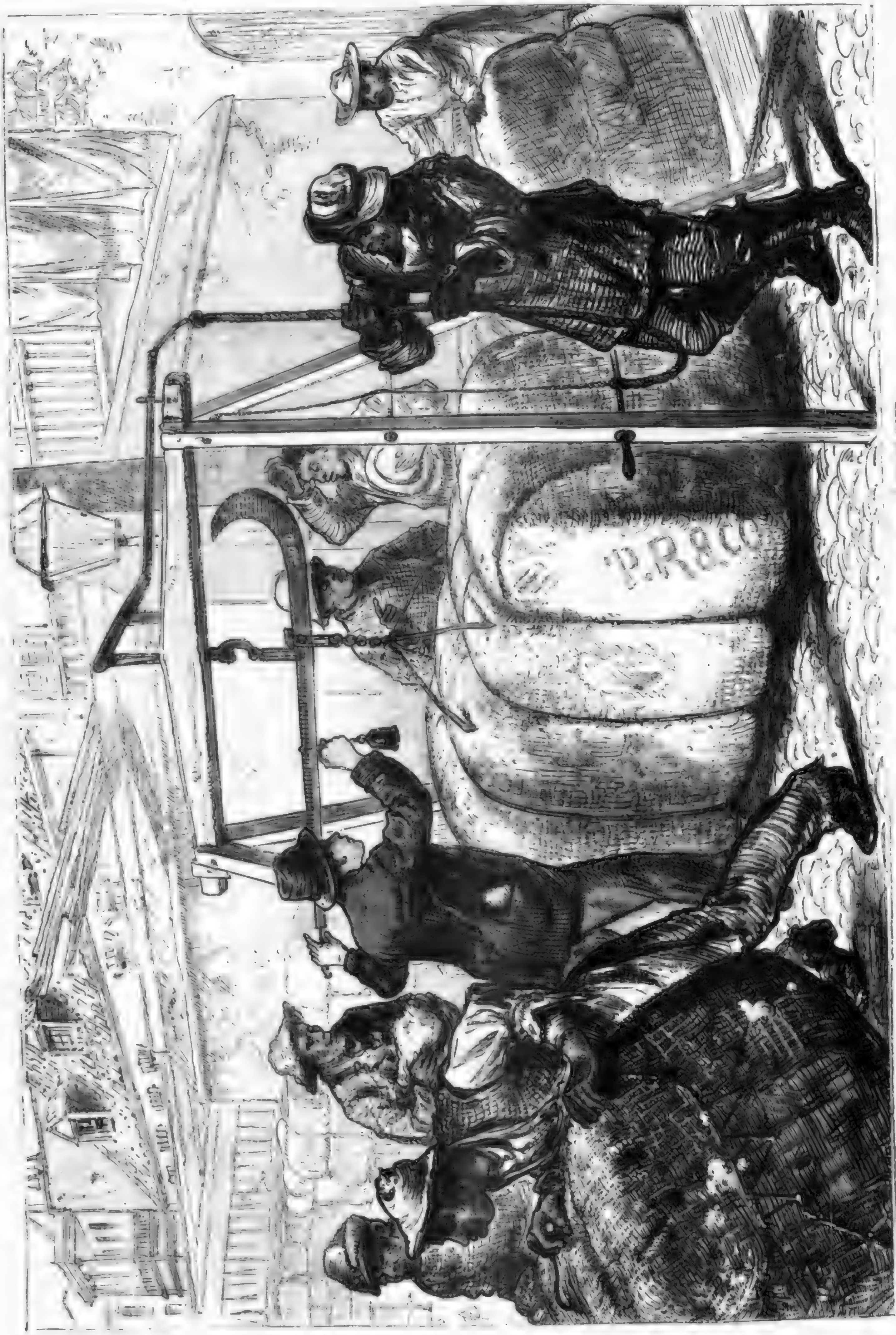
The clock which tells the hours on the Cotton Exchange Building looks down on a very different scene from that which met the gaze of the early Hollander and the later English colonist; where the sailing-craft floated in former times there is the tread of many feet, and commercial houses have effaced the ancient wharves. Some of these buildings were evidently erected soon after the great fire of 1835, when, as has several times happened, this part of the city was laid waste; but more modern structures have, as a rule, succeeded the quaint, dormer-windowed, sloping-roofed houses of the vanished epoch, and where the stout, well-to-do old citizens once entertained their guests in antique parlors, funereal with Dutch magnificence, there is now the bustle of purely commercial life.

In the brokers' offices are long tables covered with the samples of the famous staple. The downy "good middling" or "good ordinary" here displayed came, perhaps, from the banks of the Suwanee River, down among the "old folks at home," as the traditional Pomp or Nicodemus would have said; or perhaps from Texas—a cotton State in itself larger than England, France or Germany—or from the plantations near Savannah, where Whitney, nearly a hundred years ago, grappled with the problem how to separate seeds from the cotton by machinery, and make the fleecy product the source of almost fabulous wealth not only to the South, but to the great manufacturing centres of the world. Brokers are displaying their samples, while buyers are closely scrutinizing them; hundreds of bales are sold in a single day, and, indeed, one day in July of last year 5,000 bales were disposed of, largely for export to Russia, where the cotton manufacture is steadily increasing. The transactions are based on samples, which are taken from a certain number of bales in a given lot. Samplers and weighers, with their assistants, do the manual work; they form a corps by themselves, and the broker seldom or never sees anything of the thousands of bales that he sells except these small samples. Stealing cotton in small quantities from the bales on the wharves or elsewhere was formerly a regular occupation with men, women and boys, and very profitable it proved to them, until the evil became so great that measures were taken to suppress it.

A difference of one-sixteenth of a cent on a pound between the bid and the price asked will often prevent the consummation of large transactions; this fraction makes a large figure in the book accounts during the year; it might amount to nearly $2,000,000 on the entire crop. In 1863-4, the average price for "middling uplands," as one of the standard grades is called, was $1.01 a pound; $2.85, I am told, was the highest price reached here during the war. One notable transaction the cotton antiquaries still recall: A merchant had fifty bales of cotton, valued at about $75,000. His price was $3 a pound. A bid of $2.75 he refused, and held the cotton till the fall of Mobile, in August, 1863. The price immediately declined, because cotton promised to become more plentiful; still he would not sell. After a time he was bid $1.45, which he refused, as he did a subsequent offer of a dollar a pound less, but he finally accepted nineteen cents a pound, instead of the original bid of $2.75, losing $40,000 on his first investment, besides all the profit that had at one time accrued. Similar instances of shortsightedness, strange as they may seem, could be cited in abundance of many other branches of trade; they occur very frequently even in these days.

Most of the cotton received here is short-stapled. It comes mainly from Louisiana, Georgia, Texas, North and South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, and Virginia. There are also receipts from Tennessee, Arkansas and Florida. Louisiana is most extensively engaged in the industry; the seaports of Virginia and Georgia receive the next largest quantity. The crop raised in this country in the season of 1882-3 approximated 7,000,000 bales, and was the largest ever raised anywhere in the world. In that of 1883-4 it was 5,700,000 bales, and for the present season it is not likely to be much larger; in 1825-6 the yield was only 720,000 bales; in 1859-60 it was 4,861,000 bales, or the largest crop ever raised up to that time. During the war no record was kept. In 1865 the crop was 2,269,000 bales. The increase since then has thus reached, it will be seen, nearly 325 per cent., which is certainly an astonishing stride in the great industry.

Sometimes the broker has a cotton-plant sent to him from the South. It is a curiosity well worth seeing, especially when in bloom. Indeed, in India, 1,100 years ago, the cotton-plant was cultivated in gardens for its flowers. Our plant is from two to six feet high, and

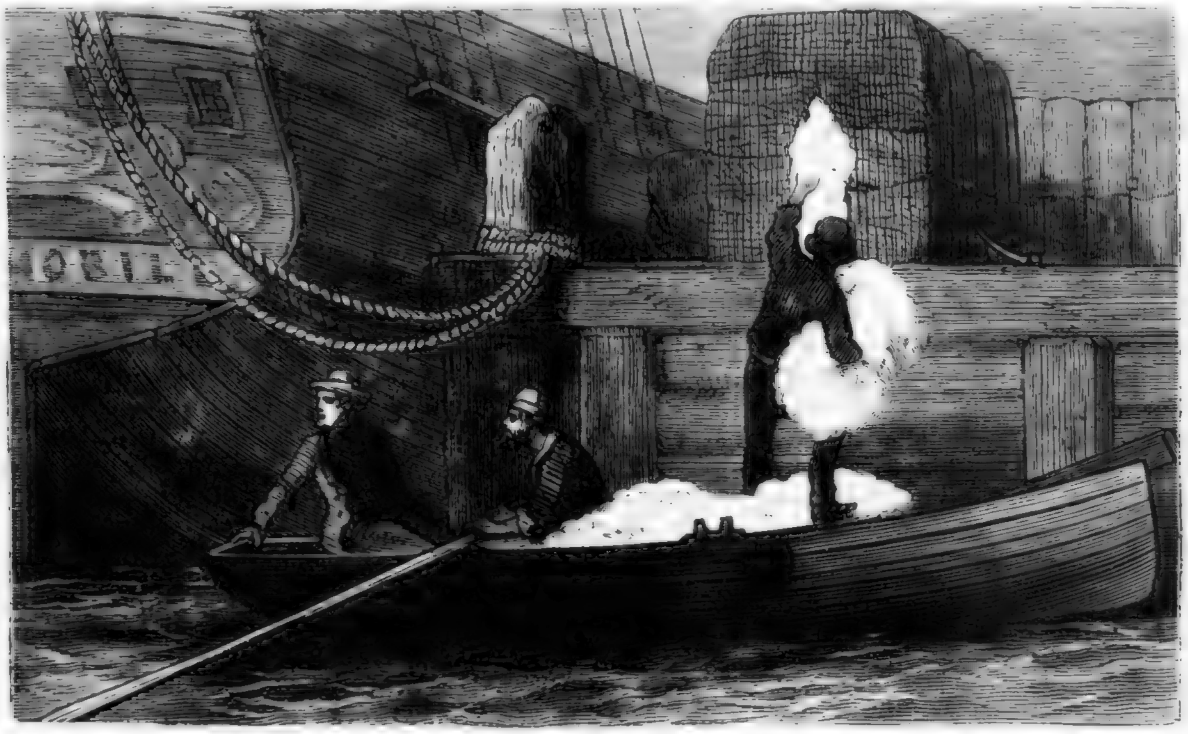


WEIGHING AN INVOICE OF COTTON BEFORE CONSIGNMENT TO A FOREIGN PORT.

changes color very rapidly. A cotton plantation in June is a vast flower-garden; on the sunny uplands, the hollyhocklike flower is of a pale amber tint in the morning, but becomes milkwhite by noon, a faint pink in the afternoon, and a clear pink spotted at the bottom with purple the next day. A triangular pod succeeds the flower, and contains in three cells the cotton; the pod, opening as the season advances, is covered with a spray of the downy product. Its blue-veined, dark-green leaves and beautiful flower make the cotton-plant a decidedly attractive member of the floral family. The seed is sown in March and April; the picking season is at its height in October. Long lines of pickers, generally negroes, pass between the rows with large bags, and pluck the soft fibre from the open pods, the picker sometimes gathering 300 pounds in a day. The picking continues as the balls ripen; then the cotton is taken to the cotton-gin, where the seeds are removed. The gin invented by Whitney has been improved in some particulars, but its main principles are still in use. The gin cleans more than 3,000 pounds daily, whereas only one pound a day could be cleaned by hand before this invention. The cotton is now packed in large bales by means of presses worked by hand as a rule, but sometimes by horse-power; screw and hydraulic presses are also in use. The weight of the bales depends on where they are packed. The gross weight averages from 475 to 510 pounds. They are bound with iron clamps, instead of rope, as in the days before the war, and are now ready to send to Europe, or else to the North. From the time the cotton is sown to the day that samples of it reach the brokers' offices, it is all an interesting process. Sea Island cotton, raised on islands on the Southern coast, is received in small quantities. It is the best cotton in the world, excelling even the long stapled Egyptian product; but the crop last year was only 38,550 bales; the finest yarns are made from it. The staple is so delicate and silken that it is never used in the manufacture of coarse fabrics. It is employed extensively in making the best cotton thread. Silk manufacturers also use it, as well as other grades of cotton.

The cotton sent to New York is stored to some extent in this city, and also in Brooklyn and Jersey City, but the largest warehouses are at Tompkinsville, S. I., and, of course, not far from the city. Here 125,000 bales can be stored, and over 100,000 bales were actually collected at one time last year. Here are seventeen large brick warehouses, four covered wharves 400 feet long by 65 feet wide, with a frontage on the bay of 860 feet, the buildings and docks in all covering twelve acres. Special watchmen guard the buildings, and every precaution is taken against fire; ten fire-hydrants are on the premises, and two in the street close by, the former connecting with a water-tank within the grounds having a capacity of 500,000 gallons. Within these storehouses great rows of bales, piled nearly to the roof, stretch away for a considerable distance, the view terminating in a glimpse through open doors of a green hillside or sunny lawn, in striking contrast with the rather sombre interior of the great warehouse.

At the warehouse-wharves lighters are constantly loading in the busy season, the cotton being taken away to larger vessels either in the bay or else at the city piers. The Winter is the most active time here, but even in the sultry Summer lighters are constantly loading. One was taking on a heavy cargo on the day that these docks were visited. These vessels are usually sloop-rigged, and often carry large loads. This one, which we watch, is being covered with the heavy bales; she has, moreover, not an unpicturesque appearance, as she sits lazily in the slightly rippled water, not unlike a dromedary submitting patiently to the process of packing. Her broad weather-stained sail, partially furled, flaps languidly with only a noonday stir of air, but the men in red and blue shirts, touching the scene with not unpleasant color, are all activity; they seize the stout bales with their cotton-hooks and drag them aboard the vessel by main strength, the winch which is ordinarily used for the purpose of loading her having become disabled. This lighter is to carry 500 bales up to one of the great ocean steamers, at her dock on the North River. The bales are compressed, as a rule, in order to economize space in the outgoing shipping; the compressing is done in a separate building devoted to this work.



COTTON ON THE DOCKS OF NEW YORK, AND ITS LOSSES.

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A cotton compress is worth seeing. The largest at this port is at the foot of Eleventh Street, on the North River. This region, it may be said in passing, now forms part of the Ninth Ward, but it was once known as the village of Greenwich, whither thousands of persons, including the City Government, fled during the yellow fever panic of 1822-23. Six decades have, of course, effaced all traces of the forgotten village. A Greenwich Avenue, however, suggests the former time, and in some old thoroughfares traversed on the way to the water-front from the Elevated Railroad Depot, there are a few scattered relics of the day when the later tide of city life began to overflow this region: prim brick houses with dormer-windows, many-paneled front-doors, perhaps occasionally a polished brass knocker in lieu of the modern bell, or time-worn pilasters set in antique doorways. The average New Yorker knows little of this region. The streets lead obliquely to the river-front, where bustling commerce has its long wharves, its timber-yards and factories, its sailing-ships and steamers. In a long brick building, where one of the harbor-masters also has an office, we find the object of our search.

Here is the powerful machinery where a large proportion of the cotton-compressing at this port is done; here 975 bales have been compressed in ten hours, a feat which, considering the labor of dragging in the heavy bales and adjusting them under the machine, and then removing them to the trucks or wharves, was extraordinary. "It would kill the men to work at that rate every day," says the overseer. "About 700 bales are all we can usually compress in a day." Twelve large ships have been anchored at one time awaiting the cotton from this compress, though sometimes big trucks and lighters take it to other parts of the city. The machinery used here is a hydraulic press driven by steam. A bale of cotton is placed under the weight in a space just large enough to receive it, and then a pressure of from 1,000 to 1,200 tons is applied; the pressure per cubic foot is thirty-five pounds; the water cylinders are eleven and one-half tons; the steam cylinder is fifty-nine inches; the rams are eight and twenty-six inches face. It is one of Taylor's machines, and so powerful that a bale of cotton measuring four and one-half to five feet on the edge, and weighing 475 pounds or more, is reduced to seventeen or eighteen inches, after making an allowance for some expansion when the bale leaves the press; the reduction in the bulk of the bale of cotton is thus about two-thirds.

Cotton was first compressed here about ten years ago; the steamship companies take the compressed bales at lower rates of freight, as a rule, than those charged for the non-compressed. Counting incidental charges, compressing costs seventy five cents a bale.

Large steamers bring the cotton up from the South. The magnitude of the traffic may be gathered from the fact that, whereas in the crop year of 1882-83 some 6,992,234 bales had been sent to market from the plantations, no less than 1,363,600 bales arrived here. The direct shipments overland to this port from Tennessee and other parts of the South are increasing. There is, therefore, considerable competition between Southern railroad companies and the Gulf steamship lines to secure freight, and the natural effect is to increase the receipts of cotton by rail here, though by far the larger portion of the traffic is done by steamers.

There is only one steamship line between New York and Galveston, Tex., but there are eight steamers in the service, with a capacity of from 1,210 to 3,000 tons, with room for from 2,000 to 8,000 bales, though the larger figures have never been reached. One steamer came in from Galveston several years ago, however, with 6,600 bales, which is said to have been the largest cargo of cotton ever brought into the port of New York. The Texas bales are apt to be the largest in the trade; the average for a season has been 504 pounds. Such a cargo as that mentioned might easily have contained 3,300,000 pounds, worth, at a moderate calculation, nearly $300,000. The wharves of the Galveston steamers are at the foot of Burling Slip, one of the old thoroughfares of the city, but once all under water. The *San Marcos* came in on July 17th, last year, with 2,010 bales. She presented a fine appearance from the head of the slip. She is 317 feet long, has a capacity of 2,840 tons, and was built at the yard of Mr. John Roach, at Chester, Pa., in 1881, so that she is a comparatively new vessel. Her sister steamer, the *Guadalupe*, was an exact counterpart in every respect. The *Western Texas* is the smallest steamer in the Texas trade with this port, but even she is of 1,210 tons burden, and is 225 feet long. Once she would have been called a large steamer. The *Rio Grande* was here on July 22d, and though smaller by about 300 tons than the *San Marcos*, she stretched along the busy wharf for more than 300 feet. Eight screw steamers were to be employed in the Galveston trade in August, while two were to run between here and such important ports in Florida as Fernandina and Jacksonville. Some of these steamers have been in the trade since 1865. During the war there was, of course, no steamer communication with Galveston, but on the declaration of peace, commerce with that port received a decided impetus. Now the Texas steamers bring here in a year, it is estimated, 250,000 bales of cotton. The vessels cost from $200,000 to $450,000, according to their size. They come from Galveston to New York, a distance of 2,200 miles, in from seven and one-half to eight days. The arrival here is the signal for an interesting scene of activity. In fact, an idler might watch the hurly-burly on almost any of the New York wharves for hours with unabated interest. There is always something new to be seen, always a shouting, excited throng gathered about ships just arrived from distant ports, and even a certain fascination in the spectacle.

When one of these big Galveston steamers draws up to her wharf, sometimes as many as two hundred and fifty men are immediately set to work either in the steamer or on the wharf. They swarm about like bees in a hive, tugging at heavy bales of cotton, barrels of cottonseed oil, or bales of wool and hides. At other times, when the traffic slackens, one hundred men will do the work. Steam winches, or pulleys, worked by steam, are on the main deck, and on the wharf as well, and greatly facilitate the work of unloading. The old-time method of relieving vessels of their burdens is altogether too slow for these days of steam and ceaseless activity. Horses and pulleys unload sailing-craft and barges to some extent, but larger vessels now always use steam.

Two new Galveston steamers will be engaged in the traffic by the time this appears. They are the *Lampasas* and the *Alamo*, each of 3,000 tons burden. They are the largest steamers ever employed here in the trade with the Lone Star State. The name "Alamo" will call to mind some of the early and bloody days of Texas, the massacre of Travis and his men at the Alamo fort, in 1836, by order of Santa Anna, and the subsequent retribution visited upon the Mexicans by General Sam Houston and his men, nerved by the slogan, "Remember the Alamo!" But those troublous days of Texas are now almost forgotten. She is rapidly developing her industries, and her traffic with New York is increasing year by year.

Six steamers are in the Charleston traffic with New York, and the cotton trade is annually increasing. The largest steamer on this route is the *City of Columbus*, which has brought 4,000 bales here in one cargo. The run is made in fifty hours, and accidents or wrecks seldom occur, though the *Champion*, bound South, was lost four years ago off the coast of Delaware, having collided with a ship in a fog. The latter part of August marks the opening of the active trade, which continues till December, is resumed in February, and then continues till June, diminishing considerably, however, on the approach of Summer. Charleston's trade with New York was, of course, suspended after the firing on Fort Sumter, in her bay, in April, 1861. The cotton warehouses, moreover, were destroyed by the Confederates when Columbia, the State capital, was captured by General Sherman; but these, and other large buildings that were destroyed at the same time, have been rebuilt since the conclusion of peace, and the trade with New York in various commodities, the chief of which is cotton, has greatly increased.

From six to eight steamers carry on New York's cotton trade with Norfolk, Richmond, Petersburg, and Newport News, all of course in Virginia. There are six steamers always running between New York and these ports, and when the trade grows especially active two more are employed. The largest cargo of uncompressed cotton ever brought here by one of these steamers was 3,000 bales, but 4,500 compressed bales have been landed here at one time. A hundred longshoremen, working for twenty-five cents an hour, unload even such a cargo as this very quickly.

These steamers have a capacity of from 850 to 2,350 tons, and sometimes three arrive in a day. They bring the most of the cotton from Norfolk. Leaving there Saturday evening, the steamer reaches New York the next evening, and the cotton is often shipped to Europe on the following morning, so quick are the methods employed in the trade.

The trade with Richmond and Petersburg is steadily augmenting, and Newport News is becoming prominent as a new Atlantic seaport for the European and South American trade. The trip from here to Richmond is made in forty hours; that to Petersburg in thirty-five hours. Great changes have come to Richmond since that day in 1865 when Mr. Lincoln entered it on foot, escorted by a colored regiment and greeted by the hallelujahs of the dusky population. The riots, conflagrations, and pillage, which soon followed General Lee's notification to Jefferson Davis, on April 2d, 1865, that his army would evacuate the city that night, were not staid until nearly all the business portion of the city had been destroyed; but no sooner had the war-cloud passed away than the citizens, with cheerful courage, set about the task of building up the old industries; and now the traffic in cotton, tobacco, and flour, is not only large, but annually increasing, while the rise in wealth is naturally attended by a steady increase in the population, now 75,000, against 51,000 in 1870. New York's commercial relations with the old capital of the Confederacy are thus becoming more important every year. It is no longer "On to Richmond!" as in the old days, with hostile intent; the rattle of drums and the notes of martial bugles are happily no longer heard; only the peaceful fleets of commerce now visit the old stronghold where the cannons have long been silent. The trade with Petersburg, too, is increasing, though not so rapidly as the business with Richmond. Still, the progress is steady, and Petersburg is one of the promising marts of the South.

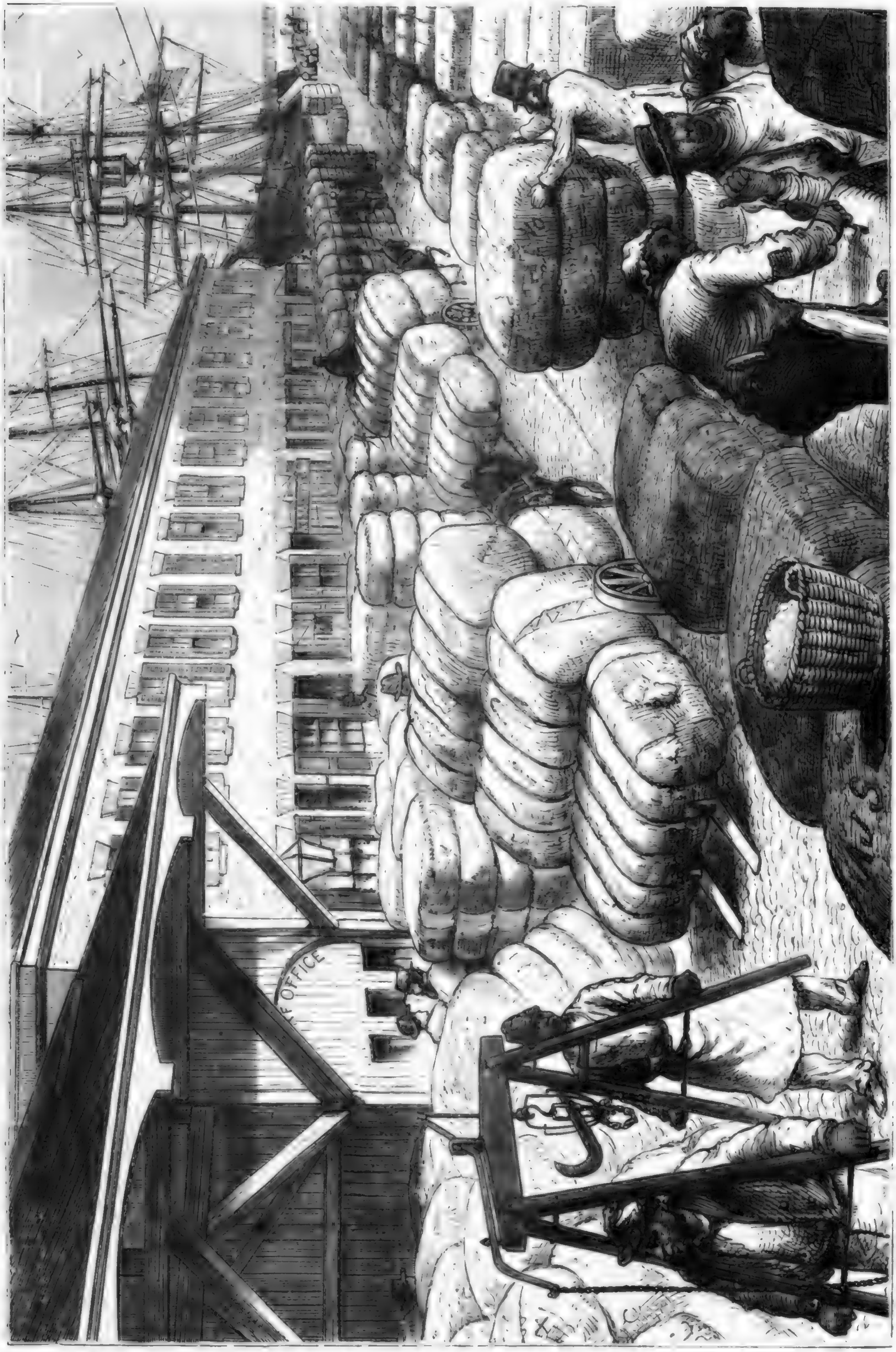
Wilmington, North Carolina, the main port for blockade-runners during the war, is one of the great cotton markets, and four steamers are in the trade with New York. They go to the Southern port in sixty hours. Sometimes, when the trade is especially active, they bring up schooners in tow with additional loads of cotton. The largest cargo that one of these steamers has ever brought was 2,500 bales, much of the space being taken up with resin and turpentine.

The Savannah steamers come in at the foot of Spring Street, on the North River. The *Chattahoochee*, a large screw-steamer, was at the dock on the day that this portion of the water-front was visited. She has a capacity of 3,000 tons, and can, if necessary, like the three other steamers of the same size in the trade, carry 6,000 bales of cotton, though the largest cargo yet brought up was 5,000 bales, as other freight is taken. The steamer is well fitted for ocean travel, and, with her large red-rimmed funnel and stanch appearance, looks not unlike some of the steamers in the trans-Atlantic commerce. Though smaller, of course, than these are now built, she is much larger than those first engaged in the European trade, and, in fact, is more than nine times as large as the first vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic, and that was a steamer also engaged in the Savannah trade. These steamers bring up 30,000 bales of cotton in a year, and two arrive every week. The vessels cost $450,000 each, and the indefatigable Mr. John Roach secured the contracts. Savannah is increasing her commerce steadily, and not only ships to New York rich cargoes of cotton, but sometimes, for the sake of variety, sends 70,000 watermelons by a single steamer. How so many water "millions," as the negroes term them, escape the colored consumers of that fruit around Savannah, is a mystery only to be explained on the hypothesis of more "millions" than negroes, or else too many moonlight nights.

But the chief cotton port of the South is New Orleans, and ten steamers bring the great staple to New York, notwithstanding the fact that New Orleans also has an extensive foreign trade. The *Excelsior* may be called the banner steamer in this commerce, being the largest that comes up out of the South laden with the wonderful fibre. She is 330 feet long, and has a capacity of 3,264 tons, which would enable her to carry nearly 9,000 bales if necessary, though she has never brought so much at one time, owing to the large amount of other freight carried; 5,000 bales have been unloaded quite frequently, however. The steamer was built at the great yards of Wilmington, Delaware. The *Chalmette* is the next largest in the New Orleans fleet, and might, it is said, load 8,000 bales of cotton, though the pressure of other traffic has prevented the carrying of such a large cargo. She was built by William Cramp & Sons, at their Philadelphia yard; the same builders, that is, who constructed Mr. Jay Gould's yacht, about which the country has heard so much.

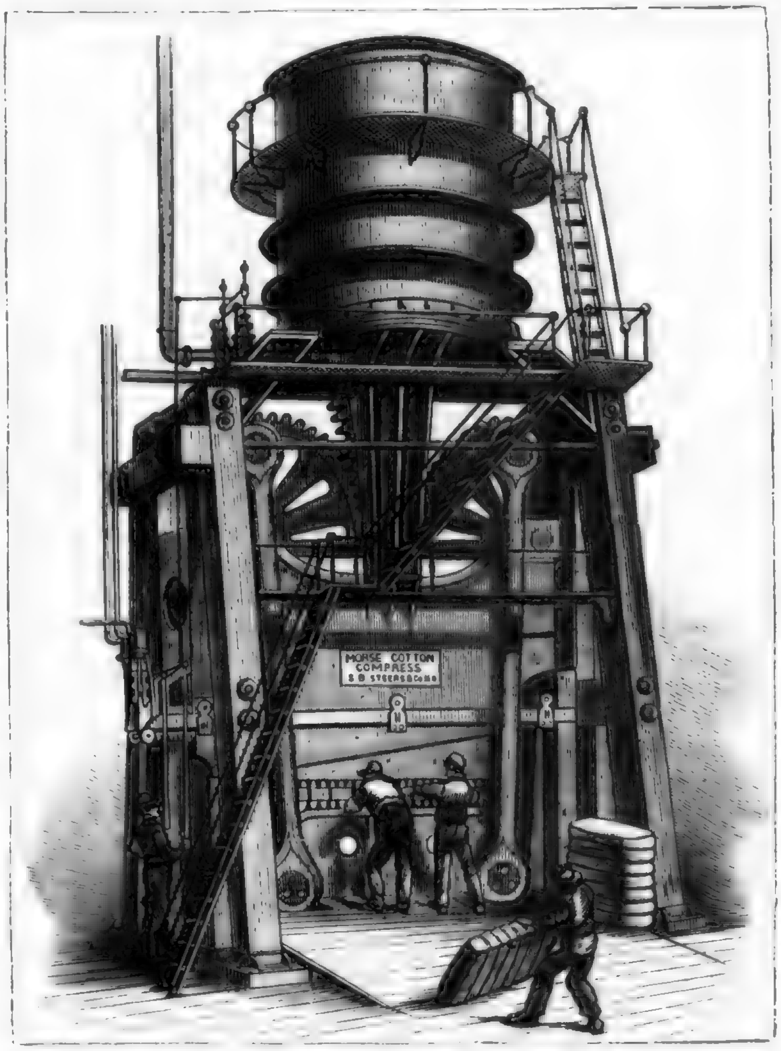
Steamers leave for New Orleans twice a week, and they make the trip of 1,800 miles in six days. During the year they bring to New York, it is estimated, 400,000 bales; this vast quantity, at $45 a bale, would be worth no less than $18,000,000, on which the freight charges, reckoning at a low rate, would amount to more than $650,000. The commerce of the old French city—La Nouvelle Orléans, of the last century—the city with so momentous a history, is steadily increasing; its cotton transactions are larger than they have been for years, and

XUM



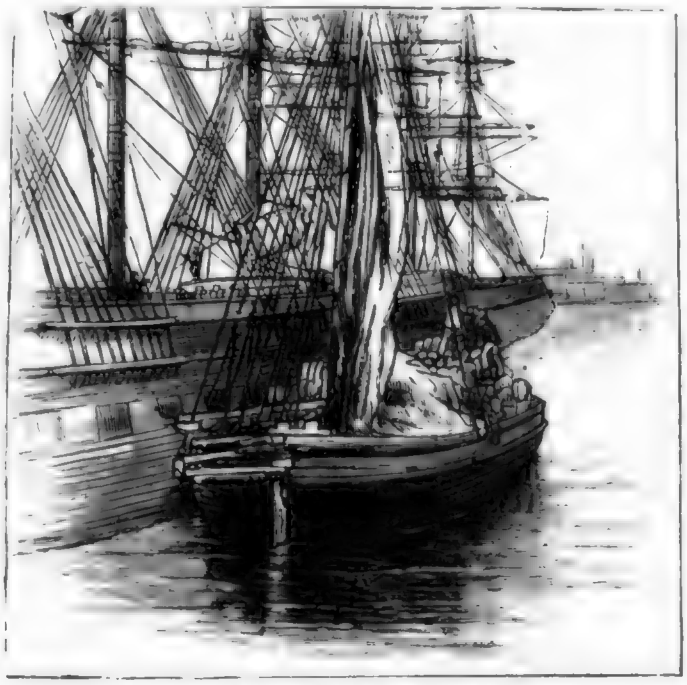
SHIPPING COTTON FROM CHARLESTON TO FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC PORTS.

New York is necessarily benefited. It is curious to recall the fact that Napoleon sold our Government the whole of Louisiana, then much larger than the State now so named, for $15,000,000, of which $2,500,000 was retained by the United States as indemnity for depredations on American commerce by French cruisers, during the *régime* of the French Directory. The sum of $12,500,000 is, of course, considered trifling in these days, when New Orleans deals in $100,000,000 worth of cotton in a year, without mentioning her other sources of revenue. Her cotton merchants have made it the first cotton mart of the country. Mr. George W. Cable, the novelist, I may here state, by way of parenthesis, was for a number of years in the office of a cotton factor at New Orleans, and he shows an intimate knowledge, not only of that industry, but of everything pertaining to New Orleans commercial life.



A NEWLY-IMPROVED COTTON-PRESS.

The glory of New Orleans trade are its cotton cargoes, and we will digress briefly to notice that of the steamer *Henry Frank*, which arrived there from up the Mississippi River on April 2d, 1881, with 9,226 bales, besides 1,213 sacks of cottonseed, making the largest cotton cargo ever carried by any vessel to any of the great marts of the world. Its arrival on one of the famous Mississippi River flat-bottomed steamboats was the signal for a kind of jubilee. She came in with blue ribbons streaming from her masts, and high above the hurricane-deck was suspended a bale of the downy product. Van Tromp, the great Dutch admiral, with a broom at the masthead of his man-of-war, in token of having swept St. George's Channel clear of the British, could scarcely have felt much prouder than the captain of the steamer, with the fleecy bale suspended aloft, as a sign that all previous records had been swept aside. Triumphant numerals told the size of the cargo in a broad stretch of canvas on the upper deck; hundreds of persons gathered on the levee to see the sight, and photographs of the steamer, and her cargo piled so high on the wharf as to hide a considerable portion of the vessel, were sent to every section of the country, and may now be seen in the offices of the New York merchants engaged in the Southern trade. None know so well as our Southern brethren how to celebrate an affair of this sort; none understand so well how to mingle pleasure with business. More or less of the great cargo to which we have referred eventually found its way to New York by the steamers, which may be seen at any time at their busy wharves on the North River.



A LIGHTER LOADING A SHIP WITH COTTON.

Some of the New York and New Orleans steamers have had an interesting history. During the war, fully 600 merchant steamers or sailing craft were seized by the Federal Government to perform blockade duty on the Southern coast, and among them the Cromwell steamer *Monticello*, "trading between New York and New Orleans, and other ports at the South." She was immediately sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where a large force of workmen, making havoc of her elegant and costly appointments, fitted her for service. In twenty-four hours after her arrival at the Navy Yard she had assumed a totally different character, typical perhaps of the underlying ferocity of human nature, which the tap of drums and the sound of warlike music summon to the surface. She was no longer, that is to say, the peaceable trading steamer of a few hours previous, but a well-armed war-steamer, hurrying down the bay on her way to the defense of Washington, which she was to reach after a baptism of fire on the Potomac. This illustration will serve the place of many which might be cited, of how quickly these commercial crafts can change their appearance and character on suitable occasion.

The steamers that bring cotton to New York number in all no less than forty. In addition there are seven

XUM

large three-masted schooners running between here and Georgetown, S. C., which constitute the remains of the sailing fleet that once had so large a share in the traffic. Sailing vessels have for the most part been driven out of the cotton trade between New York and the South by the low freight rates of the steamship companies. These Georgetown vessels are of from 341 to 458 tons burden, trim, and capable of very good speed for craft of their rig. They have double decks, and between these they carry from 250 to 400 bales. Resin and turpentine are carried on the upper and lower decks; but even with such inflammable cargoes on board, few or none of these crafts have been lost for many years past. One line of packet schooners has been in the trade for twenty years, and has never lost a vessel. They have to pass Cape Hatteras, too, that gathering-place of storms. The trip of about 500 miles is made in from four to six days, according to the season of the year, the quickest runs of course being made in the Winter, when the winds are more regular. While these vessels bring only a small percentage of the total supply of cotton received from the South, their trade is increasing as the cotton crop increases, and a new schooner of 500 tons burden is now being built at Port Jefferson, L. I. Such vessels cost $30,000.

About half the cotton received here in a year is sent to foreign marts. The remainder is stored here or sent to the mills in various parts of the country. Fall River takes the most, as that town, with its large, prison-like mills and thousands of operatives, little better than serfs, overworked and underpaid, is the most extensively engaged in the manufacture of any place in the United States. It is surprising to learn that some of the freight steamers running from New York to Fall River take 1,200 bales at a time, while the *City of Fall River* can carry 2,500 bales. Such floating palaces as the *Bristol* and *Providence*, that sail along the East River and out into Long Island Sound, with what seems like a stately tread, carry comparatively little freight. They are designed more especially for the passenger traffic. One line has three steamers devoted wholly to the freighting trade, and they take large quantities of cotton from New York every year. Besides Fall River, there are other manufacturing centres like Cohoes, in this State, Lawrence, Lowell, and Salem, in Massachusetts, as well as numerous points in New Hampshire and Maine, to which the cotton is sent.

So much for our present domestic trade in cotton. Much more of real interest might be said of it, but I pass to a question as interesting as anything relating to the entire subject, namely: How was New York supplied with cotton during the war? Some came from England, though not so much as might be supposed, and what may be termed considerable under the circumstances was received from the South. In 1862, however, only 115,000 bales were received here; in 1863, 204,200; in 1864, 281,700; in 1865, 391,600 bales. A mere handful, that is, in each year, to what New York had been accustomed to receiving. The high prices caused a decreased consumption of cotton, however, and the loss to the mass of the people was not so severely felt as might at first be imagined, though, of course, the manufacturing centres were unfavorably affected. Considerable of the cotton received came through the lines, it is alleged, by the collusion of Federal army and naval officers, whose aid was obtained for a "consideration," it is likewise averred. However this may be, it is a statement made both by shipping and cotton merchants. No names of alleged delinquents, however, need here be mentioned. Indeed, after 1862, not a little cotton was raised within the Federal lines—in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, and Southern Illinois. It was so costly, however, that the adulteration of flaxen goods, woolens, and silks, was in a measure checked. Cotton that cost only ten cents in gold per pound within the Confederate lines could often be sold here for ten times that price, or even more. This cotton came through the lines by rail, or else by water. Not a little came out by way of Matamoras, Mexico. Then blockade-runners were frequently captured and brought to New York. Their cargoes of cotton were sold here at auction by Simeon Draper, afterward Collector of the Port.

The Federal Government, in blockading the Southern ports, had to look after a coast line of 3,550 statute miles, being the longest line of blockade ever before attempted. The blockade was proclaimed in April, 1861, and caused great excitement in Europe, where cotton is always in demand. English merchants immediately purchased fast steamers especially fitted to run past the Union cruisers guarding the Southern harbors. The loss of a steamer now and then was as nothing compared with the large sums that might be gained by a few successful trips. In November and December, 1863, the London *Times* alluded to the frequent purchases of fast steamers for blockade-running, adding that there would soon be a scarcity of swift steamers on the Clyde should the demand continue.

One cotton merchant of Liverpool wrote to Earl Russell, the British Foreign Minister, asking the protection of his Government in running the American blockade. It was refused. Still, English merchants continued to take the risk, and some reaped large profits, despite the fact that many vessels were captured.

Wilmington, North Carolina, was the chief port for the blockade-runners, though they also traded at Charleston and Savannah. New Orleans was too far up the river from the Gulf to be at all safe for such operations. They would sometimes run into Havana or Bermuda with their valuable cargoes, but Nassau was their great market; they returned to the Southern ports with arms, ammunition and provisions. The London *Times* stated, in 1863, "that a round trip from Bermuda or Nassau paid even the captain a sum equal to $4,000, besides the privilege of purchasing twelve bales of cotton for $75 a bale, worth $375 a bale in Liverpool." Great inducements were offered to these captains, owing to the hazardous nature of their business. They were instructed, however, to run their steamers ashore rather than allow them to fall into the hands of the Federals.

On the other hand, large rewards were given to the officers and crew of our war-vessels engaged in breaking up this traffic; half of the cargo went to the Government, and the remainder to the officers and men, according to their monthly pay. They were always on the alert for this prize-money, as may well be imagined; 179 steamers were captured up to January, 1864. A little tugboat, the *Eolus*, captured the steamer *Hope* off Wilmington in 1864, and the crew received liberal prizes—from $532 to the cabin-boy up to $13,164 to the acting master. These sums were largely increased nine days later by the capture of a steamer with a cargo worth, even after being much damaged by fire, at least half a million of dollars. The *Magnolia* captured the *Memphis*, loaded with cotton and resin, one day in 1862, and the lieutenant of the former received over $38,000.

The value of the steamers and cargoes captured during the war has been estimated at $25,000,000. As already stated, many of these vessels were sent to New York, and their cargoes of cotton and other merchandise were sold here. Early in October, 1862, there were ten here awaiting disposal; they made a small fleet at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, without counting quite a number of sailing-craft that had also been captured. The *Eolus*, the small tug or dispatch boat which captured the *Hope*, brought that steamer to New York. The blockade-runner was, of course, a much larger steamer, but the little dispatch-boat had a 100-pounder, and kept firing until the trading-vessel surrendered. The commander of the tug had only twenty-four men; the other steamer had a much larger crew, besides some passengers. He put them all down in the hold or locked them up elsewhere, and then towed the steamer to New York. He was three days getting here, and only had eight men on a watch; it was a minnow bringing in a leviathan, and the circumstance excited considerable attention, even in those stirring days.

All during the war these blockade-runners were to be found either at the Brooklyn Navy Yard or at other docks in Brooklyn. They were long, low, rakish steamers, very sharp, and sometimes ran at from sixteen to eighteen miles an hour, when chased by cruisers. They generally burned anthracite coal, so as not to betray their presence by smoke; some were captured, however, through burning soft coal, which enabled Federal officers to discover them, even when many miles distant; they were generally painted lead color, or some neutral tint, in order the better to escape observation, especially in fogs, or when stealing out of some Southern harbor in the mists of early morning. Chapters might be written about these crafts and their exciting traffic.

Turning now to our present export trade in cotton, it is of interest to observe that last year New York sent out 777,528 bales. The great ocean steamers took the bulk of this cotton, as sailing-vessels have about as little to do with the foreign trade as with bringing the staple here from the South. Great Britain is the largest buyer, and the steamers sailing to her ports sometimes take 4,000 bales, which is a very large quantity, considering the amount of other freight that is taken at the same time. Considerable also goes to France, of which Havre is the great cotton port. Cotton is largely used in the manufacture of French silks. This imposture was brought out in a most painful light when, by reason of the blockade of our Southern ports, and the consequent scarcity of cotton, the silk industry at Lyons, France, became so depressed that subscriptions were raised in Paris in 1862 for the relief of the operatives thus rendered destitute.

France also purchases cotton for use in adulterating satins, though it may be added here that American silks and satins are by no means free from the same fibre. Germany, Holland, Spain, and Italy, also purchase American cotton, and steamers running to Bremen, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Barcelona, and other ports, do the carrying traffic. Few sailing-vessels take cotton from New York to Europe, but they are frequently chartered here and sent to Southern ports, where they load cotton and naval stores; they are generally British, Italian, German, or Norwegian barks, and often take large cargoes from Charleston, Norfolk, Savannah and New Orleans.

But the great vessels that steam out past Sandy Hook, bound for Europe and other parts of the world, also take cotton goods, and a few words may be said in conclusion on this important traffic. Cotton mills are springing up all over the South, the funds in many instances being supplied by Northern capitalists. They pay, it is said, on an average 12 per cent. per annum New England manufacturers say they fear competiton from this direction more than that of English spinners. It all increases the exportable surplus, and the foreign market is therefore being steadily increased. Thirteen million dollars worth were sent out last year, or nearly 140,000 packages.

The goods wanted abroad are the heavier fabrics, such as drills, sheetings, denims, and tickings. "As the production of these increases the export trade will increase," says a drygoods merchant, largely enaged in the trade. We also send fine bleached cottons to England and Germany. The exports consist mainly of the cheaper goods, however, and a large percentage go to the East Indies and China. Shanghai is one of the great centres of the trade in the latter country; and, indeed, a considerable portion of the goods sent to Liverpool and London are reshipped from there to the East by way of the Suez Canal. Steamers and sailing-vessels also take out our cottons to Mexico, the West Indies, to Brazil, and other countries of South America, and nearly 9,000 packages were sent out in 1882 to ports in Africa.

The field for American manufacturers there is in the trade in the commoner grades of cottons. These were formerly heavily sized with clay by the English manufacturers—that is, clay was used to conceal the coarseness of the fabric. This fraud, practiced in the East India and China trades, gave the American spinners a chance in that direction, which they have improved. Jonathan would never employ clay for such a purpose as that mentioned. He uses resin.

Then cottonseed oil, which is brought here from the South in considerable quantities, is also sent out by the steamers to Europe, though the exports, owing to the prohibitive duty which the Italian Government has levied on this oil, in order to stop the adulteration of olive oil within its dominions, have materially decreased within a year. It is used in this country in the place of linseed oil in making putty, in adulterating cod, menhaden, and other fish oils used by tanners, as well as oleomargarine, lard, and cheese. It is used legitimately in making soap and varnish, and our hotels and restaurants are beginning to purchase large quantities annually for cooking purposes, while it is also employed in mines for burning, as it makes a far less dangerous light than kerosene. The foreign trade is still important, however. Ships frequently take it to France, Germany, Austria, South America, and the French West Indies, the consumption in lieu of olive oil in the French colonies being especially large.

Great Libraries.—Germany has more books in its libraries than any other nation. There are over 1,000 libraries in Austria, Germany and Switzerland, twenty of which contain over 100,000 volumes. France has six libraries of over 100,000 books, besides the National Library, which is the largest in the world. Great Britain has only nine libraries of over 100,000 volumes, and the British Museum pays out $10,000 annually adding to its collections. Spain has thirty public libraries, containing 700,000 volumes. The library in Washington contains 518,000 volumes and 170,000 pamphlets, and there are but five larger in the world—the French National, with 2,500,000; the British Museum, 1,500,000; St. Petersburg, 1,000,000; Munich, 900,000; and Berlin, with 750,000.

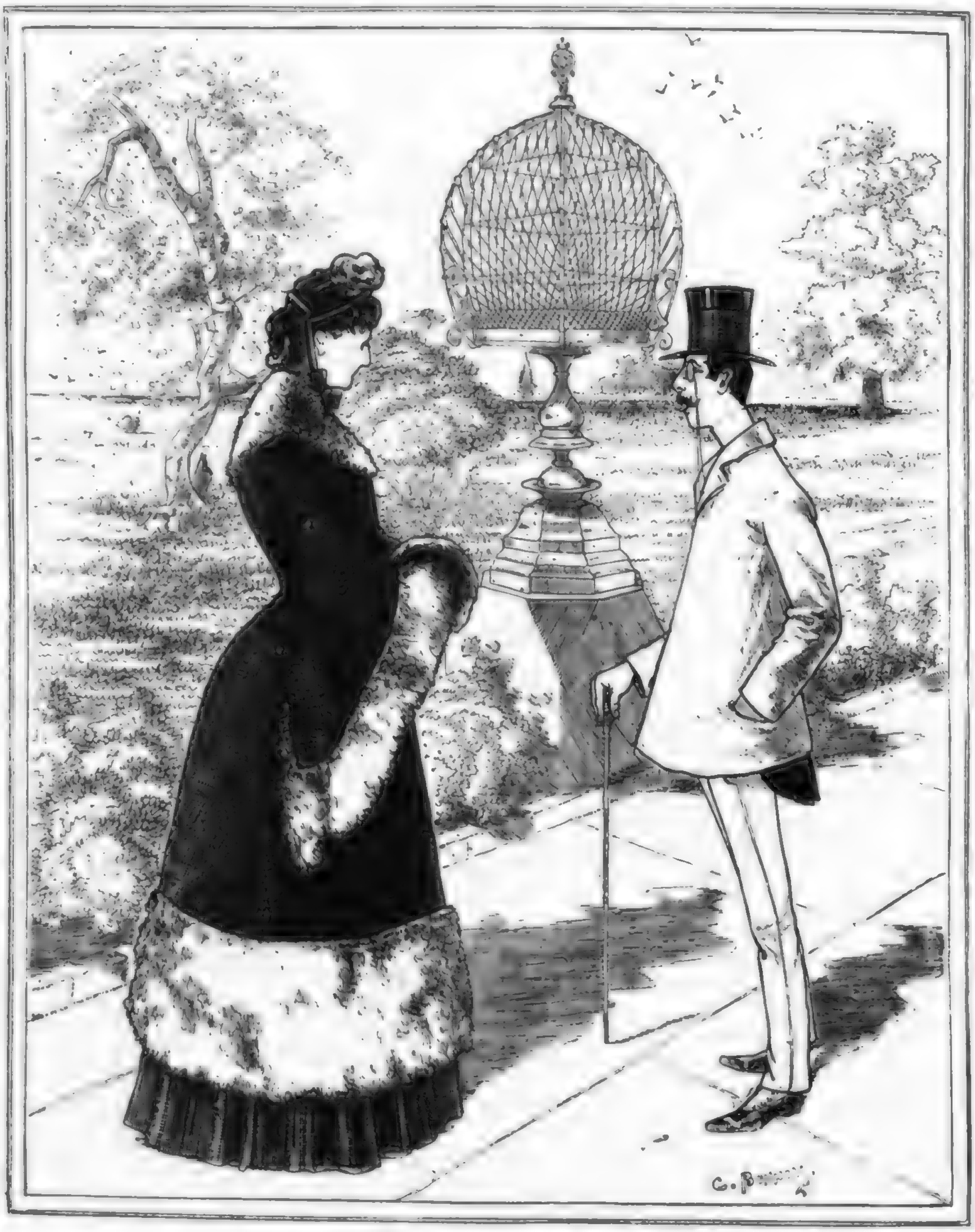
A mind might ponder its thought for ages, and not gain so much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach in a day.

XUM

THE OPEN DOOR

By Millie W. Carpenter.

This was written in a Diary: "Do you know the charm of an open door? Of a door that stands half open, and a broad square of sunshine falls on the floor within, as though angels had passed through and left the brightness of their footsteps there.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Mr. Loftus Softy—"*Good-mawning, Miss Arrybell. Did aw—you aw—evah heah it said that you could distinguish a twee by its outah covewing?*" Miss A——"*I have never been much versed in trees; but have had no difficulty in telling a pup by its bark.*" Mr. Loftus Softy—"*Aw!*"

"'Peace enters here!' I took off my cap as I stood waiting a moment, hesitating. It was high up in the hill-country, and this was an old-fashioned house painted red, with many long, narrow windows fronting me under the steep pitched roof. And this open door! I saw now that a horseshoe was nailed over it; an abundant vine with small yellow flowers, thick as stars shining, ran up the casement, and a mouse-colored dog sat on the low step. There was an old-fashioned iron door-latch, too, whose handle I touched as if it were the hand of a friend.

"At the first sound of my footsteps in the hall there was a stir in the room beyond, and somebody came quickly forward to meet me. A young girl, deep, dusky-deep blue eyes, abundant fair hair making crinkly light over the blue eyes, a sweet mouth and a sweet look making the forehead fine.

"I am always remembering scraps of poetry. I could not remember a whole poem as it is written to save my life. But just here I kept thinking of this—who wrote it?—

> "'Peace in her chamber; whereso'er
> It be, a holy place.'

"I felt giving this young apparition the old sweet Oriental greeting: 'Peace be with you!'

"She smiled a little faintly, looking at me.

"'Maxime? Is this our cousin, Maxime Forbes?

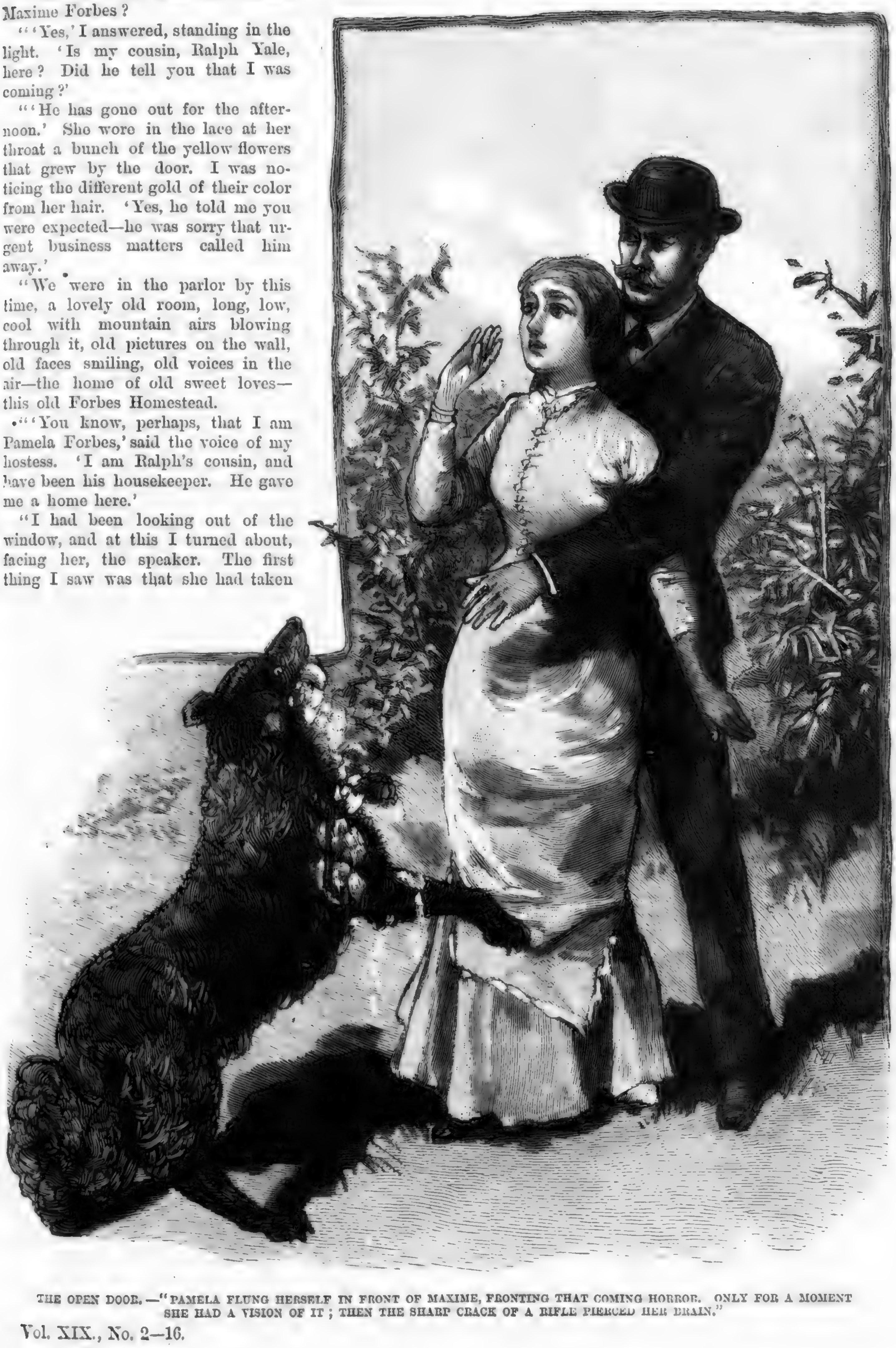
"'Yes,' I answered, standing in the light. 'Is my cousin, Ralph Yale, here? Did he tell you that I was coming?'

"'He has gone out for the afternoon.' She wore in the lace at her throat a bunch of the yellow flowers that grew by the door. I was noticing the different gold of their color from her hair. 'Yes, he told me you were expected—he was sorry that urgent business matters called him away.'

"We were in the parlor by this time, a lovely old room, long, low, cool with mountain airs blowing through it, old pictures on the wall, old faces smiling, old voices in the air—the home of old sweet loves—this old Forbes Homestead.

"'You know, perhaps, that I am Pamela Forbes,' said the voice of my hostess. 'I am Ralph's cousin, and have been his housekeeper. He gave me a home here.'

"I had been looking out of the window, and at this I turned about, facing her, the speaker. The first thing I saw was that she had taken



THE OPEN DOOR.—"PAMELA FLUNG HERSELF IN FRONT OF MAXIME, FRONTING THAT COMING HORROR. ONLY FOR A MOMENT SHE HAD A VISION OF IT; THEN THE SHARP CRACK OF A RIFLE PIERCED HER BRAIN."

XUM

the yellow flowers from her dress—they lay a little crushed heap on the table by the window.

"'You mean that you are not to be reckoned *my* cousin,' I answered, a little bitterly. 'I can guess I am not welcome here. Well, I do not complain. It is natural."

"Why would she not wear the yellow flowers now?

"'You are quite mistaken,' said Pamela, proudly, a quick flush in her cheeks. 'No guest could be more welcome than you are to-day. You do not know Ralph Yale if you fancy he has one bitter feeling in his kind heart toward you.'

"I stood silent, regarding her in her proud, impulsive fire. There were tears in both voice and lovely eyes.

"'If you have an enemy in this household it is not my cousin Ralph,' she finished, quietly.

"'No, I can believe that,' I answered, looking straight into her fearless eyes. And I meant my look to say, as plainly as if I had spoken in loud English speech: 'If I have an enemy here, it is you.'

"Then I turned away, and walked once or twice the length of the dim, lovely room.

"'Well, it is a noble place,' I said, glancing north and south over the wide mountain world—'a noble place! I didn't know how beautiful till I came here to-day. The old Forbes home—mine, mine, if I choose! A home to love, to cherish, to be proud of—and to fight for!'

"'There will be no fighting,' said Pamela Forbes, proudly. 'You can never fight without a combatant, and you will not find that here.'

"'Is my cousin Ralph so saint-like?' I cried out, skeptically.

"Her look answered me.

"'Forgive me!' I pleaded, stretching out my hand.

"But Pamela was looking, with angry ire on the floor, and did not, perhaps, see my outstretched hand.

"'Why did you put the horseshoe over the door?" I asked, presently, when her face had softened a little.

"'To keep out witches,' answered Pamela, flicking one of the yellow flowers with her small fingers, for we were now standing without the door.

"The horseshoe hung above our heads as we stood there side by side.

"'Yet *I* was permitted to enter,' I laughed, venturing a little, yet half afraid.

"'Ah, we will hope that you will not harm us,' she answered, with sweet gravity; and I was silenced.

"Good-by, old book; we part for a while now. But you will bear witness I meant no harm. Whatever happens—before Heaven, I swear it!—I meant to do my cousin Ralph no harm!"

* * * * * *

"But oh! Ralph, it is so hard that you must give up your home in such a way! I could bear it in any other way, I think; but I cannot bear this. Your home; for it *is* yours, Ralph."

"Ah, no, child—only mine on trust. At the best, on trust for a little while, to do such good with as I might. I may have failed there, dear——"

"But it should not be taken from you in this way, Ralph," interrupted Pamela, angrily. "You should be left in peace here. Why, it is like a frame for your life—your beautiful, calm life!"

"Nay; it is only because you love me that you are so partial."

"Yes, I do love you," said Pamela, boldly, here.

"You look at me with sweet, blind eyes, my child."

Ralph Yale took the young girl's cool white fingers in his own slim, firm, scholar's hand.

His thin, fair face flushed softly as he continued:

"I may have been a poor steward, Pamela. All this may pass into better hands."

He stopped, sighed restlessly and sat still, with parted lips, his beautiful gray eyes fixed on the sun-warmed world without.

"Oh, Ralph, you break my heart when you talk like that! It is only because you are so good—so good! Look at the work you have done among the people here. Could any one else have done it? You taught each soul about us to do the best that was in it. Would any one but you have encouraged Glenn Carn to leave all and go out into the world and study his art, his one great gift of painting? And look at him now, and all your pupils down there at the schools——"

"That is what I may have failed in," said Ralph, interrupting. "I took my own view of things for a rule. My cousin Maxime may have healthier ideas. He seems generous, and he is strong and daring, and he has the world's way of looking at things. I have been too much of a dreamer."

"But dreams, too, are from God. How many times you have said so! You have, Ralph!" said Pamela, eagerly.

"It was my sorrow that many of them did not fit into my life," answered Ralph, with a sigh. "They were such beautiful pictures, I could find no place for them on the wall; but perhaps in another world, another life——"

"'Other heights in other lives'—that was one of your noble maxims, too. Oh, Ralph, whichever way you turn, whatever thing you plan, the beautiful rules by which you framed your life come to meet you. They are prayers, and they are commandments, too. The jewels you have scattered all your life are somewhere lustrous still."

Ralph stood up. He kissed his young cousin with grave tenderness before he spoke.

"I think I am a little tired to-night—too tired to arrange anything. In the morning I will speak with Maxime about the will."

"You shall not give it up," said Pamela, with clinched hands. "You shall not! I will fight for you to the death first. It's yours—yours only."

"Pamela!"

Quick tears began to fall.

"I mean it," she said, with rising sobs. "It is yours, root and soil, leaf and branch. The most fragile bud that falls and dies here is yours for ever."

"Good-night, my Ruth!"

When he was so gentle to her, when he was most tender, and his voice like the sweet south wind whispering in the apple-blossoms, he called her "Ruth—my Ruth," as now.

She fell on her knees, sobbing, her bright head on her arms.

"If he were not so good—if he were not so good!" she sobbed, "it might be easier to bear; but now I cannot—I cannot."

* * * * * *

The next day Pamela and Maxime were in the garden, walking slowly up and down the wide, poppy-bordered paths together.

"It's a noble place," Maxime was saying; "a place to be proud of. And the best of it is that it shows such possibilities. What a field for an energetic worker! What a noble demesne that might be made into!"

He stopped, while his keen eyes wandered over the expanse of rich green country rolling downward from their feet.

"You are very good," said Pamela, rather stiffly.

"And that river brawling yonder, I wonder it has never been utilized for manufacturing purposes. With a railroad running there at the foot of the mountain, I should think it might pay——"

"My cousin Ralph detests railroads," interrupted Pamela, shortly. "He says they break in on everything, and that it is impossible to live a noble or harmonious life near one."

"I perceive that my cousin Ralph is a dreamer," said Maxime, indifferently.

"At least his dreams are noble," flashed out Pamela. "He does not live for sordid gain. Oh, no! he lives to do good—to make other, darker lives happier and holier. That is *his* life."

Maxime glanced at her with a curious light in his keen eyes—a flush rose on his swarthy face.

But Pamela was not satisfied; she was thinking: "What a coward I am! I do not fight Ralph's battles. I let this man sneer at him and depreciate him with his greater worldly wisdom. Yes, I am a coward."

"If you could know my cousin as he has been all these years," she began more gently, "you would think differently of what he has done. You do not know his work, but there are many here who speak his name only to bless him. Worn out old men and women watch for him to pass as believing women watched for Christ in the old Bible days. They touch his hand and smile as if they were healed. Others, too, have leaned on his breast in the death-hour, and with prayers on the lips which have spoken only blasphemies for years, have gone peacefully out to the unknown future."

"Is Ralph so saint-like, then?" said Maxime, with a mocking smile. "You make me feel, when you talk of him, as if I ought to kneel and make the sign of the cross."

"Ah, you can sneer at him!" flashed out the young girl, tears bitter as death in the angry look she darted at him. "You cannot hurt him more. You cannot kill the love for him that is rooted as deep as these old forest oaks. You can take his home and call it yours, but all those beautiful past years he has lived here are *his*. They are his, and you cannot take them."

"And Miss Pamela Forbes is a hero-worshiper," said Maxime, after a moment's silence. His face was white and stern.

"Oh, no!" said Pamela, with a sudden cold change in her manner. She tossed a red poppy in the air and caught it again as she stood there. "Anybody can be a hero."

"Anybody?"

"Anybody," returned Pamela, looking Maxime straight in the face.

"Even Pamela Forbes," said he, quizzically.

"I hope so," answered the girl; but her pulse started. For the first time she felt the sense of cruel power in her opponent. She dreaded the pressure of a force hidden, but all the same, there.

A few days after he sauntered out and joined her in her walk in the garden. It was the place where they had talked before. The pale poppies stood hushed and sleepy in the sun.

"You said the other day," he began at once, "that anybody could be a hero. Now, will you tell me what your conception of the noblest acting is? Not of being a hero—but of being heroic?"

Pamela had her answer ready. Evidently she had thought something about these things.

"It is to be sure of one's self!"

"Well?" said Maxime, quietly waiting for her to go on with the conversation.

"It is," said Pamela, with a warm light in her cheek, "to be ready when the hour strikes—to act at any cost to yourself if duty calls—it is entire forgetfulness of self—and to stand steady, not faltering by so much as the dropping of an eyelash, when the blow comes."

The young man stood regarding her with a curious deep light wavering like fire in his dark eyes.

"I will tell you of something I read the other day," said she, more carelessly. "It will illustrate my idea. It was in the shooting at Creedmoor. There had been a bitter contest, and our side—the American side—were losing. At last everything depended on one shot—a last shot—to be fired at the distance of a thousand yards. If that last shot went home to the target, victory was ours; if it missed——"

She stopped, drawing in her breath.

Maxime stood regarding her. The clear glow in her eyes, the deep blood in the rose of her cheek—ay! even the crinkly light of golden hair about her forehead seemed to grow brighter as she spoke with that strange inward fire.

"But he did not miss. It was an old man, gray-haired, gray-bearded, who came carelessly forward and fired that shot for victory. But think how much depended on him—the pressure of feeling, what electricity there must have been in the air, and if a nerve had quivered, if there had been the faintest tremor in that clear sight of his! But, no! He was sure of himself. And if I had been there I should have liked to run up behind him and kiss his bronzed old face."

"Why behind him?" was Maxime's response to this.

He turned away, and plunging his hands into his pockets, began to whistle. Pamela was too angry, to answer him. But after a moment's silence he wheeled about.

She wondered what made his face so pale.

"Child," he said, gently, taking her unwilling hand in his, "I am sorry for you."

Pamela stood mute. She felt a pressure about her in the air—like the pressure of strong arms, from which she could not break away.

And Maxime, as he stood here, too, had visions. He saw a room long and low, oak-paneled and beautiful with old lives that had been lived there.

In the windows were great china bowls, deep-flowered, blue and white and Spanish crimson. These held roses—and those, passion-flowers.

And down the long smooth floor walked a woman having gold hair, crinkled like spun light, and blue eyes. And she smiled at him, and he took her in his arms and kissed her, and said:

"My wife!"

Oh, would that vision here come true some day?—and must he watch it fade, and say, "Farewell! Farewell?"

While they stood there, before either had gained self-control enough to speak of indifferent things, a figure crossed the open ground beyond, lingering a moment glancing about, then disappearing in a grove of young fir-trees close by.

It was a man's figure, dressed in familiar gray clothes, and he walked with slow steps, bending feebly forward.

"Why, it's Ralph!" cried Maxime, in some surprise.

"Yes," said Pamela. "You notice how he has aged in these last days. He is now going over the old places—the dear, familiar haunts—saying good-by to all."

Maxime did not answer. His brows were bent frowningly.

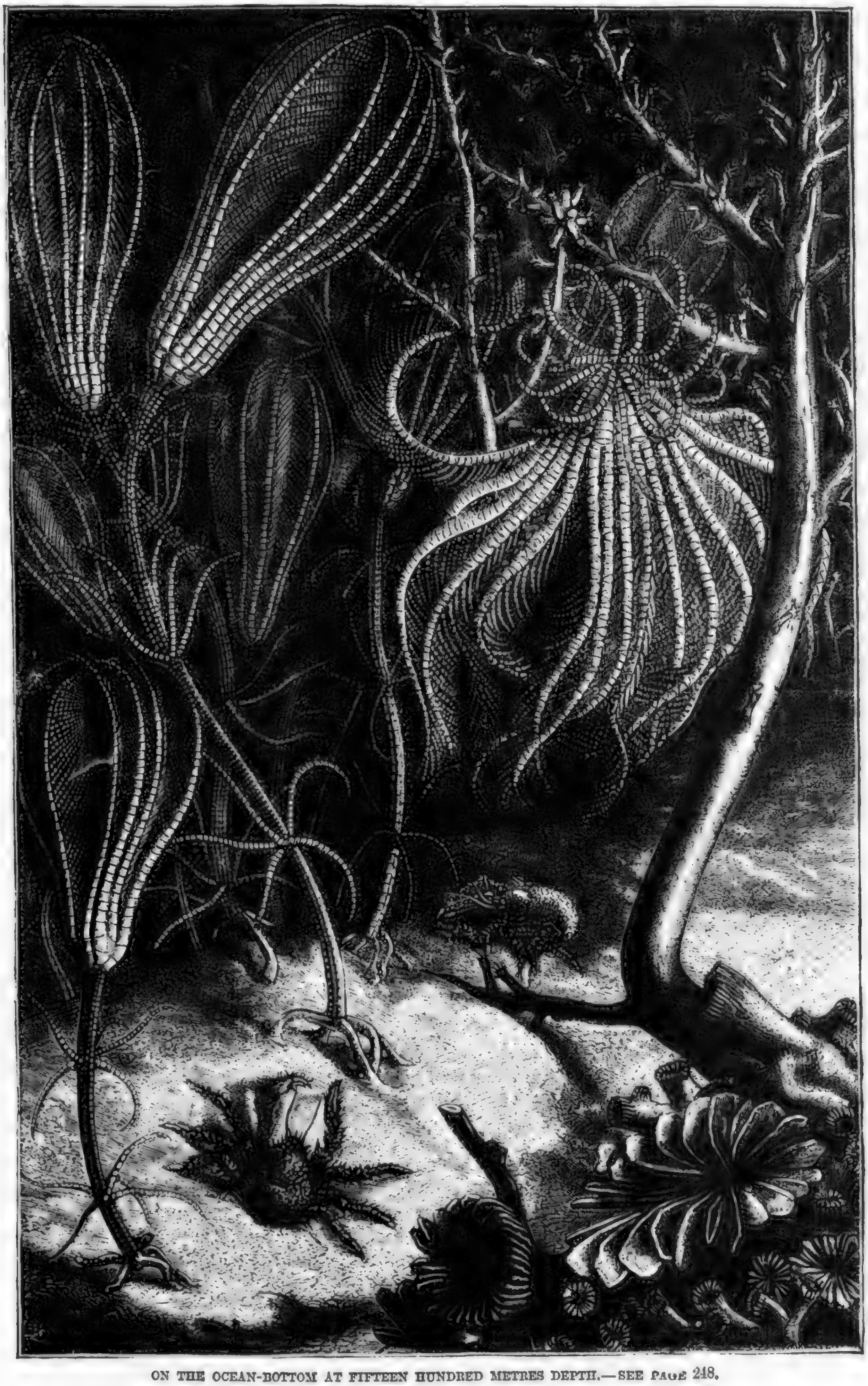
"It was why he asked you would do nothing for a while," Pamela continued—"that we might live on together peacefully for a time, and nothing be said of change. He wished to *grow* into a sense of his great loss."

INDISCREET.—FROM THE BRONZE STATUETTE BY ACHILLES SALATO.

"And if this new will had not been found, you would have gone on living always in this celestial way—Ralph dreaming his harmless dreams, and you watching that no unfriendly wind blew on him?"

"I suppose so," said Pamela, curtly.

Why did his manner change so? Why was he at times so kind, speaking with smile and word as tender as a



ON THE OCEAN-BOTTOM AT FIFTEEN HUNDRED METRES DEPTH.—SEE PAGE 248.

mother's lullaby above the cradle, and then again so cold, with such a piercing sting sheathed in his courteous speech ?

She could have smote him where he stood. He was kind at heart ; she knew that well, for she had watched him keenly. She had noticed in their walks, when a worm lay in his path. he had been quick to

> —"Tread aside and let the reptile live,"

XUM

and she had watched him nurse with sweetest pity such poor, dumb, wounded things as could not speak to tell their sorrows.

Why was he, then, at times, so cruel and cold to her?

At least she would not wear the yellow flowers—Maxime's flowers.

Only last evening, when they had stood there together, he had spoken suddenly, voice and face changing alike, "You never wear the yellow flowers now!" and then, without waiting for an answer, had turned and walked away.

Ah, well! When they had been Ralph's, she loved them in her dress.

Now she crushed one under her foot, and then was sorry, and went in and wept wofully for her lost happiness.

* * * * * *

The days now went by peacefully in this old house.

Life there was the mental attitude of a believing Christian drawing his beads slowly through his fingers at prayer—always faithful, always having faith.

But one afternoon Pamela, going into the library, found Ralph there quite alone by the window.

His face was dejected; she fancied his eyes showed signs of tears.

Silently she sat down beside him, her hand just lightly touching his.

It was like the soft touch of lips bestowing a caress.

At that moment all her unspotted life was his for very sympathy with his grief. Ralph turned, with his always tender smile.

"My Ruth—always my faithful Ruth!"

"Yes."

It was all she could say. She bent her cheek till it rested on his shoulder. They sat so for a long time.

"I have been going over all the dear old places," he said, at last, touching a portfolio of sketches—"all the dear old haunts. See, here is the pool where we always got the sweet flag first. And one day you fell in the water, my Ruth, and I brought you up across the orchard in my arms. Had you forgotten that?"

He shut the portfolio, pushing it aside.

"This is the last day—the last day!"

Pamela's tears leaped forth.

"If I could do anything to help you! Oh, I cannot bear it! If I could act for you!"

"Hush!" he said, gently. "There is nothing you can do. It is for the best, else do you suppose He would permit it? My cousin will be a good ruler—a good master here. Already the people begin to speak of the change."

"Imgrates!" cried out the girl, angrily.

"Nay, it is but natural—it is human nature. Self, self!" he sighed, looking out of the window.

He thought to himself that he could see the gray-clothed figure of a bent and sorrow-shadowed man—the figure of Ralph Yale going out along those fertile lands, across the fields and hills, on and on, for ever away—for ever further away.

Without on the balcony, in the shadow of the blind another sat, silent, quite alone; an open book was in his hand, but his eyes were fixed straight ahead, with sombre light in them.

Perhaps he, too, had a vision of the wandering shadow that went away across the lovely world into a far-off unknown darkness.

And was it strange that, as he sat there, a tear rolled down his swarthy cheek, and fell on the open page unread before him?

The silence remained unbroken for a long time. Then Pamela, bending forward, gently touched Ralph's hand.

"Yes."

He turned instantly with his lovely look of peace.

"I believe I am tired a little," he said, wearily. "If you would read to me those beautiful lines of Cowper's on his mother's picture."

Pamela got the book, and read to him till his soft and regular breathing told that he was sleeping. Only once he opened his eyes drowsily to murmur:

"Yes, that is true—beautiful and true; how much he loved her, he—

> "'The son of parents passed into the skies.'

The proudest title he could wear. The very proudest."

Pamela shut the book, and kneeling by the sofa, looked long and tenderly into Ralph's thin, peaceful face. Then she stooped lower still, and laid her mouth to his.

"Even so I love you," she sighed. "My brother, my dear and good brother."

* * * * * *

The next morning Pamela was about early. Before the breakfast hour she wandered down to the foot of the great lawn.

Idly she stood there, asking herself if she had ever seen that mountain world looking so beautiful before, wondering if she should ever see it looking so beautiful again.

So absorbed was she that Maxime, coming up from the river, stood there some time before she was conscious of his presence.

He held a bunch of the yellow flowers in his hand.

Pamela's face gathered a slow-coming color when at last she saw him.

"You here?" she cried. "Have you been abroad all night? I fancied myself alone."

They stood a few moments, talking idle nothings as easily as they could.

Even for Maxime speech seemed difficult that morning. Pamela moved, glancing backward.

"Ah, I must go now; Ralph will be asking for me. He is late. Oh——"

She stopped, her eyes dilated; her face grew gray with a wild horror flashing out of it; then with a low moan she flung herself before Maxime; with wide, outstretched arms, standing tall and defiant as one who protects what it loves from swift-plunging missiles, Pamela flung herself in front of Maxime, heroically fronting that coming horror.

Only for a moment she had a vision of it—a rearing, shaggy head, great blood-red, sweat-dropping jowl, bloodshot, horrible eyes, huge outspread paws and strangling leash; then the sharp crack of a rifle pierced her brain, making her wonder dizzily if a hundred bullets had gone through her palsied heart, and she dropped senseless to the ground. And close to her, those dreadful claws almost touching the hem of her dress, Wolfe, the farmer's huge Scotch sheep-dog, lay foaming at the mouth in his death-agony.

When a few moments later she came to herself, she was lying, half lifted from the ground, in Maxime's arm—they two were alone there.

"You are better," said Maxime, in a low voice.

His face was very white.

She pushed the water from her forehead, looking dizzily around.

"Yes," she whispered.

Then she tried to sit up, but fell back again weakly.

"Safe!" she moaned—safe!"

"Safe!" answered Maxime. "Old Blaire's bullet finished him."

Pamela shuddered.

"Was he mad?"

"Raging mad!"

She was silent a while before she dared look up at him whose life she had offered her own for. She glanced at him timidly, but when she met his look she thought she knew how love would look—how love would smile on her some future day in that fair life to which we all are hastening!

But was immortal love really so sweet as that?—this one dear human smile.

She turned her face away unable to bear the beauty of that look.

"I must go now," she said.

"Wait; you are weak yet. Rest here." He lifted her in his arms, and placed her in an old disused iron garden-chair. "Rest there a moment."

All of a sudden she burst into sobs, moaning and rocking back and forth, her face hidden in her uplifted arms.

Maxime dropped on his knees by her side.

"You saved my life."

She could not speak yet, but by-and-by the sobs grew fainter.

"Go," she pleaded—"you must go!" Then, after another silence: "If you are sorry for me, go! It is all you can do."

Still the beauty of that smile on his sad, pale face.

"You saved my life—you did! The deed is there; angels recorded it." He lifted his hand heavenward. "Your life an offering for me."

He bent over her with that same smile as she looked up at him—one last look—lower still.

* * * * * *

That night Pamela held a bunch of those yellow flowers a long time in her hand.

A long time she hesitated, looking as one might who said a prayer. Then she put them, still silent, on the table, and walked away. Good-by, sweet Hope, good-by!

So Pamela was faithful. They live on to this day at the old Forbes Homestead—Ralph and Pamela—man and wife.

"But," a gossip sometimes remembers to recount, "I thought the place was taken away from them. I fancy remembering a new will was found, leaving everything to the other nephew, Maxime Forbes."

"Ah, yes; it's all true. But stranger than that followed. It was the most complicated affair. A later codicil was signed, leaving all to Ralph Yale in case Pamela married him. So she did; you know old Lemuel Forbes was fond of her."

"And this other one—Maxime Forbes?"

"Oh, he went abroad. He was a wild fellow. He is not a very good Yankee, and is satisfied to live abroad. He did not care for the old place, they say."

What more to say?

Only there is an old diary somewhere still in the land of the living, hidden away where no strange eyes may ever look in it; and on one page—the last page—yellow, worn, stained with what you would call tears, is written this last message:

"Farewell! farewell! farewell!"

Idleness is the only refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools.

A RUSSIAN STOVE.

The Russian stove is made of fire-resisting porcelain, is always ornamental, and frequently a highly artistic, handsome article of furniture. Internally it is divided by thick fire-clay walls into several upright chambers or flues, usually six in number. Some dry firewood is lighted in a suitable fireplace, and is supplied with only sufficient air to effect combustion, all of which enters below and passes through the flue. The productions of combustion being thus undiluted with unnecessary cold air, are very highly heated, and in this state pass up and down through the different compartments. At the end of this long journey they have given up most of their heat to the twenty-four heat-absorbing surfaces of the fire-clay walls, then all communication with the chimney is cut off, the fire is put out, having done its work, and the interior of the stove has bottled up its caloric ready for emission into the room, and, passing through the non-conducting walls of the stove, is radiated into the apartments.

ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS IN PALESTINE.

According to M. Clermont Ganneau, only seven inscriptions are known in Palestine of a date prior to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. The first is the famous Moabite stone. Four were found in Jerusalem, and they present the peculiarity of being engraved in a cartouch or hollow framing on the rock. Two are much mutilated. The third is a narrative of the excavation by Israelitish engineers of a tunnel 500 metres long under Mount Moriah. The fourth indicates a small monolith naos of Egyptian style, which is an authentic specimen of native architecture. The next is an inscription marking the boundary of Gezer. The seventh is a stela, which was discovered in 1871 in the foundation of an old Arab edifice close to the Mosque of Omar, and contains the text of the famous law forbidding, under pain of death, to the Gentiles the entrance of the sacred precincts of the Temple, reconstructed by Herod. It was by virtue of this law, invoked by the enraged Jews, that the Apostle Paul, after having with great difficulty escaped tumultuary execution, was dragged before the Roman tribunal.

THE ROSEWOOD-TREE.

Rosewood-trees are found in South America and in the East Indies and neighboring islands. There are half a dozen kinds. The name is not taken from the color of the wood, as is generally supposed, but by reason of a rose-like fragrance which it possesses when first cut. Some of the trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten feet in length can be cut from them. The broad planks are principally used to make tops for pianofortes. The rosewood-tree is remarkable for its beauty. Such is its value in manufactures as an ornamental wood that some of the forests where it once grew abundantly have now scarcely a single specimen. New plantations have been set out, so that the supply will not be exhausted.

Riches in their acquisition bring pain and suffering; in their loss, manifold trouble and sorrow; in their possession, a wild intoxication. How can we say that they confer happiness?

There was never yet a philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently.

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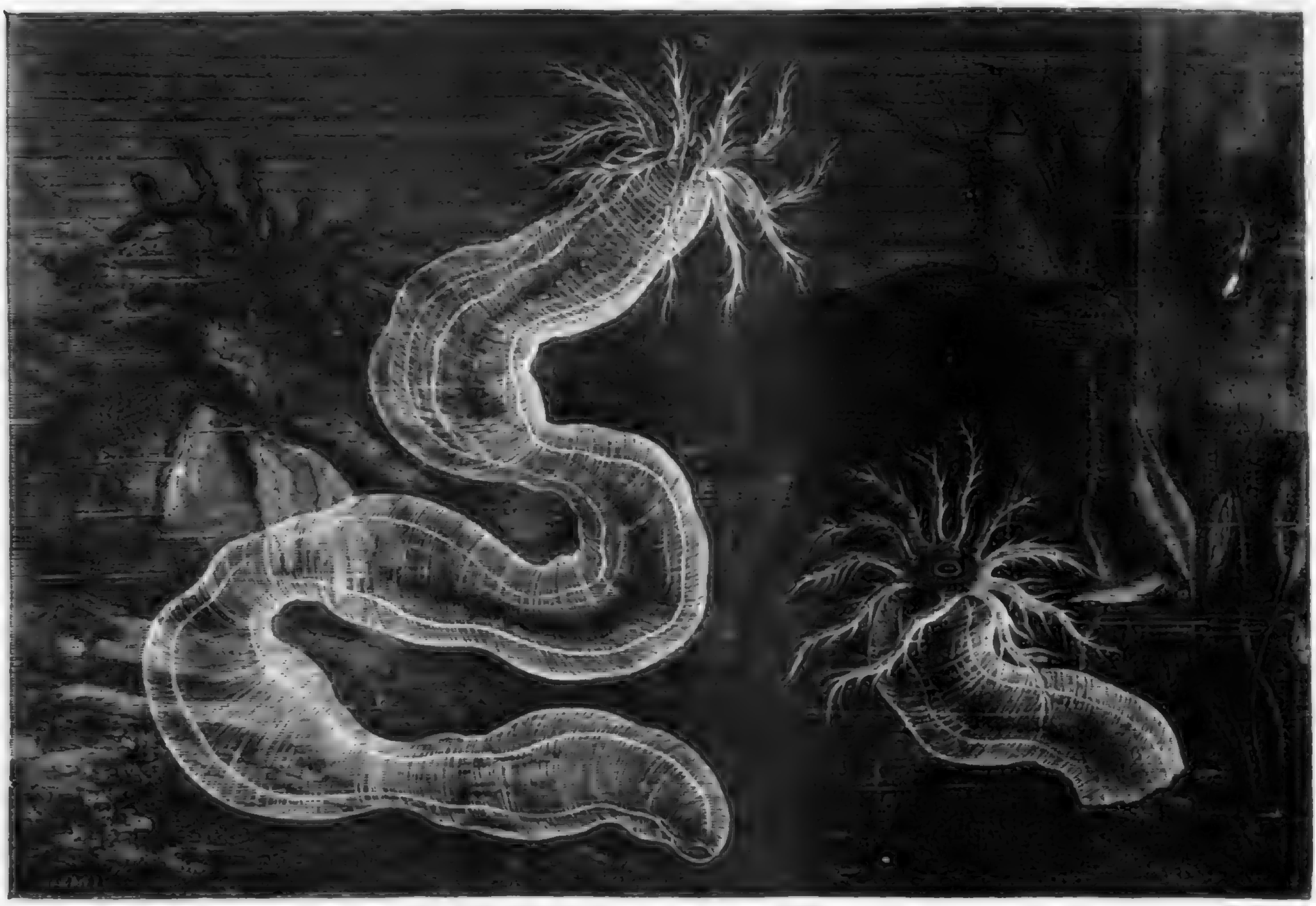
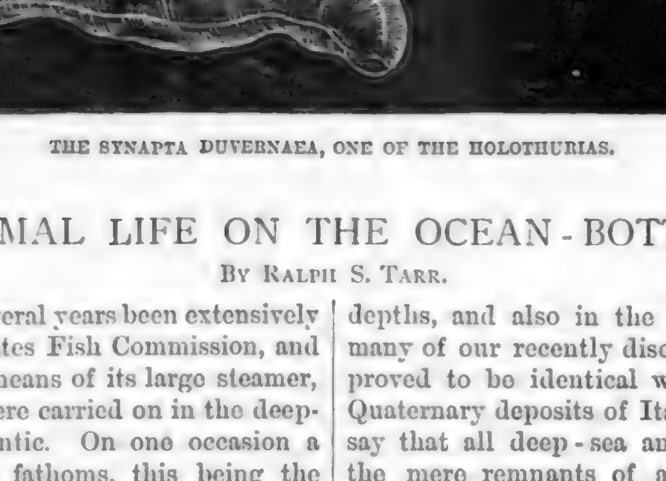


THE SYNAPTA DUVERNAEA, ONE OF THE HOLOTHURIAS.

ANIMAL LIFE ON THE OCEAN-BOTTOM.

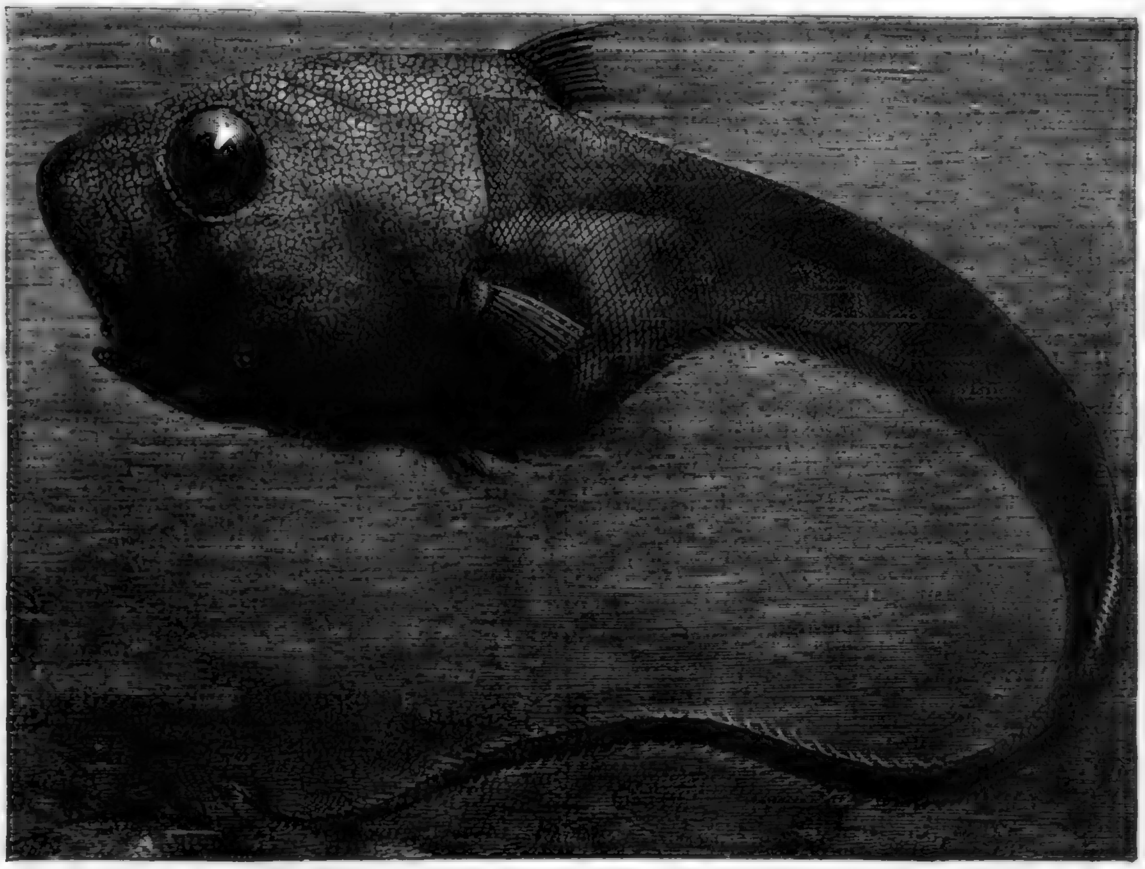
By Ralph S. Tarr.

Deep-sea research has for several years been extensively engaged in by the United States Fish Commission, and during the last Summer, by means of its large steamer, the *Albatross*, investigations were carried on in the deepest waters of the North Atlantic. On one occasion a dredging was made in 2,950 fathoms, this being the deepest successful haul of the trawl ever made by any expedition. In the Summer of 1883 operations were carried on in a region south of New England, about 300 miles, in from 1,000 to 3,000 fathoms. There a remarkable form was encountered, different from anything ever found in similar regions. Some forms were identical with species taken by the *Challenger*, and others nearly allied to varieties brought up by other expeditions, but most were different from all previously known animals. The distribution of animals on the ocean bottom is very wide, an animal seldom being confined to a limited area, temperature serving as the main dividing-line; and depth ranks next in degree, as a check upon distribution. We have many forms found in the shallower depths, 500 fathoms or less, which, while they are not encountered in the deepest parts of the ocean, are found upon the coast of Europe in similar depths, and also in the Mediterranean. Furthermore, many of our recently discovered deep-sea animals have proved to be identical with fossil forms found in the Quaternary deposits of Italy. Indeed, we might almost say that all deep-sea animals belong to fossil types, the mere remnants of a former age. In structure, they are as a rule primitive, and highly specialized in certain directions, at the expense of other less developed parts. Such animals as Crinoids, for a long time placed upon the list of extinct animals, have been discovered upon the ocean-bottom, in places in abundance, and often in variety, a number of species and several genera having been described from the North Atlantic alone. Who can tell what remarkable forms of animal life may be found before the whole ocean-bed is thoroughly examined? It is not unreasonable to suppose that Trilobites may yet be discovered in these deep recesses. Deep-sea investigation has yet much to do. It is but just begun—is still in an embryonic condition.



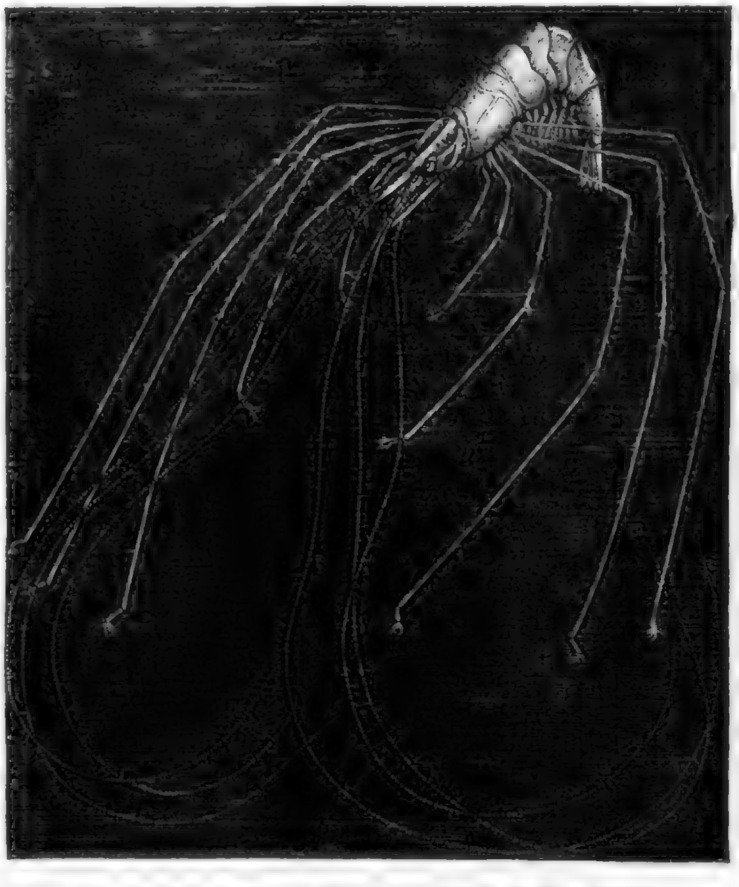
A CURIOUS DEEP-SEA FISH.

Our researches have proved that the bottom of the ocean, in all water deeper than 1,000 fathoms, is composed of globergerinous ooze, so called from the fact that it is mainly



MACRURUS GLOBICEPS.

made up of the living and broken shells of a certain species of Foraminifera, called scientifically Globergerina. It is a thick, blue, sticky mud, containing but little matter besides the calcareous shells which are so abundant. Besides this, there is some meteoric iron. The absolute absence of sand and rocks is well marked. Ice, or floating sand from shore, as soon as it strikes the Gulf Stream, is immediately carried away and deposited. This serves as an effectual barrier to all such foreign matter. From the shore to a distance of 100 miles south of Southern New England the slope is very gradual, forming a great submarine plateau, of 100 fathoms depth at its outer end. From this 100-fathom line to 1,200 fathoms the slope is exceedingly rapid, being usually as steep as the slope of large mountains, and as high as Mount Washington, New Hampshire. We call this the Gulf Stream Slope, because it underlies the inner edge of the Gulf Stream from Cape Hatteras to Nova Scotia. A change of position of ten miles will at some points make a difference of 600 fathoms in depth. From this immense slope the great ocean-basin is encountered, and here the slope is much more gradual, to the very deepest parts. Foraminifera, the basis of the muddy ocean-bottom, are the lowest group of the animal kingdom, belonging to the group of the Protozoa. Their near allies are Amœba, found so abundantly upon the damp leaves and pieces of bark and in stagnant pools—in fact in nearly every place where fresh water exists. This group of Foraminifera is the one which in past ages gathered in such masses as to form the immense chalk cliffs of England. They probably lived in much shallower water than their allies do at present, and were washed into banks which subsequently hardened into chalk. Material for a similar formation is now found on the ocean-bottom. By washing the mud, the broken shells and disintegrated parts can easily be disposed of, leaving a perfectly pure deposit of the beautiful shells of this one-celled animal, the lowest form of life so far known to man.



LUMINOUS SHRIMP, FOUND AT A DEPTH OF 850 METRES.

The animal inhabitant itself is very simple, being one-celled, without any special organ. Whenever it desires to take food, a particle is surrounded by a portion of the soft body and is allowed to enter, through what might be called the skin, into the interior. Any portion of the external cell-covering can serve as a temporary mouth, closing over the particle, and leaving no trace of an opening. The undigested remnants are ejected in a similar manner. If motion is desired, a pseudopod or foot is thrown out, this being any part of the animal, and into this pseudopod the liquid cell-contents begin to pour. The whole animal actually flows into its foot, which then ceases to be a foot, and the shell is drawn after it. The cell-walls are very elastic. The shells of this group are remarkable for their beauty of shape and color.

These microscopic shells are usually composed of carbonate of lime, but there are siliceous species, and, in the shallower waters, sandy forms. Some are as smooth and glossy as the best glazed chinaware, showing beautiful concentric rings of different hues, while others are rough, and lobed in a manner which defies description. Still others are the most beautiful shade of pink, and some present in color a most delicate chocolate-brown. We find them tubular, coiled, cross-shaped, spherical, oval, and in masses which look as if it started with a spherical form, and the animal, needing more room, pushed out a portion of the side into a hemispherical protuberance, and continued to do this whenever more room was needed, until a mass of lobes upon lobes was the result.

Perhaps the most curious form is one which has the general shape of a nautilus, and upon making a section, it, too, is found to be composed of sections. This form was formerly classed as a nautilus. Although these animals are one-celled and microscopic, that symmetry exists which is always found in the living and natural, but seldom in the accidental. That inevitable and unchangeable law of symmetry exists even in these one-celled beings, the lowest forms of animal life. In no case do we find one of them having the irregular outline which is to be seen in grains of sand chipped off from larger rocks, and worn into accidental shapes. Some pre-established law causes these regular forms; in fact, causes them to produce like regular forms differing in no respect from their parents.

It is thought by many that these shells live on the surface, and drop to the bottom after death. Certain it is that some do, but I am of the opinion that most of them live and die upon the ocean-bottom. This must be true of the large sandy forms, and as we take so few upon the surface in our tow-nets, it seems probable that many other forms must also live on the bottom. Earbones of fishes are very abundant, mixed up in the foraminiferous mud, and these, with the exception of an occasional shark's-tooth, are the only remnants of dead fishes ever taken. This seems very strange, for there must be a constant rain of such deposits. Their absence is accounted for only by supposing that they are devoured by the small scavengers as soon as they drop down.

We once set a trawl* baited for deep-sea fish, and upon drawing it up found one fish firmly hooked, and almost entirely devoured by a small species of Amphipod. They must have attacked him after he had been hooked, and in a few hours nearly devoured him, although it was a fish nearly two feet long. Iron and wood are never taken, but we frequently find cinders, when in the tracks of ocean steamers, and once we hauled up a wine-bottle, and again a rubber doll, both imperishable articles. That the bottle had been there for some time was proved by the fact that it had numerous hydroid animals on it.

Upon the ocean-bottom there can be no light, and, indeed, actual photographic experiments have proved that practically there is absolutely no sunlight in water deeper than 1,000 fathoms. For this reason we find no plant life. Sunlight is absolutely essential for plant growth, which is not at all the case with animals. Notwithstanding the absence of sunlight, most bottom animals have eyes, well developed, though there are some in which no traces of visual organs are found. If the creatures have eyes, they must have some use for them, otherwise they would be lost, for Nature supports no useless organs. It is for this reason that we suppose phosphorescence to be the common form of light. We conclude that it must not only be abundant, but of a very brilliant character. Certain corals retain their phosphorescence even after being brought to the surface.

The temperature on the bottom varies from thirty-four degrees, Fahrenheit, to thirty-eight degrees, with an average of thirty-six degrees or thirty-seven degrees. The pressure is very great, many tons to the square inch, but on account of the penetrable character of the animal tissue of bottom forms, this pressure is easily borne, in the same manner that the fifteen pounds per square inch is counteracted in man's own case. Water brought from bottom in hermetically-sealed bottles foams like soda-water, and is thrown many feet in the air when opened at the surface. Fish come up with their eyes protruding and the air-bladders forced out of their mouths; and often they are burst open.

At all depths, even as deep as has been explored, we find life to be very abundant, and of great variety, every group of the animal kingdom being represented there, except the higher vertebrates and insects proper. One of the most abundant groups encountered is that called Gorgonia, or soft coral. The hard, stony corals are represented only by the one polyped form. This is simply a sea-anemone surrounded by a stony coat, pointed at the end, and held in place by being stuck into the mud. Soft corals are extremely abundant, and represented by many varieties. *Primnoa reseda*, the bush-coral, and *Paragorgia arborea*, the tree-coral, both first found on this side of the Atlantic, and presented to the Fish Commission by the Gloucester fishermen, and last Summer obtained by the Commission itself, are remarkable for their great size and beauty, the former being a delicate pink; the latter, a pink bordering upon red. Specimens of the tree-coral four feet in length bear evidence of being mere branches, while we have taken bases which, had they been produced as they were naturally, would have undoubtedly been ten or fifteen feet high, and nearly that number of feet in width. The animals forming this colony produce in unison a rather tough, spongy mass, branching and growing in bulbs. The polyps can contract and withdraw into this mass, but are fixed permanently into one place. They reproduce by dividing, one on the end splitting into two perfect polyps, and each secreting the spongy mass, they become separated, and it is the constant repetition of this that causes the cluster grove.

The shape of coral masses depend upon the manner in which the polyps divide. There are always tubes connecting the polyps together. Occasionally a polyp buds off from its mother, and dropping into the water, swims about for a time, and then locates itself upon some rock and begins a new colony. In the case of the bush-coral, a hard, siliceous central axis is secreted in each branch, and the animals live in little bell-shaped cups attached to the stem by the base. When these umbels are rubbed off a bare stem is left, which might be easily mistaken for the petrified branch of a tree.

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* Fishermen use the term *trawl* to signify an apparatus composed of a long line, from which hang many hooks. This whole thing is weighted and lowered to the bottom, and afterward drawn up, and the fish taken from the hooks. In this sense it is used here. The trawl proper is a very large dredge.

Upon George's Banks, in about 300 fathoms, these immense corals form large groves, in which fishes dart about, spectre-like, in the phosphorescent light, preying upon smaller animals, which vainly endeavor to escape. These groves have been the scene of many a disaster, and when the waters above are roughened by violent storms, an incessant torrent of fishing-vessels, with human freight, have received their burial among the broken branches. Upon the stems of these corals large barnacles, often two inches in diameter, resembling common rock-barnacles, except in size, frequently make their home.

Upon the great ocean-bed, where no rocks or solid foundations of any kind are found, such animals as need a firm base to rest upon are seldom taken. Sponges, hydroids, barnacles, etc., are very rare after the 500 fathom-line is reached, and when found they are very small, attached to broken stems of gorgonians, much too small for their support.

The curious devices adopted by clusters of animals for supporting their mass in an upright position are remarkable, and there are cases where evolution must certainly have taken place, and furnished the group with a much-needed organ. This is seen in the case of a peculiar gorgonian, which, for its own support, to hold itself in an upright position, has a circular membrane projected into the mud, a portion of which it envelops, and then, by constricting the open end, it has a heavy ball of mud, surrounded and protected by a membrane. By this means the cluster is held in position by a weighted base. A very few miles from where this is found, in shallow water, and where rocks are abundant, there is a species almost identical with this one, in all points except that it attaches itself to rocks. Now, it seems perfectly probable that a free-swimming polyp from the shallower species by some cause found its way into deep water, and when the time for fixing itself arrived, no firm basis was encountered; so it settled down upon the mud, and when it grew and branched, being top-heavy, it toppled over. Other polyps from the same colony had a similar experience, until a means of firm fixation evolved itself, from necessity.

The Pennatulacea, or sea-pens, beautiful clusters of bright-red and purple polyps upon a straight stem, the base of which is slightly bulb-shape, tapering gradually to the end, receive the name from the fact that the polyps are all on one side; and on account of this, together with the pointed end, the resemblance to a quill-pen is very marked. The most peculiar and interesting of this group of Radiates is that rather aberrant form of Pennatulids, the Umbellifera, so named from their resemblance to an umbelliferous flower. In this case there is a stem, often two feet in length, fastened in the mud by means of an elongated bulb, but bearing upon the other end a peculiar cluster of animals, which, as they gracefully bend over, have an almost perfect resemblance to certain umbelliferous flowers. Pennatulids fasten themselves in the mud by means of bulbs, but there is a group of gorgonians found in those regions which have perfect branching roots ramifying through the mud. If there was a very strong current on bottom, the mud would be washed away from the roots, and the cluster would fall.

The allied animals, the sea-anemones, are not often found in the greater depth, but are taken in great varieties in from 100 to 500 fathoms, where there are rocks. One, a large kind, beautifully colored and spotted, will, after being taken from seventy-five fathoms, live and thrive when placed in an aquarium. We have thus kept them during the entire Summer, and as they alternately expand and contract, they are most interesting creatures to watch. When fully expanded they are six inches high, and as broad across the base. By means of their stinging, or lasso cells, they can kill very large fishes. These arrow-pointed affairs are attached to the end of a coil of ropelike flesh, all stowed away in a little cell. When anything approaches, hundreds of these barbs are hurled from the cells, and striking the object, they penetrate, for they have the power of motion, and can work into any animal tissues even after being detached from the animal. Each is covered with a poisonous fluid, and the many in conjunction have a paralyzing effect. I have seen this anemone thus paralyze an active fish a foot in length, and then swallow it, leaving nothing but the fish's tail projecting from the mouth. After digesting a portion the rest is disgorged.

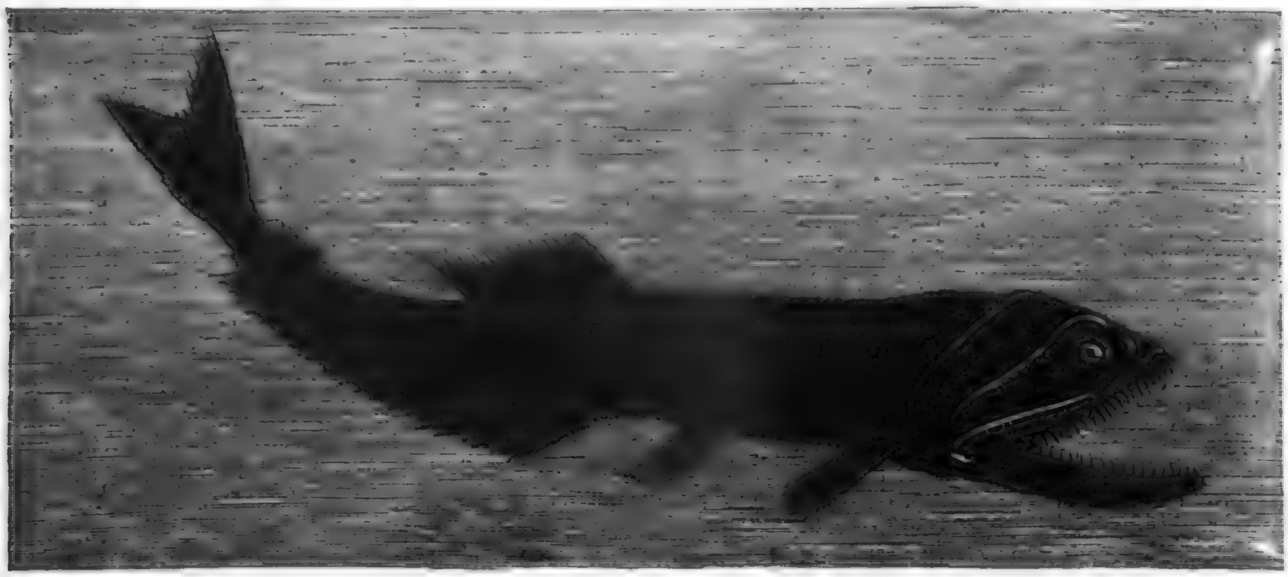
The stinging-cells exist by the millions all over the animal's body, and are replaced as fast as discharged. Although this creature could kill a fish, its cells had no effect upon a man's hand, unless the bare flesh was exposed. Upon one occasion we dredged several bushels of a bright-red anemone, together with a number of rays, or skates. The sharp spines of the rays wounded my hands in several places, and upon handling the anemones sharp pains shot through my arms. I continued, however, until all the anemones were disposed of, the pain all the time increasing, and finally my hands began to swell. Several days elapsed before the pain and swelling ceased. The poison probably would have had no effect had my hands been uninjured.

All brilliantly-colored marine animals are well defended, while those which are poorly defended are inconspicuous, resembling the color of their favorite haunts. The latter are thus for the purpose of escaping the notice of their enemies, while the former, such as sea-anemones, crabs, etc., having no such enemies to fear, by their brilliant colors attract the curious within reach of their deadly powers.

Epizoanthus, a sea-anemone which secretes a sandy substance in its body-walls, after its free swimming stage attaches itself to a shell inhabited by a hermit-crab. In growing and dividing quite a colony is formed, which gradually envelops the shell, leaving only the entrance uncovered; it then absorbs the shell, and is transported from place to place by the hermit. But the crab is furnished with a comfortable, transportable house, which grows at about the same rate that the hermit grows, and is thus an accommodating house. If the shell was not absorbed the hermit would outgrow it, and leaving it, the anemone would be obliged to remain in one place. This is a remarkable case of division of labor amongst the lower animals, entirely different kinds of animals working together for the common good. One furnishes the house for a crab with a very delicate, unprotected abdomen, while the crab returns the favor by transporting the other from place to place and keeping it upright.

Starfishes are the most abundant animals on the ocean-bed, and it has been said that the bottom is literally paved with them. They exist in all varieties, from the five-armed to those with fifteen arms, and from those which are nearly pentagonal in form to the kinds which are formed of a mere disk, having five narrow, brittle arms radiating from it. This latter, the brittle-star, always comes to the surface with its arms more or less broken, for it has the power of snapping them off at will, and from appearances it must use this power very often,

XUM

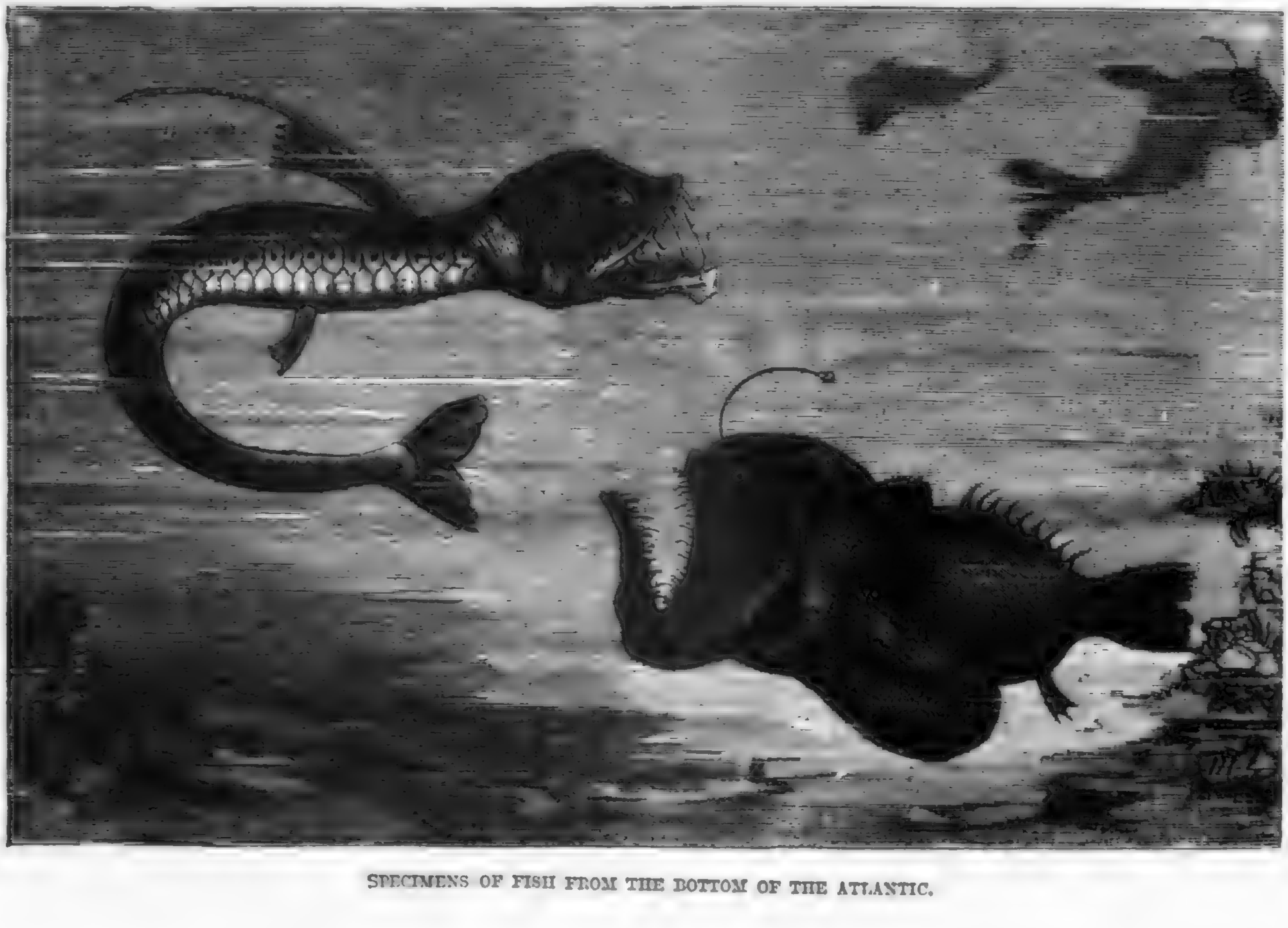


NEOSTOMA BATYPHYLLUM.

though it looks like "cutting off the nose to spite the face." They can reproduce them as fast as they are broken off.

There is a form intermediate between this and the true starfish, called Brisinga, which has the same power, and although it has twelve arms over a foot long, they are frequently taken with all the arms gone and only the disk left. True basket-stars are not found deeper than 100 fathoms, but allied forms, much smaller, are taken in the very deepest waters. Off Cape Cod, in quite shallow water, the bottom is completely covered with the large Astrophyton, or basket-star, and can be taken by the bushel. Antedon, a species of crinoid, more nearly allied to the starfishes than to the true crinoids or stone-lilies, has many feathery branches and no stalk. It always breaks itself into thousands of pieces, and is never obtained perfect. Sea-urchins are found very abundantly at all depths, the flat Clypeasteroids being the most abundant. We also frequently obtain a large, round, white species of Echini, and a form which has very long, sharp spines. A curious flat form commonly taken on bottom has no hard shell, but is soft and flabby.

Our party was surprised one night, when the trawl was hauled up late in the evening, to see large numbers of a great white fork-like mass come tumbling from the bag into the seine. All were puzzled and none could tell what they were, each individual having some group of animals to place them in. Upon dissecting one, however, the mass proved to belong to the Holothurians, or sea-cucumbers, though no external resemblances to this class were to be seen. Upon arriving home, by consulting books, we found that it was similar to species described from the *Challenger* expedition. It has been named *Benthodites gigantea.* The sailors, however, would not



SPECIMENS OF FISH FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC.

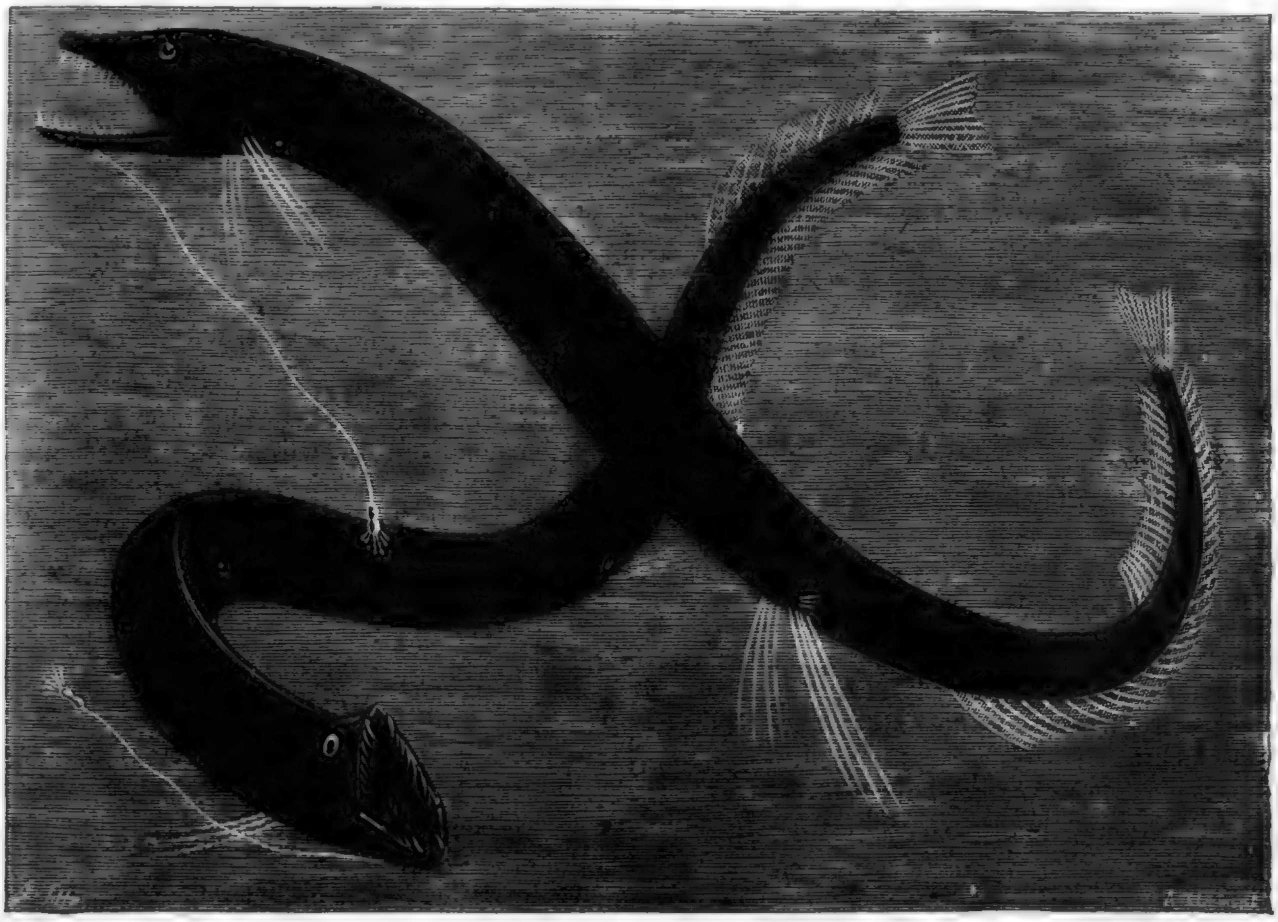
allow it to escape so easily, but christened it by such names as lump-of-pork, loaf-of-bread, and animated-boxing-gloves. The creature was pure white, a foot long, one-half foot wide and two inches thick. Although of this great size, its vital organs were confined to a very narrow line near the central axis of the body, the rest being apparently quite superfluous.

Another species taken during the same voyage was called old-boot by the sailors. There was a marked resemblance to an old, unblacked low shoe. This was named *Europhonides cornuta*, on account of two horn-like projections on the upper surface. Here the resemblance to a Holothurian was more marked; and we afterward took the typical species, and some which were long and worm-like.

Shells were abundant in all places, but as a rule deep-sea shells are small and inconspicuous. It is to be borne in mind that shells proper, or Mollusca, are entirely different from the shelly Foraminifera, the former being quite high in the animal scale of life, the latter the lowest known group. Our most beautiful shell from deep water is named *Calliostoma Bairdii*, in honor of Professor Baird. It is one of the few deep-sea animals which will live in the aquarium. We kept a pair during an entire Summer. In the daytime this shellfish would remain quiet, but at night roamed around the aquarium, frequently crawling over the top and dropping to the floor. This shows that it must be accustomed to comparative darkness. An interesting shell is that called Dentalium, being a long, circular tube, pointed at one end, and having a length of about one-half inch. Many new squid were taken, and most peculiar types were found, all entirely different from any previously known.

Annelids, the group of worms proper, have few remarkable representatives, they being for the most part very small, and represented by similar forms in shallow water further north. The only really curious form is *Hyalinœcia artifex*, which secretes a circular tube open at both ends, and resembling in structure the quill of a bird's feather. In fact it was actually made to serve the purpose of a quill-pen. One of the party went so far as to clean one out, and fitting it to his pipe, used it as a stem. When last seen he was puffing away through a worm-tube taken from the bottom in 500 fathoms.

In places shrimp are extremely abundant, often being taken by the bushel, and in such cases we were always treated to shrimp cooked in various ways. A species of shrimp hauled up from 2,300 fathoms measured a foot in length, and an Amphipod resembling the common sand-flea, nearly three inches long. Crabs, some of them very large, and all bright-colored, were often taken. By far the most interesting animals which have yet been found, are the sea-spiders, or Pycnogonids. It is not yet determined just where in the animal kingdom to place them, for they have affinities both to the Crustaceans and Spiders, and yet are very different from each of these. Many naturalists are of the opinion that they should be placed in an entirely seperate group intermediate between the Spiders and Crustaceans. One specimen, when measured, was found to be two feet, measured from the tips of two opposite legs. Notwithstanding this immense length of legs, the body was but an eighth of an inch in breadth and an inch long. In this small body there is no room for a stomach, so a branch extends from a main tube into the base of each leg. Food is sucked in through a rather long proboscis. When the female lays the eggs, the male stands by and catches them upon a pair of legs peculiar to the male, and they are glued together by a secreted sticky substance. This animal is a mere spectre, made up of eight legs joined together by a tube.



EUSTOMIAS OBSCURUS, FOUND AT A DEPTH OF 2,700 METRES.

Deep-sea fish are very remarkable, and during the past

Summer many new species were obtained. They were all different from previously-known types. One, *Gastrostomus Bairdii* will probably form the basis of an entirely new order, so peculiar is its type of structure. It has a remarkably long mouth, occupying a great deal more than half the body. The skull is very primitive, and the whole animal is a curious case of extraordinary development. One fish had no traces of eyes; this, and that of a blind shrimp, being the most remarkable cases of blindness among deep-sea animals.

During the Summer many dredgings were made, most of them being very successful. Each haul contained many species, some of them entirely new to science, proving that life on the ocean-bottom is as abundant and as variable as that on land, and we may say even more so. Picture to yourself a great aerial vessel at a distance of two miles above the earth, trailing along an iron frame with a net behind to catch everything, the frame scraping a piece of ground twenty feet wide through a distance of two miles, and you will have the conditions which exist when dredging. How much animal life would be obtained? All birds and mammals would escape. So also do the quicker-motioned fishes in the ocean. Yet we frequently bring up bushels at a load, and it seems that certain kinds must be literally piled one upon the other. All of these animals live upon bottom, breathing oxygen and exhaling carbonic acid gas, with no plants to supply new oxygen and absorb the carbonic acid. How is the water purified? There are many questions to settle in this connection, and there is much ground to be explored. From past experience it is reasonable to suppose that there are many separate faunal belts in the oceans, each having separate kinds of animals, just as on land. If this be true, every part of each ocean must be thoroughly explored before the many curious and interesting animals, so far from the sight of man, can be brought to his view. And even then, judging from the difficulty which students of land animals experience in bringing to light all new forms of life, it will be a long time before one can say that all animals from bottom have been studied; indeed we might say it is an endless work, which will be still unaccomplished when man's studies cease.

Small and insignificant as these creatures may be, it is the duty of civilization to study them. Apart from the narrow financial point, it is as interesting, as useful and as essential as the exploration of the vast wilds of Africa or Australia. It is the duty which man owes to himself and his fellow-beings to ferret out all hidden truths and wonders; to make them known to the world. It is as much to be desired that these things be generally known, as past history be known. Man has ceased to be a savage, whose only aim is to supply his body with absolute necessities. It is time that he should cease to be that which is little better—a grasper of money, a hoarder, and in all senses a miser.

Those who cannot themselves study these truths, should aid others in the cause, should encourage scientific institutions, and encourage the grand work to the extent of their power. As it is at present, Government is alone in this work, while private funds might greatly aid in its prosecution. Under the efficient management of Professor Baird, the United States is doing a lion's share of marine research, and we hope that the present Commissioner may long retain his office, and continue his intereting work.

ELIAS HOWE completed the first sewing-machine in 1845.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE English people are becoming aroused to the dangers of too much study on the part of children in the public schools, and a governmental commission has been examining the matter from a medical point of view, with a view to moderating the excessive requirements. Great public interest is manifested. Agitation in regard to over-pressure in schools has already been active in Germany, and in France the Minister of Public Instruction has lately reduced the daily hours of study. In Switzerland, where the evidences of over-pressure were startling when brought to light, the cantonal governments are considering how they shall be avoided in future. At the recent International Medical Congress in Copenhagen, statements derived from a study of European school-children generally were made which produced a strong impression; but as yet the United States is only partially awake to the danger which threatens the health of children whose brains are overtaxed by the ambitious requirements of the public schools, and whose whole health suffers in consequence. The symptoms of excessive brain-work on the part of children, as they have been noticed carefully in Europe by experts, are headache, sleeplessness, intellectual torpor, muscular weakness and spasm, culminating in hallucination, and often in sudden loss of consciousness. It has been well said that we should be very cautious how we advocate in America the introduction of European methods of education, until we are fully informed as to their effects upon the pupils.

THE Amazon and adjacent rivers, like the Araguary, are notoriously muddy, especially near their mouths, a fact due largely to the devastation made upon the soft banks by the *pororoca*, or violent flood of the inflowing tide—the same rushing, overwhelming wave which in the Ganges is known as the "bore." The great quantities of soil brought down by these vast streams are drifted out to sea, the distance to which they are carried depending upon their lightness and fitness, the action of their specific gravity and the movement of the water sorting them with the greatest accuracy, and laying down in regular succession deposits each of which is homogeneous in its material. Thus soundings determine that across the mouth of the Amazon for 200 miles, and for 400 miles out to seaward, and swept northward by the prevalent ocean currents, beds of sandstone and shale are being rapidly laid down, some of which is brought all the way from the Andes, while in many places within the mouth dense tropical forests are being buried (after having been undermined, or uprooted, and prostrated by the *pororoca*, or the Spring floods) beneath the fine sediment thrown down by the muddy waters of the great river.

IT was announced some time ago by the London journals that an expedition had been organized by Mr. H. O. Forbes, F.R.G.S., already well known to geographers and zoologists from his explorations in Timor Laut, with the object of exploring the botany and zoology of the Mount Owen Stanley Mountains, the great central range of the eastern peninsula of New Guinea. The British Association voted £400, and the Royal Geographical Society £250, toward the expenses of the expedition. Mr. Forbes proposed to ascend the course of one of the rivers which flow from the mountains to Redscar Bay. Should the natives prove friendly, and the food supply sufficient, Mr. Forbes does not despair of reaching the other coast of the peninsula, but in any case the exploration of the Mount Owen Stanley range would be of itself a satisfactory achievement. The mountain traveling is declared to be dangerous to any but very experienced travelers. Though the expedition started in December, it is not expected to get actively at work before May of 1885, in consequence of the necessity of procuring trusty carriers from the Moluccas, and other preparations. Much is expected by geographers from the exploration of this little-known and alluring region.

A PHYSICIAN'S argument in favor of the playing (not to excess) of lawn-tennis and similar games, is wisely based on the æsthetic and moral good derived by a person from a sound and well co-ordinated muscular condition. The muscular mass of the human system, he reminds us, is a large one. It makes up forty per cent. of the total bodily weight, and leaving out the skeleton, which has a mechanical function only, we are two-thirds muscle. Besides, it is supplied throughout with the nerves which excite it, and with sensory nerves, which notify to the brain any use or misuse, illness or health. There may be a fair state of health, but there can be no exuberant vigor, none of the lusty *joie de vie*, without perfectly nourished and perfectly behaving muscles. Thus, when overused or poorly nourished, we have the sensations of fatigue, lassitude, and *malaire*, such as are complained of by thousands of underfed and overworked persons; furthermore, as the muscle retires, the nerve comes unduly to the front, and we have the consequent evils of nervousness, irritability, and their train. The good of a well-developed muscular condition is therefore far-reaching and spiritual, as well as practical.

THE *Athenæum* states that Dr. Wedding, of England, has been making experiments showing that the capacity for welding iron increases with the amount of silicon present, and decreases with any excess of manganese, because the latter seems to interfere (as do all adventitious bodies to a certain extent) with the proper crystallization of the iron.

CAPTAIN KOSTOVICH, of the Russian Navy, according to *Science*, proposes the use of a small captive balloon, to which an Edison electric light is suspended, for night signaling at sea. By the aid of connecting wires the lamp may be lighted and extinguished at will, and the apparatus may thus be intelligibly used with any code.

At a recent meeting of the Minnesota Academy of Sciences, Mr. O. W. Oestlund recounted experiences with several insects injurious to the cabbages at the State experimental farm. Nine different species were observed there as living on this important vegetable, the most destructive of which belonged to the genera Pieris, Plusia, Ceramica, and Plutella. The *larvæ* of one of the cabbage butterflies (*Pieris rapæ*), among the worst of the pests, suffered during the past Summer from a parasite which destroyed great numbers, and thus saved a large portion of the crop. From the South, a destructive insect named *Murgantia histrionica*, has been extending its range northward and eastward, after the example of the Colorado beetle. How pestilential it will prove remains to be seen. The chief enemy of the cabbage-grower is the white butterfly, which has been imported from Europe.

A French commission of experts, with Dr. Pasteur at its head, upon requisition of the Paris Prefect of Police, has recommended the burning of bisulphide of carbon as the best disinfectant for rooms in which patients have undergone a contagious disease. The object is to produce fumes of sulphurous acid gas. This is accomplished now by the usual hospital practice of burning stick-sulphur; but the advantages claimed for the bisulphide are its greater cheapness, and the fact that it does least harm to the furniture of the room.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

In what way does money resemble gunpowder? It is fearfully hard to hold when it begins to go off.

A green young man, who affects sporting manners, wants to know when the much-talked-of Anglo-Saxon *race* is coming off.

An indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply; "I will be as close as you were."

"I hear," said somebody to Jekyll, "that our friend Smith, the attorney, is dead, and leaves very few effects." "It could scarcely be otherwise," returned Jekyll; "he had so very few causes."

A young gentleman asked a young lady what she thought of the "marriage state in general." "Not knowing, can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I could put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer."

"Ethel," said the teacher, "who do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?" "Atlas, sir." "You're quite right," said the teacher. "Atlas supported the world. Now who supported Atlas?" "I do not know," said Ethel, softly, "unless he married a rich wife."

A compositor, in setting up the toast "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." The mistake was not discovered until the editor's wife undertook to read the proof.

"This salad is very gritty," said a friend to Douglas Jerrold one day, when they were dining together; "don't you think so?" "Gritty, indeed!" replied Jerrold; "I should just think it *was* gritty! Why, I call it nothing but a gravel path with a few weeds sprinkled on it here and there!"

A Spanish student, going out with a party to shoot rabbits, was told not to talk, lest he should frighten the animals. When the timid creatures appeared he uttered an exclamation in Latin, which frightened them away, and upon his companions blaming him, he said, "Who could have supposed that rabbits understand Latin?"

At a railway station recently, a porter promptly offered the Bishop of Sodor and Man all possible assistance with his luggage. "How many articles, your lordship?" "Thirty-nine," said the sly bishop, with a twinkle in his eye. "That's too many, I'm afraid," replied the man in good faith. "Ah," said the bishop, "I perceive you are a Dissenter."

"How glorious it is to be engaged in a purely intellectual occupation!" murmured a Boston maiden, gazing rapturously into the admiring eyes of a country editor; "your own mental faculties for tools, and the whole universe for a workshop. Now tell me," she added, "what do you find the most difficult thing connected with your noble profession?" "Paying the hands," said the editor.

The Tailor's Device.—Baron Pumpwitz took his tailor with him to the draper's to choose materials for several suits of clothes. When he had selected some of the most expensive patterns, the tailor whispered in his ear: "Too dear—much too dear, Herr Baron!" "It doesn't matter; they give me credit here, and I don't mean to pay." "In that case," eagerly replied the tailor, "will your honor do me the favor to purchase an extra length as a guarantee for the cost of making?"

Boston English.—*Boston Maid:* "No, my paternal progenitor is not in." *Caller:* "I am one of the depositors in his bank, which I find has suspended payment. Can you tell me where your father is?" "The authorities became cognizant of considerable rehypothecation on his part, and conveyed him to a protoplasm." "A what?" "A protoplasm." "What in the name of Webster is that?" "If you will glance at Worcester you will find that protoplasm signifies a cell."

"Well," said a carpenter, "of all the saws that I ever saw, I never saw a saw as I saw that saw saw."

A contemporary mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculist. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a professor in her eye.

Why is a dead hen better than a live one? Because she will *lay* wherever you put her. (That would be a good conundrum if the grammar were not so bad.)

"What object do you see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a jackass, doctor; but I rather think it is your shadow."

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and the example is a good one for our imitation. If you would demolish an opponent in argument, first make him as bad as you can."

"Yes," sighed Amelia, "before marriage George professed to be willing to die for me, and now he won't even get his life insured in my favor," and the girl burst into a fashionable flood of tears.

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir!" roared a lawyer to an exasperating witness he was examining. "Well, I am paying as little attention as I can," was the calm reply.

"Mayn't I have some more sugar in my tea, Auntie Georgie, please?" "More sugar! Why, my dear child, you have had three lumps already." "Yes, auntie, I know I have; but they all melt away so!"

A French gentleman, who had heard rum called *spirits*, went into a hotel a few evenings since, and called for a glass of punch, requesting at the same time that it should be made with "*ghosts* from the Vest Indies."

Foote, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been to Cork. "No, sir," replied Foote, "I have not; but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

An Irishman telling what he called an excellent story, a gentleman observed that he had read it in a book several years ago. "Confound those ancients!" said the Irishman, "they are always stealing one's good thoughts."

Last week a professional man addressed a mechanic who was waiting in the hall in the following brusque manner: "Hallo there, you fellow! do you want me?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply; "I am waiting for a gentleman!"

A parish clerk, having, according to custom, published the banns of matrimony between a loving couple, was followed by the minister, who gave out the hymn commencing with these words: "Mistaken souls that dream of heaven!"

A brewer observing one of his men wearing the total abstinence blue ribbon, suggested that it seemed somewhat inconsistent with his line of business. "Well, sir," he said, "you see it makes folks like to tempt me, and then I succumb."

A Parisian doctor prescribed for a lady who had objections against growing stout. "Take exercise, my dear lady. Consider the trees of the field; they never take exercise, and as a consequence they go on growing bigger and bigger every year."

"I saw an unusual sight this morning," he said. "I was riding in a crowded omnibus when a feeble old lady got in, and immediately a person arose, and politely offered her the seat." "Is it possible?" said the reporter, taking out his notebook. "Please give me the name of the gentleman." "It was a lady!"

POLEWARD.

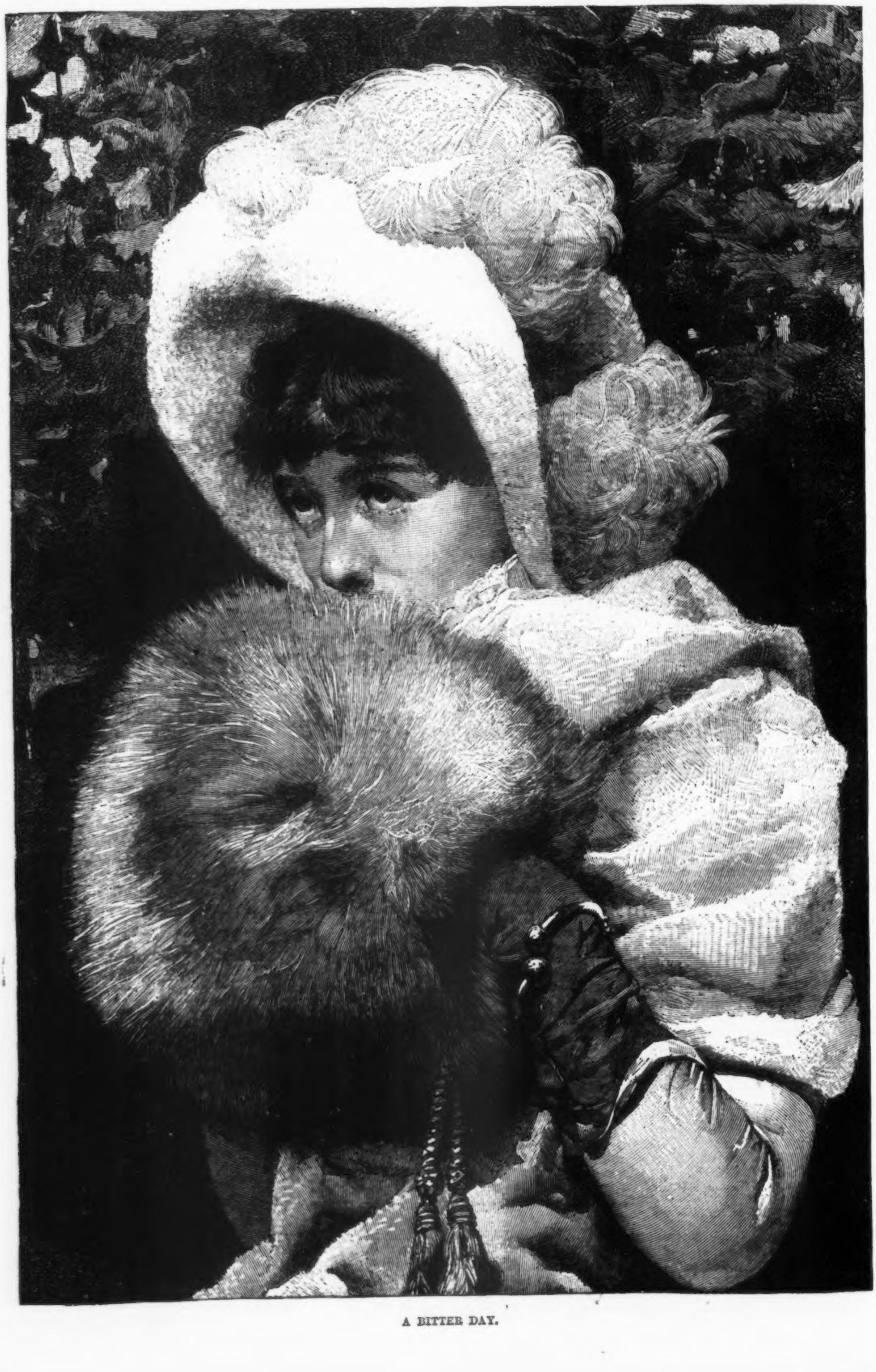
By the Poet of the Greely Arctic Expedition.

In the stall among thermometers,
Barometers, hygrometers,
Along with the geographer
(Who is also the chronographer),
There sleeps the old photographer,
Who wants some one to jog him; for,
When 10:40 by chronometer,
He must go and read tidometer.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Send your address on a postal card for 100-page Book on the Liver. Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane Street, New York City.



A BITTER DAY.